

Duties
and
Beauties
of
Life



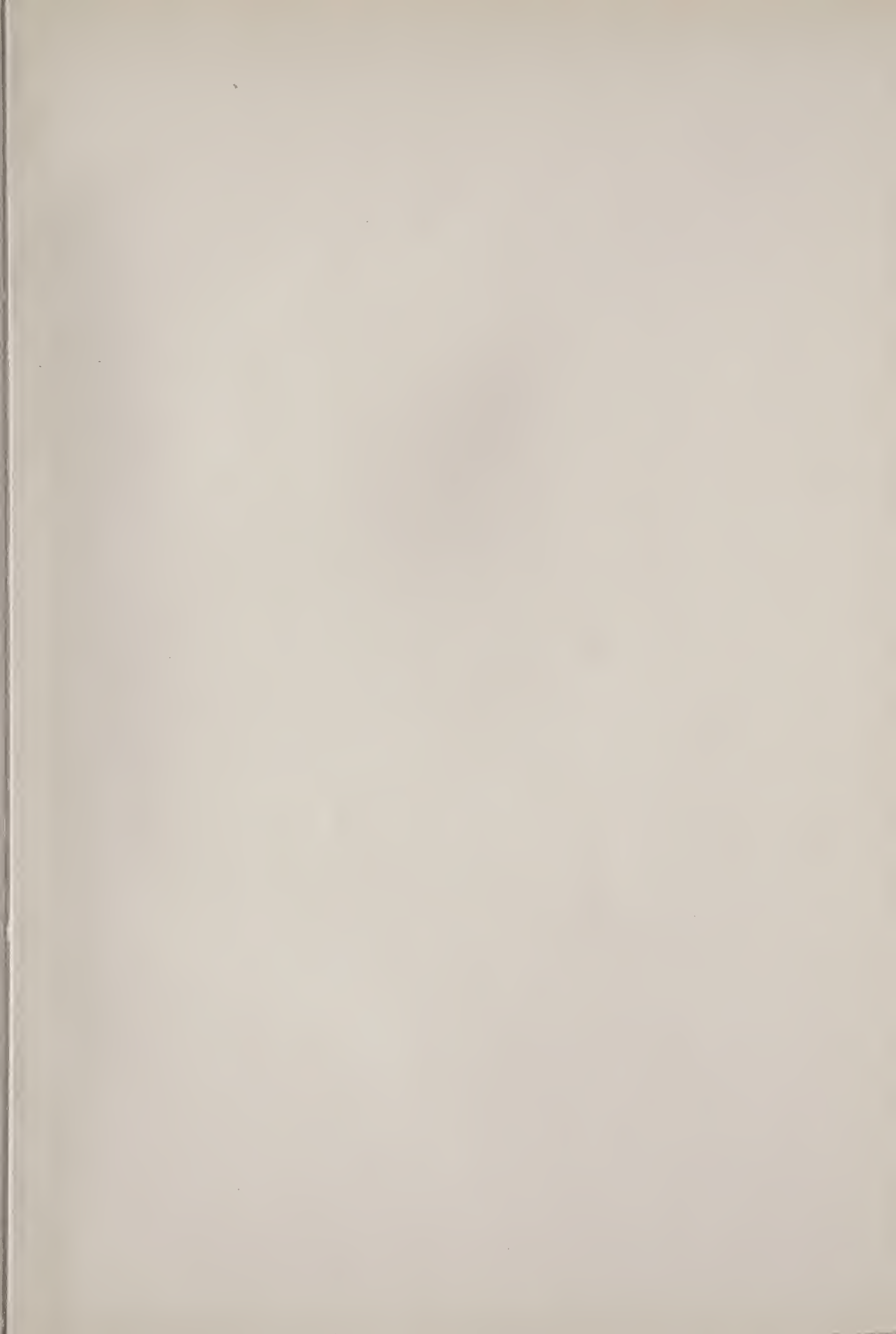
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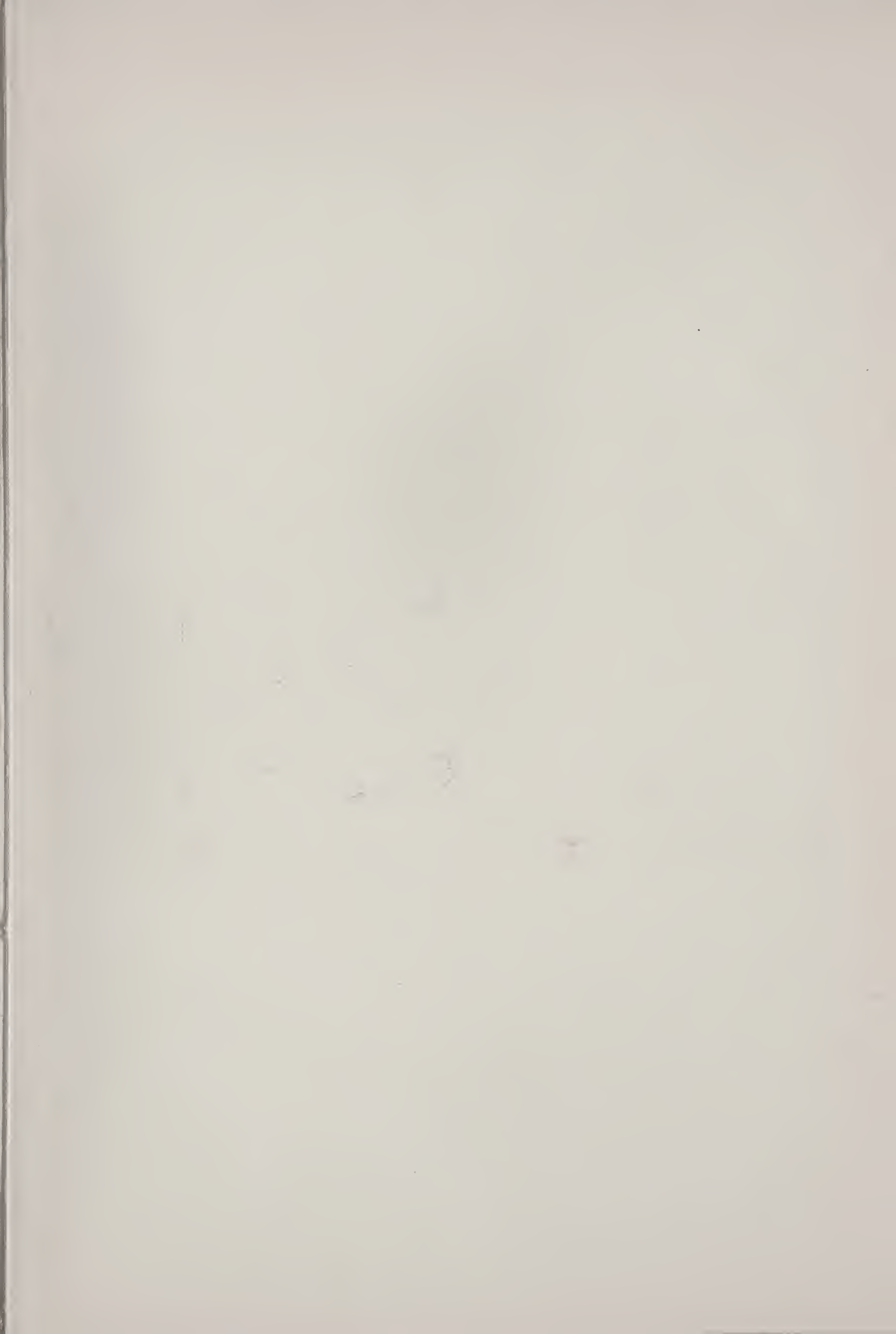
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DUTIES *and* BEAUTIES *of* LIFE

A Book for the Home

SELECTED PROSE AND POETRY

— *with* —

MANY ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS
AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

Edited by
F. L. ROWE

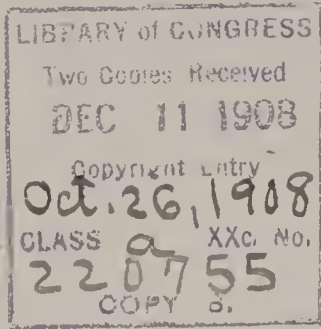
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Presented to

By

TO
MOTHER'S MEMORY
FIRST,
THEN TO ALL
WHO ARE LOVERS OF HOME,
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED.

DEPARTMENTS

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

Prompted by my mother, I early formed the habit of clipping and preserving, in scrap books, any article, prose or poetry that I read and thought was good. As a result of years of such saving I accumulated a large number of good articles of miscellaneous character. I later decided that I would sometime compile a book containing many of the best of these selections. The present volume is the result.

But in addition to these earlier productions there will be found many new ones, by present day writers, men and women of strong Christian character, whose lives and whose words stand for all that is high and ennobling.

Believing that a man understands men's tastes, and a woman understands women's tastes, one of us accordingly gave special attention, in making our selections, to such articles as would appeal to men; the other, with equal care and discrimination, catered to woman's home taste.

We believe that our compilation will meet the tastes of all the family and if so our purpose will have been accomplished—to make "Duties and Beauties of Life" pre-eminently a book for the Home Circle.

"Duties and Beauties of Life" is not a book of specific duties, but our purpose has been to present such word-pictures and illustrations as would develop the best, purest, the highest in the performance of the duties of life.

The editor thanks the numerous friends who have so kindly assisted in the contribution of original productions which appear herein and give it a distinctive character and endear it to the hearts of many.

The editor also acknowledges with thanks courtesies received in the use of illustrations from the Southern Pacific R. R., the Northern Pacific R. R., and the Gorge R. R. of Niagara Falls; also to the American Bible Society.

F. L. R.

INTRODUCTION.

Solomon, the wise king, many centuries ago, said, "And furthermore, my son, be admonished of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh." (Eccl. xii, 12.) Now, that the Great King uttered a most wonderful truth so far as to that declaration of "no end to the making of many books" is concerned, the reader can, if he be of an observant mind, see all around him full and complete verification.

The innumerable printing presses of the land—in fact, in every civilized nation on the earth—are being operated day by day and many of them at night, in order to rush before the public eye and mind pages of human thought both good and bad, and that, too, with most marvelous rapidity. Does the cool-headed and thoughtful ever for a moment contemplate that thereby every day there is an accumulation of responsibilities thrust upon the fathers and mothers of the land. This at once becomes apparent when we reflect that a good, wise and gracious Sovereign imposes upon parents that most solemn and important of all duties—that of the rearing and training of youth. The Governor of the universe desires the good and happiness of the race of man, and has expressed this desire unmistakably in His revealed will. He created man in His own image, and therefore desires man to live near to, and be like, his Creator in character and action. Character and action determine the good or evil in man, and by these either the one or the other is made known to the world. To the thinking man or woman it must be patent from the experiences of the ages that tastes, dispositions and habits are largely, if not entirely, dependent upon education—this, of course, includes the home training—and based upon these tastes, dispositions and habits, and necessarily flowing therefrom as a fountain are all human actions. The education referred to is measured only from that period in life known as the birth, and extends to the period which we call accountability. Let us study only for a few moments and see if we can fully or to some useful extent comprehend what is included if not deeply em-

bedded in the grave injunction, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. xxii, 6.) Are not all rational men and women impressed with the truthfulness of this declaration? Is it not fully and completely verified by the experiences of all? Can a possible reasonable objection be urged against it as a universal yet mighty if not fearful truth? If, then, this be so, tell me why fathers and mothers are not more solicitous and exacting about what their sons and daughters shall read. That I may be fully understood, one single example will be given, happening within the personal knowledge of the writer, and this is given only for the reason that I would impress upon the mind of the reader what I consider a most important fact. About sixty years ago, in one class at school, were five boys of about equal ages and apparently equally endowed mentally and physically. Two of these were readers of trashy literature, and were encouraged therein by parental advice. The other three were strictly forbidden from even glancing at the pages which so infatuated the two and occupied all their spare time. The three were urged by their parents to familiarize themselves with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and the Bible. The two became brigands. One was slain and other imprisoned. The three each rose to places of distinction in their respective communities, lived respectable lives and two died lamented by their countrymen; one still survives. Now, make your own application, and ask yourself, Will not this example apply to every case or at least nearly all cases involving parental training and the duties therein imposed?

Marriage was ordained by the Great Creator Himself, and therein we fix a place for father and mother, and these at once create a home. Even now at my advanced age, it is hard to think of home where there is no mother. For a home such as was intended by the Lord is a subject for continual thanksgiving. Home is the citadel of safety, the very stronghold of all purity. Especially is this true if it be a Christian home. Where the Christian home exists father and mother, husband and wife, son and daughter are secure from all evil. The Christian home is a veritable City of Refuge. The best of all governments can trace their success and prosperity to the citizens who have been reared in the Christian home. Hence it is that arch-enemy of man is constantly making his most violent

assaults upon the home. One has said "the root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. Social and civil law springs from the domestic law of mankind." Corrupt this source, and disease at once attacks the commonwealth. Now, it must be plain to all that a false or vicious education is at once an assault upon the home, so that constant vigilance should be exercised to prevent the incursion of any destructive enemy. Keep the home free from the false, the vicious and the immoral. I can, in all good conscience, urge upon fathers and mothers the absolute necessity—if not God-given injunction—of providing clean moral books and literature for the reading of those around their hearthstones. I tell you from the experience of more than three-quarters of a century. I have observed the results to be good or bad as the early training along this line was moral or vicious. God's declarations in His blessed book are not to be ignored. Take a book such as the one to which this is a feeble introduction, and before taking into your home make some inquiries akin to the following: What impressions from the reading of this book are liable to be left upon the mind of my son, my daughter? Can any thoughtful reader fail to learn therefrom that there is one only true God, a being full of love and kindness, a Being who desires only man's good and happiness. Is the reader liable to form ideas of an immoral tendency from any utterances contained in these pages? Upon the contrary, will he not from reading this book learn and know of a certainty that happiness depends largely if not altogether upon conduct that will meet the approval of the only just One, and that a contrary course will and can only lead to misery here in this life and unending ruin in the life to come? If, then, the book is full of moral and wholesome instruction, it is safe to lay it before boy or girl, man or woman without the least fear that any one thereby will be lead astray, but contrariwise drifted in the right direction. The volume here tendered to the reading public is full to overflowing of love for all that is moral and good and of reprobation for all that is evil. Here you will find clear and invulnerable reasoning, showing why the moral course should be pursued by all, and showing that the necessary and logical result of such course can only eventuate as contemplated by the all-wise Father of us all; viz., the good and happiness of free moral agents. Not a degrading idea can be found in the entire volume. Nothing leading to an immoral sug-

gestion is to be found in any of its pages, but upon the contrary something amiable, moral, and ennobling is thrust before the mental vision of the reader on every page, and that, too, in such a fascinating garb as to fix the attention and command the acceptance of every honest soul. Fathers and mothers of our heaven-blest land, see that that class of literature and that class only shall be found on the book-shelves in your homes and adorn the center-tables in your parlors, and rest assured if there is any verity in the experiences of life or any faith and reliance to be placed upon Divine revelation, you have performed a duty the result of which will never be correctly and fully measured until the Great Assizes shall set in judgment, and then, and then only, you shall hear from an Infallible Judge the welcome words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

August, 1908.

N. T. CATON.

DUTIES AND BEAUTIES OF LIFE

Mother's Department.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

T. B. LARIMORE.

The following incident of my childhood illustrates the force of early impressions:

More than forty years ago, in her humble little log-cabin home among the hills and mountains of glorious old East Tennessee, a godly, devout grandmother one frosty morning was sweeping the ashes and coals from the solid stone hearth, after having cooked breakfast there, and her barefooted little grandson was stepping first to one side and then to the other, to keep out of the way of his grandmother's broom, while still keeping his feet on the warm stone. Suddenly she stooped and picked up a little bit of paper that looked like it might have been torn from an old almanac. She brushed the ashes and dust from it carefully, laid it upon the mantel, and put upon it a pretty little pebble that had been taken from the beautiful brook near by. The little boy said, "Grandmother, why did you pick up that piece of paper? What is it?" She said, "I saw the name of the Lord on it, my son, and I couldn't burn it. I couldn't sweep his holy name into the fire."

More than forty eventful years have come and gone since that autumn morning; and for more than thirty years the body of that devout, godly grandmother has slept in the loneliness and solemn silence of a tomb in the bosom of a little forest-covered hill which

nestles in the bosom of a beautiful valley rimmed by higher hills and shadowed by towering mountains that pierce the heavens, as if God had stationed them there in rocky, rugged grandeur, still and silent, to guard that lonely grave; but, in all these years that little boy has never forgotten the look or language, has never forgotten even the quiver of the tender, tearful voice of that consecrated grandmother as she said, "I couldn't sweep His holy name into the fire, my son," and, as he has gone over this land, wandering from ocean to ocean, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, throughout the length and breadth of the United States and far beyond the limits of the United States, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, telling the sweet old story of Jesus and His love, as it is revealed in the light of God's eternal truth, he has never ceased to revere the memory of that blessed grandmother, who may, upon that very occasion, have fixed and settled his destiny for time and for eternity, and, through him, wielded all the influence for good that he has ever wielded or may wield, till time's knell shall be sounded and all the redeemed shall be gathered home.

In the solemn silence and stillness of a lonely, neglected grave at the head of that same valley has slept, many years, the body of the greatest highway robber Tennessee has ever known. Near the close of his thrilling career he wrote, and it was put into print, for permanent preservation: "My father," for whom he seemed to have never had any respect, "was an honest man; but my mother was true grit." He told how she taught him, encouraged him and helped him *to steal*, keeping what he stole and "wearing him out," on one occasion, when he *didn't* give her the proceeds of a successful robbing scheme.

Mortals here below may never know how much the influence of the mother and the grandmother of each of these two boys may have had to do with determining his temporal and eternal destiny; but, be this as it may, parents and grandparents have more to do with shaping the destiny of their posterity, for time and eternity, than any other mortals on earth, of course; and they are ruthlessly robbing their posterity, for whose existence they are voluntarily responsible, of sacred rights that they can never restore, when they live ungodly lives. Parents and grandparents are under the most solemn obligations to be as nearly absolutely perfect Christians as it is possible for them to be till they complete their temporal career.

LEE'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

The following letter was written by General Lee to one of his daughters during the Petersburg campaign. It is peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as it shows how a busy soldier, in stress and peril of war, and weighted down with grave responsibilities, was thoughtful in small matters of his dear ones at home. The poverty and hardships of the sad times only furnish the background upon which a beautiful tenderness shines out the more brightly:

"MY PRECIOUS LIFE: I received this morning, by your brother, your note. Am very glad to hear your mother is better. I sent out immediately to try to get some lemons, but could only procure two—sent to me by a kind lady, Mrs. Kirkland, in Petersburg. These were gathered from her own trees. There are none to be purchased. I found one in my valise, dried up, which I also send, as it may be of some value. I also put up some early apples, which you can roast for your mother, and one pear. This is all the fruit I can get.

"You must go to market every morning, and see if you can not find some fresh fruit for her. There are no lemons to be had here. Tell her lemonade is not so palatable or digestible as buttermilk. Try to get some for her—with ice it is delicious and very nutritious. I hope she will continue to improve, and be soon well and leave that heated city. It must be roasting now. Tell her I can only think of her and pray for her recovery. I wish I could be with her to nurse her and care for her. I want to see you all very much, but can not now see the day when we shall be together once more. I think of you, long for you, pray for you; it is all I can do. Think sometimes of your devoted father.

R. E. LEE."

"A good wife is heaven's best gift to man. She is his gem of all virtues, his casket of richest jewels, his friend that never fails. Her smile is his life; her voice his sweetest music; her kiss the guardian of his purity; her arms the harbor of his safety; her bosom the softest pillow for his cares, and her prayers the strongest advocate before God's throne."—*M. M. Davis.*

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter and her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE MOTHER'S KISS.

Always send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds, welling up in the heart will rise the thought: My father, my mother loved me. Lips parched with fever will become dewy again at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your child before it goes to sleep. In the morning, let it wake to see a smile upon your face, that it may lift its little heart in cheerful praise to God.

A WOMAN'S PROTECTION.

No warrior was ever so effectively protected by coat-of-mail as the purity of woman by a becoming modesty. It is not only woman's greatest adornment, but her best defense. Lord Shaftesbury once said that young women would be surprised to find with what respect they would be treated by the forlorn classes if they would go among them with a view to education.

In one of the worst parts of London, he said, there was an institution which he visited. In one room he found about thirty-five men listening to the teaching of the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighborhood, and she was one of the prettiest women he ever saw in his life. He noticed that there was no one present but the young woman with those rough men, and he said to the superintendent :

"Are you not afraid to leave my dear little friend alone with all these men?" He replied, "I am."

"Then why don't you go to her?"

"You mistake my fear. I am not afraid of their doing any harm. They love her so much that they would lick the ground on which she walks; but I am afraid some person may step in, and not being under authority or knowing the manners of the place, may say something impertinent to her, and if he did, he would not leave this place alive."

It is indeed one of the most cheering facts to such as work for the education of the human race, that womanly beauty when united to maiden modesty commands the homage of the most degraded.—*Lutheran Observer.*

Christian women, when your husbands and sons return to you in the evening, after buffeting the waves of the world, let them find in your homes a haven of rest. Do not pour into the bleeding wounds of their hearts the gall of bitter words, but rather the oils of gladness and consolation. Be fond of your homes. Be attached to your homes. Make them comfortable. Let peace and order and tranquility and temperance abound there.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

DON'T MARRY A MAN TO SAVE HIM.

A cry comes over from Oregon
For a car-load of maidens, fully grown,
And all of them women of blood and tone—
Come marry our men "to save them."

There are thousands here in these haunts of sin,
Spending their money in gaming and gin,
Corrupt without and corrupt within—
Come marry these men "to save them."

They have each been somebody's pride and joy,
Somebody's petted and pampered boy,
Spoiled for lack of a maiden coy—
Come marry these men "to save them."

You must be healthy, pure and strong,
Alike to breast and bear the wrong,
Willing to carry a burden long—
Come marry these men "to save them."

You must be leader, but always seem
To be gentle and helpless as love's young dream,
And leaned upon when you seem to lean—
Come marry these men "to save them."

You must be cleanly and kind and sweet,
Making a path for their godless feet
Up to the grace of the mercy-seat—
Come marry these men "to save them."

Oh, woman, you are sold at a fearful price,
If you wed your virtue to whisky and dice,
And trust your soul to a den of vice—
Don't marry a man "to save him."

A life that is pure needs a pure one in turn,
A being to honor, and not to spurn,
An equal love, that shall constant burn—
Don't marry a man "to save him."

A woman's life is a precious thing,
Her love a rose unwithering;
Would you bury it deep in early spring,
By marrying a man "to save him?"

You can pray for his soul from morn till eve,
You can wish the angels to bring reprieve
To his sin-bound heart, but you'll always grieve
If you marry a man "to save him."

God gives to woman a right to press
Her claim to a man's best manliness.
A woman gives all; shall a man give less?
Don't marry a man "to save him."

MY DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND.

Every mother has not only a right, but a duty in relation to a child's marriage. You often hear a man of very moderate desert say that he requires in a wife virtue, birth, beauty, good nature, education, money and other superlative gifts; so why shall a mother be less demanding in behalf of her daughter? It will then go without saying that this husband of a sweet and innocent and carefully reared girl shall be a satisfactory specimen of the race, manly, brave and good to look upon. That means that he will have good health, and, having good health, he will have good nature. Unselfishness is the first positive quality that I should require. With unselfishness there will be generosity which not only gives with an open hand, but which so regards the feelings and wishes of others as to make ill-temper and dark moods impossible. With unselfishness there will be self-restraint and sobriety and honesty and fidelity. With unselfishness, again, will be purity—the safeguard of home.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

CHRIST AT THE HOUSE OF LAZARUS.

Jesus had no home of His own, but He sometimes rested at the homes of His friends. The family over whose door was written in real, but invisible, words, "THE FAMILY WHOM JESUS LOVED"



CHRIST AT THE HOUSE OF LAZARUS.

dwelt at Bethany on the Mount of Olives. This family had three members, Martha, Mary and Lazarus.

We, too, can have Jesus in our hearts and homes if we invite and welcome Him, put away all that is distasteful and opposed to Him, cherish all that He loves, listen to His words, obey Him, love Him with all our hearts. What a change His presence would make in some families!

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son That transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, . . . and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—*Washington Irving.*

THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

I have a little packet, not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf and untie, and open and run over with much sorrow, and such joy—such tears and such smiles—as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and holier man.

There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother—what gentle admonition; what tender affection! God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister—written when she and you were full of glee and the best mirth of youthfulness; does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness, or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom with its i's so carefully dotted and its gigantic t's so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

. . . Love refines

The thoughts, and heart enlarges: hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious: is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend!

There she sits, by the corner of the fire, in a neat home dress of sober, yet most adorning color. A little bit of lace ruffle is gathered about the neck by a blue ribbon, and the ends of the ribbon are crossed under the dimpling chin, and are fastened neatly by a simple, unpretending brooch—your gift. The arm, a pretty taper arm, lies over the carved elbow of the oaken chair; the hand, white and delicate, sustains a little home volume that hangs from her fingers. The forefinger is between the leaves, and the others lie in relief upon the dark embossed cover. She repeats in a silver voice a line that has attracted her fancy; and you listen—or at any rate, you seem to listen—with your eyes now on the lips, now on the forehead, and now on the finger, where glitters like a star the marriage ring—little gold band, at which she does not chafe, that tells you she is yours!

What weak testimonial if that were all that told it! The eye,

the voice, the look, the heart, tells you stronger and better that she is yours. And a feeling within, where it lies you know not, and whence it comes you know not, but sweeping over heart and brain like a fire-flood, tells you, too, that you are hers!—*Ike Marvel*.

IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE.

The man who really enjoys life is the one who is in love with his wife. Not the “moonshine” of the first couple of weeks or months of wedded life, before the newness and enjoyment of conversation and acquaintance begins to subside, but the true happiness and delight in each other’s presence, and desire to make each other comfortable and contented; to sympathize, console, advise and help in case of trouble or untoward circumstances. Here is a pretty love-letter of a married man to his wife. Read it and ponder over it:

“I married you in order to love you in God and according to the need of my heart, which all the world’s bleak winds can not chill, and where I may find the warmth of the home fire to which I betake myself when it is stormy and cold without, but not to have a society woman for others; and I shall cherish and nurse your little fireplace, and put wood on it, and blow and protect it against all that is evil and strange; for next to God’s mercy there is nothing which is dearer and more necessary to me than your love and the homelike hearth which stands between us everywhere, even in strange lands, when we are together.”

Does that sound like sentimental, silly and nonsensical honeymoon gush? It may take you a long time to guess who wrote the above pretty love-letter to his wife. It was the “Iron Chancellor,” Prince Ottò von Bismarck, and long after he was married. There is nothing “iron” about such warmth of affection and such love. It is holy. When we read of the domestic tragedies, suicides, murders, applications for divorce, the unhappy homes, it makes one sick at heart. But then we turn to men of the Bismarck stamp, who may seem cold, relentless, heartless to the world, who do not present the soft side, the loving and gentle attributes to the public, but what light and happiness there is in the home! Would that more men—and women, too—showed their best at their home, instead of the whitened sepulcher to the public.—*Selected*.

THE MARYS AT THE TOMB.

Mary is the type of those who, while true Christians, yet are disappointed and troubled by the loss of old forms and associations, in the troubled pool of criticism and change of the old wine from the old bottles into the new. It seems as if religion itself were dead and buried. But for the believer there always comes a resurrection, a new, fresh life, a living Savior in a garden, not a dead form to be embalmed in a tomb.

Women are among the chosen messengers of Jesus, to bear His messages of hope and comfort to the church, and to all those who are without the gospel, and its temporal and spiritual blessings. The more perfectly the gospel prevails, the larger will be the work of women in the churches.



THE MARYS AT THE TOMB.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above,—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike, you have questioned me—
Now, stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirt shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And as pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheeks one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you can not do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

TO MY MOTHER.

I know thou art gone to the land of rest :
Then why should my soul be so sad ?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad ;
Where Love has put off in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness can not be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal ;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget ;
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine ;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign.
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there ;
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In the far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine :
And the love that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign.
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze, on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care;
Yet the grief of my bosom, oh! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair,
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

—*McGuffey's Sixth Reader.*

THE BABY.

When morning broke and baby came,
The house did scarcely seem the same
As just before. The very air
Grew fragrant with the essence rare
Of a celestial garden, where
The angels, breathless, learned to hear
The youthful mother's fervid prayer
To God, to guard her first-born care,
And with what diligence each ear
Did listen, as her lips did frame
The helpless little stranger's name—
When baby came!

When darkness came and baby died,
The misty grief that fell belied
The transient joy that filled the room
But just before; where brooding gloom
Now dumbly spoke the baby's doom.
We hid away the little things
Woven by nature's matchless loom—
A woman's hands! The amber bloom
Waxed dimmer on the finch's wings;
The flowers, too, in sorrow vied,
As if kind nature drooped and cried—
When baby died! —*Charles G. Rogers.*

WOMAN'S MISSION.

There is a great deal in a name. In some names there is a mixture of history, geography, philosophy and religion. Hence, in the supernatural wisdom of our Father Adam, in his primeval rectitude, all names given by him were essentially characteristic. His nomenclature was so perfect that God sanctioned it. There was reason *in* it all, and a reason *for* it all. Hence the reason given for the name of the first woman was as perfect as herself. She was called LIFE, because she was the life of the world.

But we must study woman in her mission, in order to train her and honor her according to her rank in creation. And is there not a reason given for her name, from a source of unquestionable authority? She was called in Hebrew *Havah*, in Greek, *Zoe*, in English *Life*, because she was the life of the world. And does not that reason indicate her mission?

She was an extract of man, in order to form man; in order to *develop*, *perfect*, *beautify*, and *beatify* man. And hence these four terms comprehend the whole duty, honor, dignity and happiness of woman; consequently, her education should be equal to her mission. Every distinctive element of her sex was conferred upon her in order to her accomplishment for the great work of forming and molding human nature in reference to human destiny. How important and how true the remark that in the moral complexion of human character the distinguished men that have made their mark in the moral world have been the offspring of religious and exemplary mothers. There is no authority, no influence, no power, of whatever name, equal to that which God has vested in woman, in its conservative and beatifying character and influence on the prosperity and happiness of man. In conferring so much influence on woman, God intended to use it in the moral government of the world. She has, consequently, a mission of transcendent importance—of paramount value to the happiness of man. From these premises we argue the paramount importance of her education, and press its claims upon the patriot, the philanthropist and the Christian.—*Alexander Campbell, from an address delivered in 1856, on "Woman and Her Mission."*

THE GARDEN OF WEDLOCK.

[A reader sends us a quaint old booklet, the contents of which we reprint, together with the explanation of its sender, which is more admirably put than any we could hope to write.]

After some hesitation I send you the inclosed letter, found among relics of one long since passed from "the garden of wedlock" below to that which is above, where flowers never wither and the honeymoon lasts for aye. Its lesson is charming, too good to be hidden. Would that every one of your 100,000 families might be treated to its perusal. Especially the younger members who to enter the garden of wedlock propose.

MRS. L. M. P

PEORIA, ILL.

DEAR MISS: Hearing you are shortly to be in a garden inclosed, and knowing you at present a stranger in this garden, permit me, an old friend, to give you some account of it. I have traveled through every part and every path; know every creek and corner—its productions of every kind it can possibly yield. My information can do you no harm; it may do you good.

There is but one entrance into this inclosure; I suppose it needless to inform you, this is expected to be gay and glittering, strewn with flowers of every hue and fragrance—all that art or imagination can invent; and you will fondly hope that this scene of rapture will not alter, at least for you to see the end of this beautiful path. From the very entrance to some it proves a very short one; and even to you, it will appear different in the retrospect.

Here let me caution you, my dear friend, not to dream of perfect or permanent bliss; if you do, experience will teach you that it never existed on earth, but in visions and visionary heads. I hope you will meet with many productions in this garden, that are charming to the eye and pleasing to the taste; but they are not all so. Let me exhort you to carry with you into this garden one of the most delicate flowers in all nature, I mean Good-humor; do not change it or lose it. as many do soon after they are entered, and seldom or ever find it again; it is a treasure nothing can make up the want of to you.

When you have gone to the end of the first walk, which is about

thirty steps, commonly called the Honey-Moon Path, you will see the garden open into a vast variety of views. Here I must caution you against some productions that are nauseous, noxious, and even fatal in their tendency to the unwary and ignorant. There is a low small plant, that may be seen in almost every path, called Indifference, though not perceived in the entrance. You may always know when near the plant, though you do not see it, by a certain coolness in the air which surrounds it. Contrary to all others, this grows in cold, and it dies in warmth and heat—whenever you perceive this change in the air, change your situation as quick as you can. In the same path is often found that ugly yellow flower, called Jealousy, which I wish you never to look at; turn from it as fast as possible, for it has a strange quality of tinging the eye which beholds it with a tinge it seldom loses.

As you go on, you will meet with many crooked paths, but enter not into them; my advice, as a friend, is never to attempt it, for though at the entrance of each is writ, in large letters, "*In the right*," when you come to the end of nine out of ten you will find the true name Perverseness—and that you have entered at the wrong end, though unwilling to acknowledge it. This occasions endless disputes, and renders it difficult to distinguish the right end of the path:—it is a source of perpetual difference, and sometimes of a final separation in this garden.

Near this spot may be met with a knotty plant called Obstinacy, which bears a hard, bitter fruit that never digests, but always injures the constitution, and becomes fatal when taken in large quantities; turn from it—avoid it as you would the plague. Just opposite to this grows the lowly, lovely shrub of Compliance, which, though not pleasant to the palate, is salutary and sweet when digested; which it does very easily, and produces the most delicious fruit in the garden; never be without a good sprig of it in your hand; it will often be needed as you go along, and you will surely repent the want of it.

All over the garden may be found a useful plant called Economy—it is of a thriving quality. Take a good stock of it as soon as you go in—it adorns and enriches at the same time. It is entirely overlooked by many, some despise it, and others think they shall never want it. Generally it is forgot in the pleasure and pursuits which attend the entrance of this garden; but the total want of it is com-

monly paid for with bitter repentance. I must just hint, that unless both parties partake of it, it will answer no end to either. My advice is, carry some with you into this garden; but it is generally lost in going in. Nor is it so useful as that you will meet with there—this is of another sort; endeavor to provide yourself and partner with a proper quantity as early as possible.

You will observe, as you pass along, two or three paths which run much into one another, and deserve your attention; I mean those of Regularity, Exactness, Neatness; these I recommend you to walk in; and think not, as many do, that when you have entered this garden you may be careless of your person and dress; remember your companion will see many who are not so, and this difference may take his attention, if not offend him; therefore I advise you to enter these paths with all expedition, and continue to walk therein.

Near these walks are to be found that invaluable shrub, Humility; this, though of no use in itself, yet when joined to other good qualities, is worth the whole of them put together—it is never seen without being admired, and is most amiable when most visible—its virtue is said to be its own reward. I am sure Pride is obnoxious both to God and man; fly from it as from the face of an enemy, and cultivate the invaluable shrub before mentioned as the best antidote against this poisonous weed.

Allow me here to drop a hint on the subject of Cultivation; as that most probably will sooner or later be your employ. Should you be entrusted with the rearing of a Flower remember two things; first, that it is but a Flower, however fair, frail its nature, and fading at every blast; secondly, that it is a Flower in trust, for the culture of which you are accountable to the great Owner of the garden. It will demand all your care, it will draw all your attention. Should you be witness to a blast on its dawning beauties, oh, how your fond heart will bleed with tenderness, affection and sympathy; your feelings may be conceived, but can not be described—the young shoot will insensibly twine round all the fibers of your frame. Should it live and thrive, spare no pains to teach the young production how to rise; weed it, water it, prune it, all will be needful: without this many baneful weeds will grow up with it, and poison the very soil in which it grows. Remember, I say, this is a trust for which you are accountable to Him that gives it.

That you may be blest with some of the sweetest productions of this garden; that they may be the delight of your eyes and the joy of your heart; that they may be your ornament in life, your comfort in death; and that they and you, when the summer of life is over, may be transplanted into some happier soil, and flourish in immortal vigor, in perfect and permanent felicity, is, and ever will be, the ardent prayer of

YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE FRIEND.

OUR DEBT TO FENNIMORE COOPER'S WIFE.

It was his wife who "discovered" J. Fennimore Cooper, and so gave to the world its representative American novelist. Cooper had resigned his commission in the United States Army and was living in a quiet little house at Mamaroneck, N. Y., loving his book, his wife, his home; enjoying obscurity and the monotony of a country life, which must have been all the more pronounced to a man who had had acquaintance with wild beasts on Western frontiers, stirring experiences in Indian wars. One of his diversions was reading to his wife. One day, tossing a novel aside, he exclaimed, with a sort of impatience most of us feel after reading a book we don't like.

"Why I could write a better book myself."

"Do. I am sure you can," said Mrs. Cooper.

The first chapter of "Precaution" was written. His wife listened to its reading. "Go on," she said, with enthusiasm. The book did not please the world as well as it had pleased the wife, but Mrs. Cooper only said, "Go on." Cooper went on; and his books are classic here and abroad, and the story world is full of delightful people whom we might never have known about but for Mrs. Cooper.

Home ties are unfavorable to the development of genius," say many. Perhaps this is true; for we can not know how many people are kept from giving the world famous books, songs, statues or pictures because the pressing necessities of supporting a family forces them to do the first thing that presents itself. But we do know that the majority of the world's greatest men have been married men. How many bachelors have become great men? Nothing helps to bring one "up to the mark," so to speak, like the responsibility of having to care for a family.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O, tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still: if thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
 The demon-spirit, change,
 Shedding a passing glory still
 On all things new and strange?
 It may not be thy fault alone—
 But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
 And answer to my claim,
 That fate, and that to-day's mistake—
 Not thou—had been to blame!
 Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
 Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*—I dare not hear,
 The words would come too late;
 Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
 So comfort thee, my fate:
 Whatever on my heart may fall,
 Remember, I *would* risk it all!

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude.

She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from his misfortunes; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace: and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—*Washington Irving.*

TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE WOMAN.

She was so pleasant, bright-minded and gracious, she met the most cultured people on a common plane; and her winning manner, conversational charm and musical gift made her a welcome guest in the finest homes. Her refinement never repelled. Her artless affability, sweetness, simplicity, brightness and beauty made her loved by the lofty and lowly alike. As the microscope finds gems and jewels in the dust, her kind heart found the gold and good in "the common people," and in the little events of every-day life she got and gave a lot of joy, wit and fun. But the poor and the needy, the sick and the sad had a special place in her sensitive sympathy. She loved much and was loved. She was such a friend as Mrs. Browning knew:

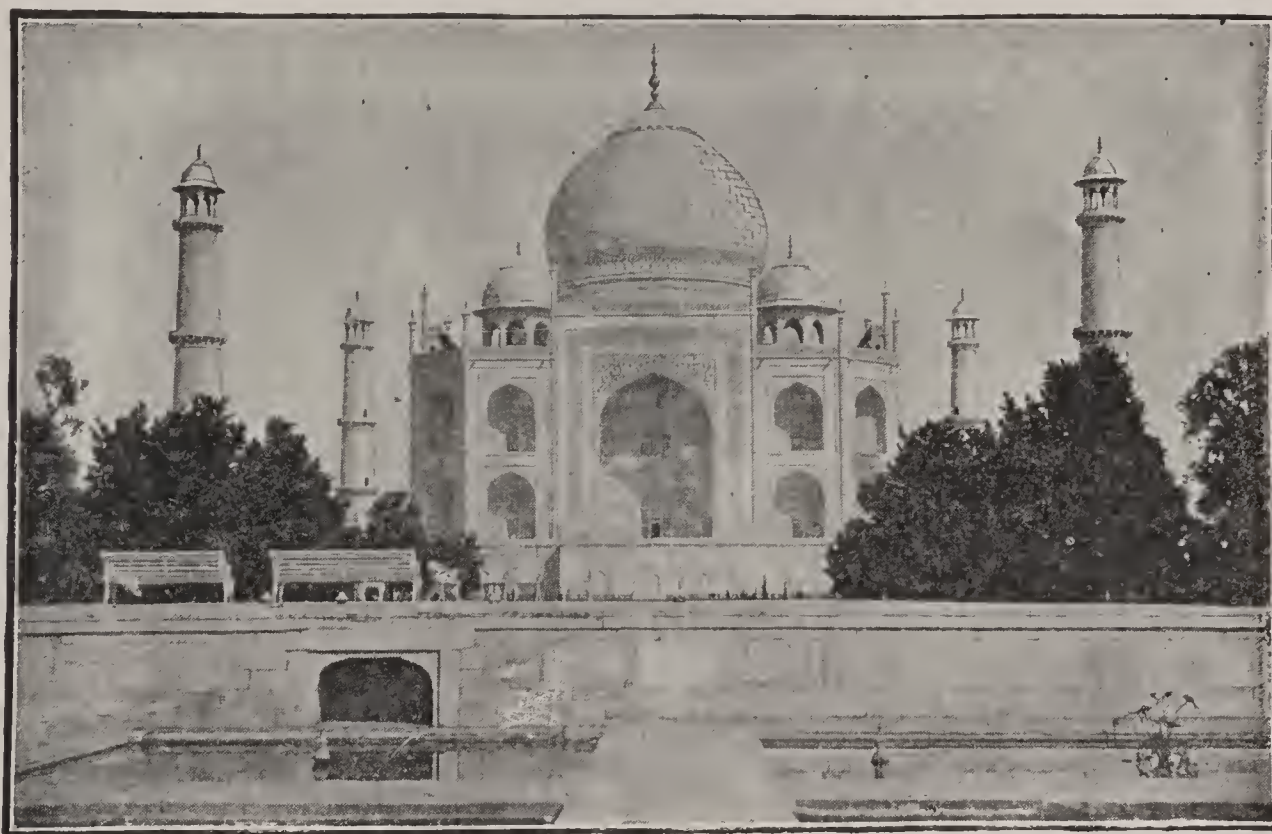
"She never found fault with you, never implied
You wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.
The weak and the gentle, the refined and the rude
She took as she found them, and did them all good.
None knelt at her feet—confessed lovers in thrall,
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all."

She never counted the cost when need or duty called. Her life was hid with Christ in God. She "found her life" and it made all earthly things sweeter and better.—*James Small, on the death of a sister-in-law.*

Of Lowell and his beautiful wife, Edward Everett Hale has written, "The truth is, their union was made in heaven; it was a perfect marriage; they belonged together, and lived one life." Even Poe—poor Poe—is almost as well known for tenderness to his wife as for genius that wrote "The Raven." To her mother he made himself as dear as if he had been her own son. So, all through the shining story of our great ones, we find this golden record of pure lives and happy married love.—*Myrta Lockett Avery.*

THE TAJ MAHAL, THE "JEWEL OF INDIA."

The jewel of India—the Koh-i-noor of its beauty—is the Taj, the tomb built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar, for his wife, whom he loved with an idolatrous affection, and on her death-bed promised to rear to her memory such a mausoleum as had never been erected before. To carry out his purpose, he gathered architects from all countries, who rivaled each other in the



THE TAJ MAHAL.

extravagance and costliness of their designs. The result was a structure which cost fabulous sums of money (the whole empire being placed under contribution for it, as were the Jews for the Temple of Solomon), and employed 20,000 workmen for seventeen years. The building thus erected is one of the most famous in the world—like the Alhambra or St. Peter's—and of which enthusiastic travelers are apt to say that it is worth going around the world to see. This would almost discourage the attempt to describe it, but I will try and give some faint idea of its marvelous beauty.

It stands on the banks of the Jumna, a mile below the fort at Agra, India. As you approach it, it is not exposed abruptly to view, but is surrounded by a garden. You enter under a lofty gateway,

and before you is an avenue of cypresses, a third of a mile long, whose dark foliage is a setting for a form of dazzling whiteness at the end. That is the Taj. It stands, not on the level of your eye, but on a double terrace; the front, of red sandstone, twenty feet high and one thousand feet broad, at the extremities of which stand two mosques, of the same dark stone, facing each other. Midway between rises the second terrace, of marble, fifteen feet high and three hundred feet square, on the corners of which stand four marble minarets. In the center of all, thus "reared in air," stands the Taj. It is built of marble—no other material than this, of pure and stainless white, was fit for a purpose so sacred. It is one hundred and fifty feet square (or rather, it is eight-sided, since the corners are truncated), and surmounted by a dome, which rises nearly two hundred feet above the pavement below.

These figures rather belittle the Taj, or, at least, disappoint those who looked for great size. There are many larger buildings in the world. But that which distinguishes it from all others and gives it a rare and ideal beauty is the union of majesty and grace. This is the peculiar effect of Saracenic architecture. The slender columns, the springing arches, the swelling domes, the tall minarets, all combine to give an impression of airy lightness, which is not destroyed even when the foundations are laid with massive solidity. But it is in the finish of their structure that they excelled all the world. Bishop Heber said truly: "They built like Titans and finished like jewelers." This union of two opposite features makes the beauty of the Taj. While its walls are thick and strong, they are pierced by high-arched windows, which relieve their heaviness. Vines and arabesques running over the stone work give it the lightness of foliage, of trees blossoming with flowers. In the interior there is an extreme and almost feminine grace, as if here the strength of man would pay homage to the delicacy of woman. Inclosing the sacred place is a screen of marble, carved into a kind of fretwork, and so pure and white that light shines through it as through alabaster, falling softly on that which is within. The Emperor, bereaved of his wife, lavished riches on her very dust, casting precious stones upon her tomb as if he were placing a string of pearls around her neck. It is overrun with vines and flowers, cut in stone and set with onyx and jasper and lapis-lazuli, carnelians and turquoises and chalcedonies and sapphires.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands;
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I always weep as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands;
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands and heart and brow.
Alas, alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But, oh, beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear,
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

BROKEN HEARTS.

Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace.

With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slighted external injury.

Look for her, after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low—but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.—*Washington Irving.*

HOW DO I LOVE THEE.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of each day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise;
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
 I love thee with a love I seem to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon:
 Rest, rest on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.
 —*Alfred Tennyson.*

A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

You took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?

No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smile and music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim;
I cry, "Oh, Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him!
Behold him toil, from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;
Look down in mercy on him, Lord; Thou canst make him whole!"

And when, at last, relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child!
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;
But I would ask some share of hours that you in toil bestow;
Of knowledge that you prize so much, may I not something know?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion for your soul, as I may surely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers:
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind;
And as my heart can warn your heart, so may my mind your mind.

MOTHER'S VACANT CHAIR.

I go a little farther on in your house, and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking-chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe, that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. It was different from the father's chair—it was entirely different. You ask me how? I can not tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when he had done wrong. When we were wayward, father scolded, but mother cried.

It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick day of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog-shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" and a louder than the boisterous encore of the theater, a voice saying, "My son, what do you here?" And when you went into the house of sin, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked at yourself, and charged your own self with superstition and fanaticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said, "What a prayerless pillow!" Man, what is the matter? This: you are too near your mother's rocking-chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say, "there's nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born—I'm three thousand miles off from the Scotch kirk whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I can not help that. You are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I can not help that. It is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers. It

speaks. It weeps. It carols. It mourns. It prays. It warns. It thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and cried, "O mother, mother, what your life could not do your death shall effect! This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed because thy seat will be empty."—*T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best:
So, when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then that in God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.
Oh, great heart of God, whose loving
Can not hindered be—nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost.
Heart of God of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost,
Cost of love that all love sharing
Gave itself to save the lost.

—*Saxe Holm.*

BECAUSE OF GOD AND MY MOTHER.

There was once a boy who was very, very poor. He lived in a foreign country, and his mother said to him one day that he must go into the great city and start in business. She took his coat and sewed between the linings and the outside forty golden dinars, which she had saved up for many years to start him in life. She told him to take care of robbers as he went across the desert, and as he was going out of the door, she said, "My boy, I have only two words for you—Fear God, and never tell a lie."

The boy started off, and toward evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of the great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust. It came nearer. Presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left the rest and rode toward him, and said, "Boy, what have you got?" And the boy looked him in the face and said, "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber laughed and wheeled round his horse and went away back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said, "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said, "The boy is a fool," and wheeled his horse and rode away back. By and by the robber captain came, and he said, "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round—one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. He looked the boy in the face and said, "Why did you tell me that?" The boy said, "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said: "Wait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy up on his horse and said, "My boy, I have long wanted to do something for my God and for my mother, and I have this moment renounced my robber's life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about God, and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us."

It all happened by seeking first the kingdom of God; all these things were added unto him.—*Drummond*.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where



RUTH AND NAOMI.

thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

THE BEST WIFE.

Womanhood is greater than wifehood. It comprehends and embraces it. The best woman will make the best wife. If the mind of a woman is dwarfed, and her faculties are weakened by disuse, she will be an inefficient wife, because she is an inefficient woman. If, on the other hand, her mind is trained, her judgment cultivated,

her powers developed, she will be adequate to any emergency as woman or wife. Let girls be taught to make the most of themselves. Let them fulfill present duties, and the future will take care of itself. She who walks grandly as a woman will not walk unworthily as a wife. She who stands upright alone will not drag her husband downward. She who guides her own life wisely and well, will not rule her household with an erring hand. Familiarity with the details of domestic management will be a help, but want of familiarity will not be an insurmountable obstacle.—*Gail Hamilton.*

WOMAN.

What the moon is to the night,
With her flood of crystal light,
Bright'ning with its radiance,
Earth and sea and heaven's expanse.

What the thickly clust'ring stars
Are to the storm-toss'd mariners,
When they break with kindly ray
On their dark and devious way.

What the sun is to the earth,
Giving all things bright their birth,
And through nature's wide domain
Making mirth and music reign.

What the flowers are to spring,
Hill and valley garnishing,
With a thousand hues, that seem
The creation of a dream.

That has woman been to man,
Ever since her power began;
Bright'ning, cheering, blessing all
Upon whom her fond looks fall.

—*Essenic Knights Review.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The passion remakes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces, as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

“Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.

Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion, who can not write well under any other circumstances.

The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another, it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. He is somewhat. He is a person. He is a soul.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

The history of great men is the history of great mothers. Napoleon's mother was beautiful, energetic and ambitious; and her son said of her, "It was my mother who first inspired me with a desire to be great." Sir Walter Scott's mother was a lover of poetry and painting; no marvel that her son is the greatest of Scotia's bards. Patrick Henry's mother was remarkable for her conversational powers; and her son is the American Demosthenes. Washington's mother was pure, true and pious; and her illustrious son exemplifies her virtues. John Quincy Adams' mother was distinguished for her intelligence and piety; and her son said, "I owe all that I am to my mother." The mother of John Wesley was extraordinary for her intellectuality, piety and executive ability; and she is justly called "the mother of Methodism." Benjamin West, that distinguished artist, ascribed his renown to a mother's kiss. When a youth he sketched his baby sister asleep in her cradle. In that rough outline his mother saw the evidence of genius, and in her maternal pride she kissed her son. In after life West was wont to say, "That kiss made me an artist."

Robert Hall said, "The family is the seminary of the social affections and the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together, and were they entirely extinguished the whole fabric of social institutions would be dissolved."

From Christian homes come forth the saints of the Church. Recall Samuel and Jeremiah and John the Baptist, who were sanctified from their birth. Good King Josiah knew the Lord when but eight years old. Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child. Polycarp died at the age of ninety-five, and had served the Lord eighty-six years; hence he was but nine when converted. Baxter embraced the Saviour when a youth; Jonathan Edwards at the age of seven; Isaac Watts at nine; Matthew Henry at eleven, and Robert Hall at twelve.

One has only to recall the familiar story of Washington's noble mother's life to recognize its moulding power upon the patriot, the soldier and the statesman. His high temper and his habit of self-control were like her, as were his principles of equity and justice,

his power of dealing with great and grave issues, and his habit of practical business detail. It was like her and like him, when she knew the world was regarding him as head of the nation, leader of victorious hosts, to say: "He has been a good son. I believe he has done his duty as a man.

Abraham Lincoln's mother possessed but one book in the world, the Bible, and from this she taught her children daily. Of quick mind and retentive memory, Abraham soon came to know it by heart, and to look upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all good precepts in the book. Afterward, when he governed thirty million people, he said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory." When he was ten years old this saintly mother died. For her boy the loss was irreparable. Day after day he sat on the grave and wept. A sad, far-away look crept into his eyes, which those who saw him in the perils of his later life well remember.

Garfield, when he had taken the oath as President of the United States, turned and kissed the little gray-haired mother.

The mother of Edison was eminently qualified to deal with the plastic mind of her son, and it was to her judicious efforts, rather than to those of his father that Edison owed that early impetus, which gave such admirable scope and direction to his dawning powers. Under her guidance, at the age of twelve, a period when most boys are inflaming their imagination and perverting their moral sense with trashy and sensational fiction, Edison, partly from inclination, partly from over-consciousness, was wading through such ponderous tomes as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hume's "History of England and History of the Reformation." We are justified in the inference that through such books as these no boy, however remarkable, waded without encouragement and companionship of the woman who could bestow not only the instructor's gift, but the mother-sympathy and love.

Henry Ward Beecher says of his mother: "I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago, but no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember. Do you know why so often I speak what must seem

to some of you rhapsody of woman? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years, I could not express what seems to me the least that I owe to her. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament; from her also I received simplicity and childlike faith in God.

It was Garibaldi who says of his mother, a woman of humble station: "She was a model for mothers. I owe to her love, to her angel-like character, all the little good that belongs to mine. Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High, my dear mother, imploring for the life of her son, and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers." Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys," was one of his favorite maxims.

The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was the mother also of twelve other children, eight of whom were living when she was left a widow at the age of thirty-five. Napoleon said of her: "She managed everything, provided for everything, with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privation, fatigue had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all; she had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman." Such was Napoleon's love for her that he confessed to his friend, when in exile at St. Helena, that in all his vicissitudes, only once had he been tempted to suicide, from which he was saved by the loan of a sum of money from a friend, which sum he sent at once to relieve the distress of his mother.

Mrs. Bolton says: "Mother-love was always a strong force in the heart of Phillips Brooks. It is related that when some one asked

him if he was not afraid when he first preached before Queen Victoria, he replied, "Oh, no; I have preached before my mother."

John Ruskin says of his boyhood training: "My mother forced me, by steady, daily toil, to read every syllable through from Genesis to the Apocalypse about once a year; and to that discipline I owe not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

Goethe's mother was one of the most enjoyable women we find in history. In a letter, when asked the secret of her happiness, she says: "I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never bemoralize any one; always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind and who knows how to round off the angles. In this way I made myself happy and comfortable."

George Peabody was a poor little grocery boy in a New England country store, who yet came to the place where he was able to leave nine millions to the needy and the homeless. When he went out into the world at eleven years of age to earn his living he had already, through his beautiful devotion to his noble mother, earned the name of a mother-boy.

Of Bayard Taylor, it is said that his mother, a refined and intelligent woman, who taught him to read at four, and who early discovered her child's love for books, shielded him as far as possible from picking up stones and weeding corn, and kept him from the hard work of farm life by claiming his help in rocking the baby, that thus she might be free for other household tasks.

William Lloyd Garrison's mother, too, was a noble woman, deeply religious, willing to bear all and brave all for conscience' sake. It was she who, through her long and loving letters, kept him in courage and gave him the inspiration to battle, that lasted long after the hand that penned them had ceased its work.

Of Wendell Phillips it is said that his love for his mother was a passion. "Her earliest gift to him," says Carlos Marty, "was a Bible. Her one counsel for him was 'be good, do good.'" That Bible was his prized treasure for seventy years. From her knowledge and common sense in political and mercantile affairs he judged that

other women must be able to take part in the world's work, and asked for them an equal place in home and State.

It was Samuel Johnson's mother to whom he said in his last letter: "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well." It was to defray her funeral expenses that, in the evenings of one week, he wrote "Rasselas," for which he received five hundred dollars."

We need not wonder that the famous statesmen of all nations, as Drasco and Lycurgus, and Solon and Napoleon and Washington gave attention to childhood. O, the precious influence of mother! There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose as sweet as a mother's cheek, no music so charming as a mother's voice.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES.

These optical instruments get old and dim. Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red Morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a

vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low voice, "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried, "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now through a glass darkly! Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

SHE SLEEPS.

EMILY G. W. ROWE.

Baby sleeps! A daytime nap,
Cradled in her mother's lap;
Gentle rocking to and fro,
Tender crooning, soft and low,
Quiet breathing, slow and deep—
Tell that baby's gone to sleep.

Baby sleeps! In garment white
Through the long, sweet, silent night;
In a crib beside the bed
Rests the little curly head.
Stars above a vigil keep
O'er the baby, gone to sleep.

Baby sleeps! The long, long sleep!
Strange the slumber, cold and deep,
Never, nevermore to wake
When the day begins to break.
God Himself a watch doth keep
O'er the baby gone to sleep.

Sink low, O sun,
 Behind the hill;
The day is done,
 Sink lower still.
Rise up, O moon,
 A crescent clear.

Rise soon, ah, soon,
The night is here.
The night's sweet calm
A peace imparts,
A heavenly balm
To aching hearts.

Beside the crib
The mother weeps,
While in her grave
The baby sleeps.

“Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,
 Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
 Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
 Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
 And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretenses,
 She learns their feelings and their various wills,
 To this a look, to that word, dispenses,
 And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—
 So Providence for us, high, infinite,
 Makes our necessities its watchful task,
 Harkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
 And e'en if it denies what seems our right,
 Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
 Or seems but to deny, or in denying, grants.”

—*Translated by Leigh Hunt.*

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

ALLINE E. BITTLE.

To do good and, to communicate, forget not. (Heb. xiii, 16.)

This is an age of doing good! Great charities are bestowed with excessive liberality, and many are the life-lines thrown out to-day. But are any of us forgetting to communicate? Does this broad-gauge line of giving excuse us in humbler walks? What are we doing along the straight and narrow way?

"If we have not gold and silver ever ready to command." Are we shedding beneficent influence, giving the soft answer, the loving words or extending the helpful hand?

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing." This the magic—to "speak" in passing! It is the voice in the darkness we listen for! We are awed by the wind that breaks in pieces the rocks, terrified by the earthquake and the fire; but after these comes a "still small voice." It is not the grand thought locked in the brain that lifts the fallen, and not the generous impulse stifled by formality that reforms the wayward! But the spoken word, the heart-to-heart talk, or giving of one's life for another!

"We must strip the shoulders bare
If need be, that a frailer one may wear
A mantle to protect it from the storm;
Must crush the tears it would be sweet to shed,
And smile, so others may have joy instead."

Some of us are now afar long the pathway, and speak with experience out of our twilight hour! Perhaps other mothers who read these thoughts are, like the writer, now walking on alone—father, brother, husband gone! Let us keep green the early loves of our hearts, keep aglow the spark of sentiment, and, growing old gracefully, be a benediction to those around us!

If we who taught the lisping ones at our knee to say, "Now, I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," did follow on later with "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," our sons and daughters to-day fear not the "higher critics!" If we taught them Bible truths and the love of the Christ-life, now children no longer, they will not be mystified by "the strenuous life" nor "the simple life."

Young mothers, first teach the little ones the fear of the Lord! Next to the New Testament lessons teach them the love of nature from the glittering dewdrops to the rolling ocean! Teach them to love good literature, art, music and poetry. Think not these loves will unfit your girl and boy for life's stern strife. Remember "the bravest are the tenderest; the loving are the daring." Teach them, too, that "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

If you teach your child to live the beautiful religion of James i, 27, you will see him attain to heights of unselfishness and depths of love, and out of this sowing you will reap a harvest of blessing.

"BECAUSE OF THE WORD OF THE WOMAN."

A woman's words have had the power and have the power to wake vast possibilities of good or ill. Her influence is more often the determining factor in a human life than she herself dreams. "Because of the word of the woman" many a man has taken the mountain path with a brave and singing heart, and because of her word many a man has plunged into the abyss. It was the habit of a celebrated statesman when any man of mark went wrong, to ask the question, "Who is she?" Perhaps in nine cases out of ten, when a man does well and stands high, it might with equal pertinence be asked, "Who is she?"

Because of the word of a captive maid, a great captain and leader of men was introduced to Elisha, and healed of his leprosy. Because of the word of a stormy woman, Elijah of the lion heart, ran for dear life, and then begged that he might die.

Because of the word of a woman Peter forgot his manliness, and lied against his Lord. Because of the word of a woman, Herod had

John the Baptist beheaded. Because of the word of two Christian women—Aquila and Priscilla—Apollos, a man of brilliant gifts, came to the true light, and increased his power over man a hundred-fold.

“Because of the word of the woman”—how many are the instances that might be mentioned of the baneful or the benign influence of that word!

It would appear that before now the word of this Samaritan woman had borne a baneful influence, but now it was a holy fire, a sweet evangel. For the word is the index to the character. “Human words,” it has been well said, “do more than convey bare facts; they convey the *tone* of the mind from which they come.” The word, therefore, is the expression of the life, and when we say, “Because of the word of the woman,” we indicate the personal habits, the familiar bearing, the indefinable disposition, the glance, the gestures and the *tone* which contribute the character.

When these come under the spell and the sway of Christ, very charming and helpful is their ministry.

We think of Lowell’s tribute to such a woman, and feel how true it is:

“Not as all other women are,
Is she that to my soul is dear,
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise,
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seems of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.”

The word of a good mother, or a good wife, or a good teacher, or a good friend—how many of us men will have to thank God to our dying day for that word! We do not say much about it, not because we do not feel strongly, but because we *do*, and because there is a certain stern and shy reserve through which we can not break. There will be plenty at the last great day who, if an angel shall ask, “Who led you to Christ? Who helped you the most to cleave to Christ? Who gave you heart of grace when you were ready to despair? Who made a man of you, and kept you strong and clean and gentle? Who inspired you to make the most of your gifts and to serve your fellow-men?” will answer with a gratitude that can not forget,—“Because of the word of the woman.”—*F. A. Jackson.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then mayst thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errand of industry?
The bee for himself hath gathered and toiled,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveler Thought afar—
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth and sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back from the lore they prize
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings in earth and sea and air;
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath or above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

—*Emily Taylor.*

MOTHER.

ELMER LEON JORGENSEN.

Dear mother! How we have loved her! Sweet, beautiful mother! How she loved us! I think of all love, mother's was most like God's; for though she loved the first child God gave her with all her being, when eight children had come, it seemed she loved them all in that same way; and when grandchildren came, her love was so great that when spread over so many it never became thin.

I remember the dear wrinkled face so well! I watched the silver come stealing over her golden locks. Care left its print upon her brow; time stole away the sparkle in her blue eyes and nipped the rosebud on her cheek; age slackened her step, and alloyed her silvery voice. Did father love her less then?

No. I think in years of association, in years of toiling together, in years built of tears and joys alike, he had fallen in love with her soul which had grown whiter and more beautiful since the day he kissed her and called her his own at the altar.

Did we children love her less because she was old? Ah, no. I think she never was fairer to me than that morning I kissed her good-bye and started away to school. She sat in the doorway, too feeble to stand, and waved a fond farewell to her unworthy boy as he turned at a bend in the road.

A few months later I stood at her side again, but SHE was gone, her soul grown too big for the poor clay shell had left it, lying like the shell of the Nautilus, by life's unresting sea.

I kissed that marble brow, those pale, beautiful hands, folded across that breast, 'neath which her great mother's heart lay dead, and I wondered, "Oh, my mother, why was I not a better boy to you and to your God? Why did I not appreciate you while I had you?"

Why did God take her? Why, it is very clear to me now; it was best. Is death an unmitigated evil? Ah, no! Am I not a better boy since then? Can I not sympathize better with that brother walking barefooted in the valley of affliction, hedged with briers and thorns, since then?

Shall we say, "Come back, mother, and kneel to pray where you used to kneel; come back, mother, and kiss our tears away as you did in days of yore? Come, mother, sit by the old fireside and read to us from your old leather-covered Bible that sweet story once more?"

No, mother. You have had trials enough; you have suffered enough; you have shed tears enough. Linger there till we come, mother, dear. We are coming; keep a place for us close to the throne, and when the night of fever and unrest melts in the morning of eternity like a freed bird, I will come to thee.

"I will come to thee in the morning, love,
Wait for me on the eternal hills above;
The way is troubled where my feet must climb,
Ere I shall tread the mountain-top sublime."

"I will come to thee in the morning, oh, my own,
But for a while must tread my path alone,
Through tears and sorrows, till the day shall dawn,
And I shall hear the summons and pass on.

"I will come to thee in the morning; rest secure,
My hope is certain, and my faith is sure;
After the gloom and darkness of the night,
I will come to thee with morning light."

Dear boys and girls, can you not be a little kinder to her who bore you, who loves you best on earth to-day? Could you not lighten her heavy load a little? Young man, you went to the saloon or ball-

room last night, and mother at home prayed for you, and even now the cheeks show traces of weeping. Go, boy, take that snowy head in your arms, call her sweetheart, and kiss those tears away. Tell her you love her still, and for her sake and her God's you renounce your wickedness.

Go, my girl friend, ask her to forget that unkind word you spoke yesterday in your passion.

Wandering boy, prodigal child, write her a letter to-night; heal, if you can, that wound you left in her bleeding heart that day you slammed the door and ran away from your dearest earthly friend.

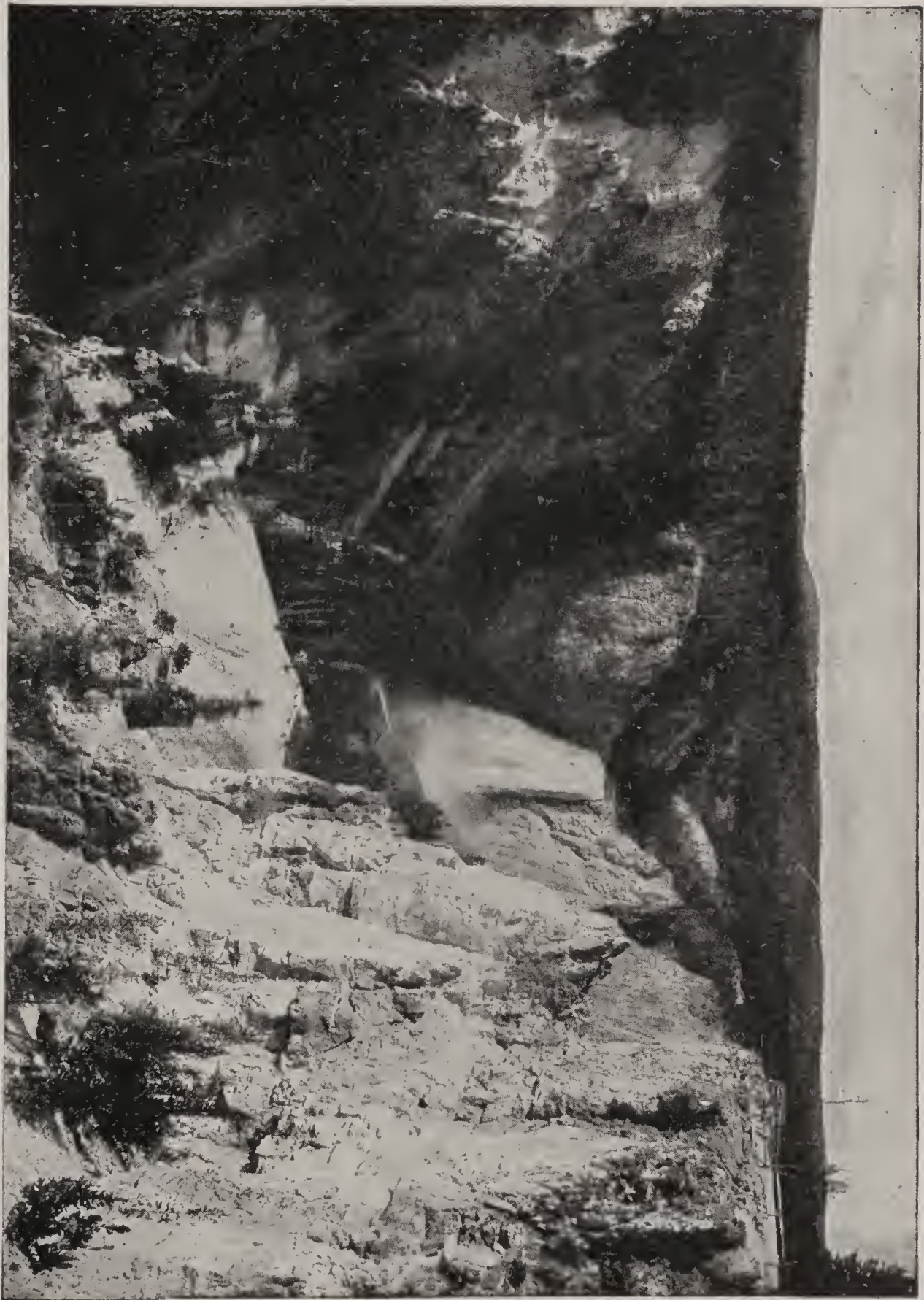
Boys, take off your hats to all mothers, last at the cross and first at the sepulcher, first to forgive, last to forsake—mother.

The very name is sacred. She stands on earth's highest hill, laying hold as it were on God's eternal throne, a miniature picture of His infinite love.

BE YOUR CHILD'S CONFIDANT.

Always allow your child to tell you all that has happened to interest or annoy while absent from home. Never think anything which affects the happiness of your children too small a matter to claim your attention. Use every means in your power to win and retain their confidence. Do not rest satisfied without some account of each day's joys or sorrows. It is a source of great comfort to the innocent child to tell all its troubles to mother, and do you lend a willing ear? For know you, that as soon as they cease to tell you all these things, they have chosen other confidants, and therein lies the danger. Oh, mother, this is the rock on which your son may be wrecked at last. I charge you to set a watch upon it. Be jealous of the first sign that he is not opening all his heart to you.—*Anonymous.*

CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.



Home Department.

DUTIES AND BEAUTIES.

C. D. MOORE.

It may be that I am talking to some of you who have many, many troubles. Sometimes you hardly know which way to turn or what to do. So many things come along to hinder you and to increase your burdens. You wonder and wonder why it is that way. But you must not become discouraged and faint by the way. If you do, you miss the "beauties" of life. The more powerful opposition you overcome the more enjoyable is the victory in this life, and it may be in the life to come.

There has been trouble in this world ever since the first sin was committed by man, and it will continue to the end of this age. Think it not strange, then, if you have a share. It will do you no good to think you have more than your share, and so murmur about it, but 'twill do you much harm. Do not complain or murmur about things you can not help. But try to inform yourself of the "duties of life," then do the best you can, and let the result be your "beauties of life;" and "be ye thankful."

If you are mourning over some affliction, and your poor heart is almost breaking, look around you—and you need not look far—until you see some poor soul with deeper cause for groaning than yourself. Go to him or her as the case may be—go with soul full of cheer and in love minister to them the best you can. This will help you as well as those unto whom you minister; and the world will be better for your having lived in it.

Perhaps you remember that tender heart, and that sweetest love of your mother. Oh, how it helped you in the days of your childhood and youth, and how it still helps you as you go on with the duties of life! Tongue can never tell the worth of a good mother's love, as expressed in word and deed. Time can not measure her in-

fluence for good. Only eternity can contain the unmeasured worth of true love and kindness bestowed upon each other in this life. Therefore, let parents and children cultivate a loving, kind, cheerful, patient and pious disposition.

It seems to me that the most unfortunate children in the world are those whose parents are cross and crusty, impatient and cruel, or otherwise sinful in their presence. The results of such conduct will go on from generation to generation, and at last thousands of souls will go crashing into eternity—lost.

Let us all try to improve ourselves and do better than we have been doing. What do you say?

MARRIAGE.

A wife? thought I. Yes, a wife.

If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace around the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams, and if you could reach an arm around that chair without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach, and so talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some sweet image—dream call it rather—would it not be far pleasanter than this cold, single life, night-sitting, counting the sticks, reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow?

And, if some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening, because loving, ears, ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper—ears ever indulgent because eager to praise; and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far

better than to be waxing black and sour over pestilential humors—alone—your very dog asleep.

And if, when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over to a second self, to that sweet creature who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illumining that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes, how far better than to feel it slumbering and going out, heavy, lifeless and dead in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you, coming you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress or endearing word upon that fondest and most dear one than in patting your glossy-coated dog or sinking lonely to smiling slumber

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it? How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one? How would not guile shiver and grow weak before that girl—brow and eye of innocence? How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm and quick blood and life renew itself in such presence?

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger and purer if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God-speed.

Her face would make a halo rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things, as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares, and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin and spread and float away, chased by that beloved smile.

Then those children—rosy, fair-haired; no, they did not disturb you with their prattle now. They are not yours. Toss away there on the greensward—never mind the hyacinths, the snow-drops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers in the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish—flower, tree, gun, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

You have no need now of any cold lectures to teach thankfulness; your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thoughts kindly and thankfully; forever beside you there is a bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit, for which eye, heart and soul are full of unknown and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offering.—*Reveries of a Bachelor.*

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree!
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyalite's beginning for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a'
 But I'll water wi' the blude o' usurping tyrannie,
 An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
 It's hame, an' it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!

There's naught now fra ruin my country can save,
 But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs that died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countree.
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
 The new grass is springing on the top o' their grave;
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my ee;
 'T'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countree.

—*Allan Cunningham.*

BETHLEHEM.

There was no room for them in the inn because so many others had come for the same purpose, or other business. "If the kahn (inn) be crowded the traveler must be contented with a corner of the courtyard or enclosed place among the cattle, or else in the stable. The stable is often a limestone cave or grotto, and there is a very ancient



BETHLEHEM.

tradition that this was the case of the kahn of Bethlehem." "A Syrian kahn is a court and a mart, a refuge from thieves, a shelter from the heat and dust, a place where a man and his beast may lodge, where a trader may sell his wares, and a pilgrim may slake his thirst."

A fitting place for Jesus to be born was in Bethlehem, the city of David, His royal ancestor. This was in accordance with prophecy. There was a Divine providence in thus guiding Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem at this time by a decree beyond their control and without human planning. Jesus came to earth in the circumstances best fitting Him to be the Saviour of men. He began His life in an humble way, and was brought up in humble life and honest toil, that he might be a friend of all men, but especially of the poor and suffering.

MARY'S DREAM.

The author is known only for this one beautiful poem, yet this has given him enduring fame.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and slow, a voice was heard;
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand
With visage pale and hollow e'e.
"Oh, Mary, dear, cold is my clay;
It lieth beneath a stormy sea.
Far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Oh, maiden, dear, thyself prepare:
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"—*John Lowe.*

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PARENTAL CHARACTER.

The influence of the parental character on children is not to be calculated. Everything around has an influence on us. Indeed, the influence of things is so great that, by familiarity with them, they insensibly urge us on principles and feelings which we before abhorred. I knew a man who took in a democratical paper, only to laugh at it. But, at length, he had read the same things again and again, so often, that he began to think that there must be some truth in them, and that men and measures were really such as they were so often said to be. A drop of water seems to have no influence on the stone, but it will, in the end, wear its way through. If there be, therefore, such a mighty influence in everything around us, the parental influence must be great indeed.

Consistency is the great character, in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper; but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood and allowed for as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent's intention; and this will have great influence on his mind. This influence may, indeed, be afterwards counteracted, but that only proves that contrary currents may arise and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for young Melancthon.

The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible. The child feels his parent's authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parent's weight and influence. Here are data—fixed data. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps; but it is impossible.

Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself.

These principles and maxims and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them; like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled

several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of better principles. I went with one of my companions to see the "Minor." He could laugh heartily at "Mother Cole." I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him. To me it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation. I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him; it throws itself continually in his way.

I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day in laying down maxims in my family which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing.

It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience, and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view—planning and acting with world before us, this gains, at length, such a hold on them that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterwards imbibe, there are few children who at night in their chamber, in the dark, in a storm of thunder will not feel. They can not cheat like other men. They recollect that ETERNITY which stands in their way. It rises up before them like the ghost of Banquo to Macbeth. It goads them; it thunders in their ears. After all they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they can not be prevailed on to return to God without delay—I must be religious, one time or other. That is clear. I can not get rid of this thing. Well, I will begin at such a time. I will finish such a scheme and then!

The opinions, the spirit, the conversation, the manners of the parent influence the child. Whatever sort of man he is, such, in a great degree, will be the child, unless constitution or accident give him another turn. If the parent is a fantastic man, if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who married such an one and who married such an one; if he is a sensualist, a low wretch, his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man, his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping, hard, miserly man, such will be his children.

This I speak of as GENERALLY the case. It may happen that the parent's disposition may have no ground to work on in that of the child. It may happen that the child may be driven into disgust. The miser, for instance, often implants disgust, and his son becomes a spendthrift.

After all, in some cases, perhaps, everything seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet he casts his bread upon the waters. And, perhaps, after he has been in his grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.

Besides, parental influence must be great, because God has said that it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating. God has said that his character shall have influence.

And this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete SELFIST. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their "family"—and their "family"—they "must provide for their family." Their family has no place in their REAL REGARD. They push for themselves. But God says, "No! You think your children shall be so and so. But they shall be rods for your own back. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you." The most common of all human complaints is parents groaning under the vices of their children! This is all the effect of parental influence.

In the exercise of this influence there are two leading dangers to be avoided.

Excess of SEVERITY is one danger. My mother, on the contrary, would talk to me and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath, but wept, too, when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother. I was desperate. I would go on board a privateer. But there are soft moments to such desperadoes. God does not, at once, abandon them to themselves. There are times when the man says, "I should be glad to return, but I should not like to meet that face!" if he has been treated with severity.

Yet excess of LAXITY is another danger. The case of Eli affords a serious warning on this subject. Instead of his mild expostulation on the flagrant wickedness of his sons—nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear. He ought to have exercised his authority as a parent and magistrate in punishing and restraining their crimes.—*Richard Cecil* (born 1748).

UNITING HOME TIES.

There is no emotion which strikes deeper into the human heart than that founded on a mother's love for her son. Prince or pauper, he is her idol, her fondest hope, her life's ambition. As with her hands upon his shoulders, her filling eyes fixed upon his as if to penetrate in their depths the uncertain future, she bids him God-speed upon his going forth for fortune, fame, or love of country, there goes out of her life a part.

And when, after months and years of anxieties and tears, is there anything sweeter, fuller in human joy, than the incident of that son's return?

The picture shows the typical American soldier in his khaki uniform opening the door of the room in which his dear old mother, unconscious of his presence, is sitting, anxiously reading over and over again the interesting letters written in camp. Outside the early September sun bathes the yellow harvest fields with autumnal light, but the mother takes no note of her surroundings. The clock ticks on in its confident and homelike tone, pussy purrs contentedly at her feet, around the open windows are buzzing bees, but the woman who sits there is oblivious to all the sweet homely sounds. Time, which has worked its will upon her, lining her face with its graving tools, and chaining her feet, once so swift as ministers of duty, to the shambling gait of old age, flies for a moment as memory turns to those years when her son, over whose letters her tears are silently falling, grew to manhood.

Into the calm of her life, rudely shattering the peace his love and tender care had built for her, came suddenly the piercing note of the bugle, calling America's sons to the distant battlefields. Down in Cuba, soon to be stained a costly red, the Spaniard had thrown his gage of battle, and Uncle Sam had picked it up.

To the call of the war trumpet her son had answered, with no elation, but with the calm, strong bearing of the man who sees his duty and faces it bravely. She gave him to his country, not gladly, but proudly, and he had gone, promising a quick return, with a gaiety he did not feel.

One by one the incidents of his babyhood, his eager, boisterous boyhood, his stalwart manhood, pass in review in the mother's mind.

Months had passed, and the mother sits in her little sitting-room,



UNITING HOME TIES.

bowed with years, and awaiting with the touching patience of old age the final summons. Her deep mourning tells of recent and severe bereavement, and with trembling hands she turns the pages of that last letter whose words had made the pain of that last parting grow dim in the daze in which she had lived since the fatal tidings, "He is

among the missing." It was early summer when this letter came, and since then, day after day, she had sat in her cozy chair in the little sitting-room, busy only with her memories and dreams. Thus here, at the close of this September day, she sits unmindful of the noises of the room, or of those of the farm that float in at the open window. A carriage rolls up the drive and stops at the gate. Heavy footsteps crush on the gravel of the walk; she gives them no thought. Thus, often do the great strokes of fate come upon us without warning. The footsteps echo across the kitchen floor, there is a confused murmur of voices, then the door of her room opens softly, and there upon the threshold stands a stalwart figure, garbed in war-worn and travel-stained khaki, great joy and thankfulness shining in his face, soon to be reflected in that other face when he shall spring forward and catch that worn and wasted form in his strong arms, and in a voice she had thought stilled forever, cry with a half-sob, "Mother, mother!"

LITTLE HOME HELPERS.

Among the children of the poor in our great cities is found a peculiar class which goes under the name of "little fathers" and "little mothers." They help bear the home burden, carrying responsibilities naturally and nobly, and with strength and grace far beyond their years. It does not seem fair that childhood should be so taxed, and yet there are compensations if the acquisition of beauties of character count. Rare loyalty to small brothers and sisters one finds among these little people, who put their shoulders to the wheel of hard fortune for the sake of those weaker than themselves. Little girls and boys as well, brew and bake and cook and mend and wash and tend their babies; or they go out as cash and errand boys and girls; or they cry papers at the street corners in all sorts of weather, faithfully taking proceeds home to help pay rent or fill the family larder. The children brought up in this school of privation, labor and devotion are often found capable of any act of heroism possible to a child; and from their ranks have come some men and women who were fitted to make the whole world better through lessons they learned in the love—consecrated drudgery of the tenements. All is not misfortune that so appears.—*Mary Jordan.*

THE CAVILER AND THE PREACHER.

They met on the street.

"Well," exclaimed the Caviler, looking at the other's radiant face, "What is it? One would think you had found a gold mine."

"Better than that," was the reply.

"Written a new poem, perhaps, or thought of a plot for the great American novel?"

Still the preacher shook his head.

"Well, then," exclaimed the Caviler, "I give up. I can think of no other reason for your transfigured countenance."

"I have brought together," the other went on, "two people long estranged."

"But will they stay together? That's the question. I often wonder whether it is worth while to reconcile people who weren't able to get on together in the first place."

"Yes, it is worth while, especially when, as in this case, the estrangement was simply the result of a misunderstanding."

"But how did you manage? I have tried the peacemakers' role myself, but have usually been soundly berated for my trouble."

"It is indeed a delicate task," sighed the preacher, "and like most things worth doing, it takes time and patience."

"There was my mistake. I have always sought to heal an estrangement of months and even years in fifteen minutes, but do tell me the method of your procedure."

"First, you will understand, of course, that I am fond of both parties, whom I will call Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. At first neither of them would bear to have the other's name mentioned. However, I persisted in casually dropping the names until I found they ceased to irritate on either side, then I mentioned trifling, but pleasant, incidents which brought out the good points in each character. When this step elicited responsive smiles, I made remarks which drew out from both of them pleasant comments on the old friendship; these were promptly reported, in the most casual manner. When I came to a point where each sought information about the other I felt that my task was nearly done."

"And how long have you been accomplishing your great task?"

"About two years."

"Two years!" exclaimed the other. "How could you have the patience as well as the tact?"

"Was it not worth while?" asked the preacher, with another beaming smile, as she turned to go.

The Caviler looked after her.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," whispered the Caviler. "Yes, it was indeed 'worth while.'" *Clara J. Denton.*

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

'Tis morn; the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew;
And perfumes rise from many a grove
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirit o'er yon welkin clear;
But I am sad—thou art not here.

'Tis noon; a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over hill and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lovely star;
But I am sad—thou art afar.

'Tis eve; on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down, and trembling glow
Like blossoms in the waves below;
And, like some unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees,
Breathing in music round the spot;
But I am sad—I see thee not.

'Tis midnight; with a soothing spell
 The far tones of the ocean swell,
 Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
 Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
 And on each wandering breeze are heard
 The rich notes of the mocking-bird
 In many a wild and wondrous lay;
 But I am sad—thou art away.

I sink in dreams, low, sweet and clear;
 Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
 Around my cheek thy tresses twine,
 Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
 Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,
 Thy head is pillowed on my breast.
 Oh! I have all my heart holds dear;
 And I am happy—thou art here.—*George D. Prentice.*

WIFE-POISONING.

Not long since I was walking in the city with a celebrated physician. As we passed a house surrounded with every evidence of wealth and refinement, he spoke: "I have a patient in there, an idolized wife, who is dying, and beyond all help, and none of them know what is the matter with her, and still her husband has killed her."

"Why, Doctor," says I, "what do you mean?"

"I mean just this: Her husband is just literally steeped in tobacco until the insensible perspiration from his body has become a deadly poison, and his wife has absorbed enough of this, and had before I was called in, so that she will die."

At an establishment where they treat patients for the cure of the tobacco habit, a man just brought in was washed as clean as soap and water would make him, and then some flies were allowed to alight on him. In five minutes by the watch *they were dead*. There was poison enough in the perspiration that came out of a man washed as clean as possible, to kill them. You can imagine what it would be when he *wasn't* washed, perhaps, to spend hours each day in a warm bed with him.—*T. B. Terry.*

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Joseph, Mary and the Child, being warned of God, fled into Egypt to be safe from the power of Herod. Recall the famous French picture, "THE REPOSE IN EGYPT," in which all the light radiates from the Child Jesus, and penetrates far into the darkness of the desert sands.

Herod massacred the infants of Bethlehem in the hopes that the



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Child Jesus would be among them. Herod died the following April, and the three returned to Palestine and their Nazareth home.

Holman Hunt's magnificent painting, "The Triumph of the Innocents," is to my mind the most important religious picture of the century.

The spirits of the murdered children of Bethlehem—not great multitudes, as they are often thoughtlessly depicted, but a little band such as really played in that village—have followed after Jesus on His flight. The Holy Child looks around, and, seeing the spirits of His playmates, welcomes them with the gladness of a divine sympathy. These children are the first of His glorious band of martyrs, and as

they draw near to Him the meaning of their martyrdom flashes upon them, and their sorrow is changed into joy. In front floats a trio of perfectly happy spirits, one carrying a censer, and singing, and the others casting down branches of the palm and the vine. At their feet rolls the river of life, breaking into golden bubbles, in which the glories of the millennium are reflected.

All mystical, symbolical, visionary! But is it not also true? Think for a moment. It is the religion of Jesus that has transfigured martyrdom and canonized innocence. It is the religion of Jesus that tells us of a heaven which is full of children.—*Henry Van Dyke, "The Christ-Child in Art."*

BONNIE WEE THING.

Bonnie wee thing; cannie wee thing!
 Lovely wee thing! wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.
 Wishfully I look, and languish,
 In that bonnie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

—*Robert Burns.*

Do the duty which lies nearest thee! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came creeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The v'lets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember
Where I used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever in my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy. —*Thomas Hood.*

THANKSGIVING.

I remember, many years ago, reading in reference to the Pilgrim Fathers that they used to have days of humiliation, prayer and fasting, when storms came and floods came, and seasons were unfavorable—times of humiliation, of fasting and of short rations. They went on with it for a considerable time. By and by something crossed their pathway that was not pleasing, and they made up their



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

minds to have another day of humiliation. But one of the old colonists said he begged to make an amendment. They had been long enough dull and downhearted, and occasionally disappointed, and it was telling upon them. It was having an effect upon the young people and almost tempting them to return to the old country. "I move that instead of having a day of fasting and humiliation and crying, we have a day of rejoicing." He said, "Our colony is getting stronger, our cornfields are enlarging very much in their dimensions, our wives are very obedient, our children are very dutiful, the air is very salubrious, the woods are full of game, and the rivers are full of fish; we have what we came here for—liberty of conscience.

I move that we have a day's thanksgiving." And the amendment was carried unanimously. There has been a Thanksgiving ever since.—

Anonymous.

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"Educate means, to lead forth or to bring up, as bringing up a child, to lead out and train the mental and moral powers, to inform and enlighten the understanding, to shape the mind; to form and regulate the principles, to mold the character."

In all true education there is a twofold purpose: One is to enlighten or train the intellectual powers, the other to regulate or shape the character, or moral life, and even necessarily extend to the spiritual development. If we must neglect any, let the intellectual part be the one except so far as it involves the moral and spiritual.

The character must be correctly molded because it is eternal in its results. I had rather not have my child taught where morality is not taught, both by precept and example. Suppose your son masters Blackstone and yet be a law-breaker himself! What pleasure to have him skilled in the principles taught by Bartholow, Flint, etc., and then be a humbug! What comfort in having him well versed in authors like Bancroft, Hildreth, Ridpath, etc., and then be a traitor to his country! What happiness in having him intellectually qualified to expound the Scriptures and not be in subjection to the Great Teacher—Jesus Christ!

The cardinal purpose should be to regulate the principle, form the character. I am fully aware of the fact that, to do this, we must first reach the mental to a degree, because the moral is reached in this way. The mind must be enlightened, to an extent at least, in order to form a character for future life.

In teaching, the intellect is addressed, and through this the heart is reached. The method of translating men from the "power of darkness into the kingdom of God's Son" is to address the gospel to the intellect; intellect conveys the truth to the heart, or sensibilities; this influences and directs the will, and the will controls the action. It is evident, then, that the character is formed according to the kind of instruction given. If the mind is fed with trivial literature, it will mani-

fest itself in the character and life of the individual. You can easily detect the boy who has been feeding his mind on detective stories. Show me the mind that has been feeding on "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," or drinking in Huckleberry Finn, and I will tell you something of the man. If you meet with one that has been feeding upon Macaulay, Carlyle, Bancroft or Samuel Smiles, you will have no trouble to determine. If you come in contact with one that has been drinking deeply from Moses, Christ, John or Paul, you will very soon detect it. Some man compared the mind of the child to a piece of white blank paper. If you make a mark on that paper, it will remain; if you undertake to erase it, it is with difficulty that you do it—then you leave a scar. If you make an impression upon the mind of the child, it is difficult to erase. How important, then, that we teach them truth and not falsehood, realities instead of fiction. That they be led, not in the broad way of eternal death, but in the way of life, peace and unalloyed bliss eternally. Can we be successful teachers of moral principles unless we practice them ourselves? Can we successfully teach the great lessons of the religion of Christ if we are not living it? The best teacher is the one who teaches by example as well as precept, and whose example and precept is the right kind. Every teacher, public or private, should be so filled with the principles of true education that he can impress them upon others. The very atmosphere that surrounds the individual, school, etc., in which we act, speak and think, or in which we "live, move and have our being," should be such as will influence the thought in the right direction. Much care should be exercised in the training from early childhood until maturity. Habits of the right kind should, if possible, be instilled and formed, hence the care that should be exercised when they go out to school. The kind of school should be carefully and prayerfully considered. Habits may be formed for life, or, at least, if incorrect, to overcome them requires the most powerful effort of the will, sometimes a whole lifetime of patience, toil and perseverance and intense labor. Some one has said, "Habit, in a child, is at first like a spider's web; if neglected it becomes a thread of twine; next a cord of rope; finally a cable, then who can break it?" It is said of Coleridge, that he, for a score of years, tried to extricate himself from the power of the opium habit. He went into voluntary imprisonment, employed a man to watch him day and night, and by

force keep him from it. Many resolutions were formed and broken; the best part of his life, he wasted his means, wrecked his health; neglected his family, and lived a degraded life. He would devise plans to cheat the man he had paid to watch him, attempt to bribe the jailer into whose hands he had surrendered himself. His will power, instead of being properly educated, had been abused. The intellect, heart and will all need proper education.

These should be cared for in time. A Chinese maxim says: "Every rogue has begun by being a bad son." Thomas Carlyle said: "The wise man is but a clever infant, spelling letters from hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon which lies in eternity."

The idea of development that we glean from the Bible is an education based upon the Word of God. Then no education is complete without it. It should not be neglected in the education of the young. The wellrounded, symmetrical character is the one that is carefully and properly educated in intellect, heart and will. All the faculties of man and their uses must be regarded.—*D. T. Broadus.*

HOME DEFINED.

Home's not merely four square walls,
 Though with pictures hung and gilded;
 Home is where affection calls,
 Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.
 Home. Go watch the faithful dove,
 Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
 Home is where there's one to love;
 Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
 It needs something to endear it;
 Home is where the heart can bloom,
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
 What is home with none to meet,
 None to welcome, none to greet us?
 Home is sweet—and only sweet—
 When there's one we love to meet us.

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

Many parents discourage the marriage of their sons and daughters under conditions which would be far more favorable than those under which they themselves set out in life bravely and happily. They are unwilling that their children should meet the responsibilities which they met, and bear the burdens which they bore, and in meeting and bearing which they won their own manhood and womanhood. Many a father refuses his daughter to a young man whose circumstances and prosperity are far more favorable than were his when he married; many a mother warns her son against alliance with a girl whose heart is as true and brave as hers when she set up in her own home.

The father and mother, in their prosperity, have lost their sense of the value of character; they have come to put far too much emphasis on the mere accidents of life. For it is true, not only of a man's life, but of the life of a man and woman together, that "it consisteth not in the abundance of the things that they possess." They can be happy and true and brave with but few things. To begin together as their parents began, to live simply and frugally, to face the problems of life without flinching, to exercise their wits together over limited resources—what is this but the discipline in which all best qualities of life are won?"—*Dr. Washington Gladden.*

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

Happy marriages have their foundation in love; knowing this, I would endeavor to start right. From the first I would try to understand my husband. No one, with my consent, should come between him and me under any circumstances. Should he have faults I would never speak of them to others. If through me any breach should occur in our harmony, I would at once ask my husband's pardon, as I believe it would be the cheapest and quickest way to settle the business. To my husband I would be as frank as possible. As a loving wife my affection for him should have its natural expression. I would know nothing of separate interests, or secrets, or selfishness, but consider my husband and myself one. Should he,

as other imperfect beings, have his peculiarities, I would be quick in adapting myself to them. In all his business concerns he should have sympathy, counsel, encouragement, and all the aid that are given by virtue, wisdom, good temper, and prayerful solicitude. In no instance would I find fault with him, but I would love him, trust him and hold to him should all others forsake him. I would labor to throw around his home such an air of neatness, coziness and comfort so as to compel him to think it the cheeriest spot in all the world. On his return from business at night he should have a pleasant smile, a kind word and a tender kiss. His hard-earned wage I would put to the very best account. In his presence I would always appear as attractive and pleasing as possible. I would dress neatly and tastefully, and in this way show a desire, at least, to maintain the charms which first attracted him. He should see in no woman's dress greater neatness or more taste in material and fitness than in mine, and thus I would keep intact the silken bonds which my girlhood had fastened to his fancy, and the courting which I did *before* marriage would be as nothing with what I would do *after* it. I would endeavor so to manage my husband as to make him feel that his soul was next to mine, linked to mine,—mine,—“One single soul doth in two bodies dwell.”—*J. McCabe*.

What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day and shown then as an index of your own thoughts and feelings, what care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now, that is what God has done. He has placed before you the immortal minds of your children on which you are to inscribe every day and every hour, by your instruction, by your spirit and your example, something that will remain and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment.—*Payson*.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster*.

THE WITNESS-TREE.

While riding through the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, I stopped at the home of an old country gentleman, a stranger to me, to tell him that a number of horses had broken into a field of ripening corn. After thanking me for the information, he turned to his beautiful daughter, saying: "Ruth, 'phone to Kenneth (the manager) to send a hand to the close field. Claud's horses are in the corn." He then walked with me toward the gate.

We had taken but a few steps over his sheep-cropped lawn of blue grass and white clover, when my eyes fell upon a magnificent magnolia-tree, entirely covered and draped with Virginia creeper, a woodland vine growing wild in the Alleghenies, but this was by far the largest and finest specimen I had ever seen. I paused and exclaimed, "What a grand old magnolia you have!"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "that graceful tree is fifty-five years old, and it faithfully represents my growth in Christ." I glanced at the tall tree, then looked inquiringly at him, my eyes betokening my interest. "Yes, sir," he repeated, "my growth in Christ." Our eyes met in sympathy. He continued: "Young friend, you will find older, larger magnolias here and there upon the estate, but none present the same symmetry, the same freedom from blemish and decay. I planted that tree to commemorate my victory over sin. When man is born again, he becomes as a little child before the Lord. He droppeth Mother Goose melodies and printed prayers, for he hath that nearness to the Holy One which is born of love. His thoughts and actions are innocent, confiding, trustful, as becometh a child of Christ. He has heart-to-heart openness and simplicity, a loving childlikeness that is not ashamed to say, 'Good-night, dear Lord, good-night.'

"It was feelings of this sort that prompted me to plant that tree. When I had laid the moist earth upon its roots I knelt me there and prayed. I said: 'Dear, loving Master, Saviour of men, Thou hast this day redeemed my soul from evilness and destruction. See! I have planted this Thy tree, taken from Thy forest, and set it before my door to become a witness-tree between Thee and me. Thou who art the Tree of Life, grant, I pray Thee, life unto this tender seedling, that it may become a living evidence of my perfect faith and trust in Thee. Let me grow into the beauty of Thy grace as

this tree shall grow into the beauty of loveliness; and let it be unto me a perpetual reminder that I am Thine. Dwell Thou in me as the sap abideth in this tree. As it shall grow and blossom and put forth new leaves, make it to grow into the beauty of Thy holiness. As Thou shalt send sweet-voiced birds to sing amid its branches, and to build their home within its covert, send unto me Thy quickening Spirit, and dwell Thou within my heart forever. Dear Jesus of heaven, hear my prayer, and may it, coming from Thy simple child, please Thee, even as Thy prayer pleased our Father which art in heaven.'

"This was in the warming suns of springtime, and ere winter had signified his wish to stay, the lady you see among yon flowers became my wife. Before our honeymoon was at its full, she, too, had given her loving heart to Christ. Upon that never-to-be-forgotten day—it was Christmas—we went to the top of Tarn Mountain, and there we felt our nearness, our dearness to God. We knelt before Him and before the setting sun, and prayed. We lay bare our hearts to heaven, and pledged again our allegiance to Him and to each other with a oneness of love that should be loyal and true throughout the never-lessening aeons of eternity. Oh, what a day it was! We crept down the darkening mountain with joy and happiness that never left our hearts. There was a holy hush upon the hills, and our feet felt lighter than the air we breathed. There is a fathomless depth to love when hearts are one with each other, and one with God!

"We stopped on the far side of Westering Branch, where we had left our pillioned mare in a spinney of sycamore-trees, and near them were some of larger growth, fathers of the forest, whose smooth white branches made us think of angels' arms uplifted in the darkness. Close upon one of these I discovered a struggling sourwood, scarce larger than the young witness-tree I had placed below; and there was a tiny Virginia creeper beginning to climb its tender stem. I easily removed it from the rich mold and moss, and brought it home. This was to be my lady's offering to the Lord.

"That night, as the Christmas moon brightened the landscape, she planted it beside the magnolia, twining its slender scions about it, interlacing them to keep it in its place. Since then the tree and vine have grown together—as we have grown together. Wherever you see a bit of the magnolia you find the vine upon it, clinging with the

tendrils of love; and the magnolia ever holds the weaker vine in its strong embrace. This beautiful vine represents her growth in Christ. Wonderful growth! Every part hath strength and life. Methinks you can not find a dead tendril upon it. If you did, I should claim it a sacred symbol, representing the letting loose of a selfish thought; the breaking away from a false thesis or a threatening vanity of earth.

"Young friend, although you are a stranger to me, I have a conviction that you are not holding yourself a stranger to God, but that you are a living witness of Him who said, 'I and My Father are one.' In what I have told you I would have you see something to copy. If I were you, and had a happy home—as I hope you have—I would plant a witness-tree; and let her, your household queen, see to it that she plant a vine."

WHAT HOME IS.

Home is the place that we love best, because it is the place where mother is, and there, because of her loving and fostering care, is the place of greatest earthly security. Man can not create the home atmosphere; he may climb to great heights of fame; he may win great battles; he may triumph over all competitors and thereby amass great riches; he may master the sciences, acquire a facility in innumerable languages, live or dead, but man, with all his power, genius and native ability, can not make a home. That remains the task of women, and in this she reigns supreme. Home ought to be a place where we can find the most refreshing rest. Home ought to be a place of genuine warmth; but some homes are as cold as ice, which breathe an atmosphere as cold as a breath from the polar zone. Let our homes be places of joy, love and brightest sunshine. Home ought to be a place of enduring love, the love which outlasts the wedding day and produces a life which is one long, unbroken honeymoon. Home is the moulding-place of child-character. Your child has a right to insist that you live such a life as will exalt the standard of true manhood and true womanhood. Your child has a right to demand that you do nothing to stain by sin the name that you bear, and which you bequeath to him as a life possession. Give your child a sweetly religious atmosphere in which to grow; not one of monotonous "don't" and "you must not," but one that presents the at-

tractive side of Christianity. Let Christ be the unseen, but truly recognized guest in your home, and teach your child the religion of "the Book."—*Geo. H. Stair.*

DUTIES AND OBLIGATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

JOSEPH EMERSON CAIN.

The family is of God. Began with one man and one woman—"the man and his wife."

God created man, and gave him dominion over all His works. "It was not good for the man to be alone." God made "woman" a helpmeet for him." "And God blessed them. Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it."

The God-arranged family at the beginning was one man, one woman, and their children. God has made no change in this arrangement.

The duties and obligations of the several members composing this family grow out of the relation they sustain one to another. The husband is the head of this family. God has constituted the husband the "head of the wife" as surely as he has constituted "Christ the head of the church," and the husband's love for his wife should be as Christ's love for the church. The husband and wife are "one flesh," and he should love his wife and cherish her as his own body, as Christ loves and cherishes His body, the church. (Eph. iii, 23-33.) The wife should recognize this headship of the husband and obey and reverence him, while he "honors her as the weaker vessel," each remembering that they are heirs together of the grace of life." (1 Peter iii, 7.) This is the attitude of the Christian husband and wife in the family. In this family the parents' duty toward their children is made very plain. They are to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and "provoke them not to wrath." (Eph. vi, 4.) This is a positive obligation, and yet it is often unheeded. This ought not to be. If a child is constantly provoked—irritated, stirred to wrath, in the home—to say nothing of being abandoned by its parents, as some are, it is difficult to see how it can be reared to reverence, honor and obey God. Any step that will separate our children from us, our admonitions, warnings, teaching, and from our

fatherly and motherly watch-care and influence, is a step almost certain to bring disaster to all concerned. The child's duty is to obey, and any act done or course pursued that begets in the child the spirit of disregard and inspires disobedience is a greivous sin, fraught, as it is, with such terrible consequences to the child.

If parents did but realize what a parent's influence is, and what the alienation of the affections and regard of a child means, they would surely bear, sacrifice, suffer unspeakably rather than that home influence—God's own provision for its care—be lost to their child, and the salvation of its soul jeopardized.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right," and to "honor your father and mother is the first commandment with promise." (Eph. vi, 2.)

No child will ever regret rendering implicit obedience to his parents, in all that is good. This is one thing that brings a rich reward even in this life. Even if, upon reflection, some of their commands may seem to us to have partaken unnecessarily of the severe and rigid, yet we look upon our submission with satisfaction. Obedience even to an unwise law is better for the young than that he should not be taught to recognize authority.

Our parents are our first gods; to honor them by submitting to their will is our first duty. Here, in the family, we receive our first lessons, learn the relation we sustain to our fellows, and the honor due to those placed over us—our parents. If these lessons are lost to us, much is lost. It is exceedingly difficult to induce men and women to honor and obey God, the Heavenly Father, who were never taught to honor and obey their earthly father. And it is a most distressing reflection that of the moral wrecks and ruins strewn along life's highway so many are traceable to lawless and neglected homes. How important it is, therefore, in order to such results as will bless ourselves and be well pleasing to God our Father, that in the varied relations and associations we seek the highest possible good of all.

As a rule, a good husband (good as God describes goodness) makes a good wife, and the good wife a good husband; while good parents (good as God directs) means good children. (To this rule there may be exceptions, or apparent exceptions, and much anxiety may attend while results are being worked out, but the final results will rarely prove disappointing.) And there is no "truer" truth than

that good (obedient) children make glad parents. "A wise son maketh a glad father," Solomon says, and he hardly needed inspiration to say it.

What can be more beautiful to look upon than the moving picture of a well-ordered Christian family? The hopeful parents gathering about them their little ones, planning for their welfare and their usefulness in the great world spread out before them. The children in a realm of light, where sunshine rules both night and day; their young hearts moved with strange new joy in anticipation of the coming days, when they will do some wondrous things for their beloved parents, who are to them the center of the great big world. Now, to this add the reign of God within this charmed circle, and Christ revered, His teaching flooding light into all hearts, their duty growing plainer, dearer with their years, and we have a home that is a home indeed.

And as the children grow in years and strength, we see them take the load from off the burdened parents and repay with loving care the anxious labor and heart-watchfulness bestowed upon their helpless youth.

And as the years still multiply, they will begin to ask, "What means the settled, forward look, as if the eye had found a resting-place?" and learn 'ere long that they, who all their years had blessed them with their watchfulness were fixing now their gaze upon the end.

The light of heaven's truth that has grown brighter as days multiplied is bringing now more clearly to their view the place the Savior has prepared for them.

"The house not made with hands." All things Time holds must end.

Then time itself.

In our eternal home no earthly ties are known:

The earth itself shall be dissolved."

Then disencumbered of the earth and all it holds, the ransomed of the Lord shall dwell in light—the light of God's unshadowed glory, one unbroken family, and "go no more out forever."

BRINGING THEM TO SHELTER.

One of the most interesting and touching pictures in this book is that entitled "Bringing Them to Shelter." It presents a familiar picture to many living in large cities. This picture represents a policeman bringing two homeless children from the Central Police Station to the Children's Home in Cincinnati. The mother of these children was a drinking woman, and was found wandering the streets of the city, unable to give an account of herself. The children were taken from her, for their own protection. There are many homeless children who are picked up by the police in large cities and brought to these homes that are sustained by public charity,



BRINGING THEM TO SHELTER.

Many babes are deserted by unnatural parents, sometimes by being left in baskets at the door of the home at night. These children's homes throughout the country are doing beautiful work in caring for these tender plants, giving them the nourishment they need and directing the young minds so that they may yet occupy useful positions in the great world.

HAPPY HOMES.

ERNEST N. GLENN.

The family is of divine origin, and is the oldest institution on the earth. Every tribe, nation and race of people in existence have sprung from one family. There never lived a boy or girl, man or woman, in any age or clime but what had a mother and a father.

How infinitely important it is, therefore, that every mother and father in all the land should be so anxiously concerned in their future posterity that their children might be so carefully trained in the fear and service of God from their childhood, that they might attain the highest service possible towards helping the world and the lives of their fellow-men to be brighter and better. Happy is the boy or girl who has been blessed with provident Christian parents.

The mother especially is greatly responsible for the future course of her boy or girl. It is she who has the opportunity to direct their little minds into the proper channels. And if she is wise and discreet, modest and intelligent, she leads them step by step to be good, honest and industrious; to love, trust and reverence their parents, obeying them in "all things;" for this is "well-pleasing unto the Lord." (Col. iii, 20.) A kind and considerate mother does not persuade or even want her child to do anything wrong or that is distasteful to the child; neither will a good and obedient child want to do anything, much less do it, that would be displeasing to its mother. As Brother Larimore says of such a child, "it would not want to do it, or even *want to want*" to do it.

We should have our "ideal home" before us in trying to make "a happy home." There is no reason why every member of the family should not be kind and courteous to every other member; helping them to be as happy and comfortable as possible, letting love have its "perfect work." No home is a perfect, happy one unless

mother, father and every member of that family (who is old enough) are faithful, loyal Christians. Such homes indeed have a saving and enlightening influence on all who visit them. They are the "salt of the earth," the "light of the world."

Every person who has had such influences is made to realize that the three most precious words of life are "mother," "home" and "heaven." It was a far-seeing eye and a well-balanced mind that has said, "The hope of the world and the purity of the church are almost wholly dependent on the mother." Oh, what a wonderful and important sphere is that of woman!

"The head of the woman is man." Man is the head of the family; it is he who should be revered and counseled on all difficult questions respecting the welfare of the family or their individual interests. It is his special duty to supply the needs of the family, directing the service and worship of God, and enforcing the regulations of the children's duty to their parents, "bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The parent's correction should always be effective and respected, but care should be taken that it is never unjust.

Let us keep the family pure, and all live in harmony with each other as much as possible, and our influence will be refining and ennobling. Do you not believe that the home should be made attractive for every member and all find enjoyment and happiness at home? How about your home? Are you doing all in your power to make it "Home, sweet home?"

I do not believe such homes as I have pictured here are "too perfect" for us to try to reproduce. Let us reach out farther after such happy, Christian homes that God will be highly honored, and where mankind can find rest, peace and happiness all his days till our Father calls us to "our better home."

You wish, oh, women, to be ardently loved and forever, even till death! Be, then, the mothers of your children. But you mothers who do not educate your children, how should your thankfulness for an unmerited blessing cause you to hang down your head in shame before every childless mother, every childless wife, and blush because one woman sighs after that heaven which you have abandoned like a fallen angel.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

THE STORY OF HOW "THE DOCTOR" CAME TO BE PAINTED.

Of the many paintings exhibited, there are but few that remain indelibly impressed on the mind of the spectator because of the story they tell. Of the few noted for this, we doubt if any have made such



THE DOCTOR.

a deep impression on the public mind as that so universally known as Luke Fildes' masterpiece, "The Doctor."

A story of particular interest attaches itself to this picture, the knowledge of which has been instrumental in increasing greatly the demand for copies of it.

Mr. Fildes was traveling through the mining regions of England, studying for himself the actual conditions of the poor, with the end

in view of making some paintings of what he saw. As night overtook him, he was compelled to seek shelter in one of the humble homes in a small hamlet through which he was passing. The house happened to be that of the village physician to whom he explained his mission and by whom he was made welcome. Towards early morning a sharp rap came to the doctor's door, which was a hasty summons for him to go to the home of one of the miners down in the valley and administer to their only child, who was dying of a fever. Mr. Fildes having in mind the object of his mission, requested the privilege of accompanying his host on his errand of mercy; to this the physician gladly assented, and rapidly dressing, he reached the humble home of the miner shortly after the arrival of his friend. What he saw there and the deep impression made upon him can best be told in Mr. Fildes' own language:

"I knocked softly at the cabin door, and a man's voice bid me 'Come in.' Lifting the latch, I entered, but the pathetic sight which met my eyes caused me to stop abruptly, for I felt strangely out of place and very much as an intruder in this chamber of death. The light was so indistinct that it was with difficulty that I made out clearly my surroundings, but gradually my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. I hardly knew what attracted me the most, whether the person of my host, the doctor, or the fever-stricken figure of the little girl; but my attention was immediately centered on the expression of the doctor's face. Seated in a dilapidated chair by the dining-table on which still remained the last night's supper untouched; the cloth pushed back to make room for a cheap kerosene lamp, the shade of which was so tipped as to cause the full rays to fall directly on the face of the little girl as she lay outstretched on some pillows which had been placed across the wide seats of two chairs, the physician was enabled to critically observe the fever symptoms of his patient most minutely. My thoughts were so occupied in studying the doctor and the child, that I had given but little thought to the other two occupants of the room—the poor father and mother, the latter apparently worn out from anxiety over the fate of her only child, and the loss of sleep due to long watches, had broken down entirely, and with head bowed on the small table was softly sobbing her heart away, for she had given up all hope; but the former, a man of thirty-five years, I judged, stood back of his wife, his hand

resting on her shoulder in silent sympathy and companionship. The look on this man's face I shall never forget. The cold, hard and almost defiant expression. He never for an instant took his eyes off the doctor, closely watching every expression of hope or discouragement as it flitted across the doctor's countenance. The accessories of the room, the small pot of geraniums, the one lone picture, the bare floor, the heavy yellow bowl and pitcher on the bench, the scanty covering on the child, together with the heart-rending scene before my eyes, made an impression on my memory never to be forgotten. Feeling that my presence at such a time was one of intrusion, I softly opened the door and stepped out; but what I had seen was so vividly fixed on my mind that I could not rest until I had placed the incident on canvas, calling the same "The Doctor," which depicts clearly all this word implies."

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O, my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

—*Robert Burns.*

THE FARMER'S HOME.

Webster defines home as a "dwelling-place," but it admits of a broader meaning. There are brilliant and elegant homes. Some are wise, thrifty and careful, and others are warm and genial, by whose glowing hearths any one, at any time, may find enough and to spare. There are bright homes and gloomy homes. There are homes that hurry and bustle through years of incessant labor, until one and another of the inmates fall like the falling leaves and the homes turn to dust. Science has done much to remove the drudgery in our homes, introducing ease and comfort. An ideal home must first have a government, but love must be the dictator. All the members should unite to make home happy. We should have light in our homes, heaven's own pure, transparent light. It matters not whether home is clothed in purple and gold if it is only brimful of love and gladness.

Our boards should be spread with everything good and enjoyable. We should have birds, flowers, pets, everything suggestive of sociability. Flowers are indispensable to the perfection of a home as to the perfection of a plant. Do not give them all the sunniest windows and pleasantest corners, crowding out the children. If you can not have a large conservatory, have a small one. Give your children pets, so that by the care and attention bestowed upon them, they may learn the habits of animals.

Of the ornamentation, about a house, although a broad lake lends a charms to the scenery, it can not compare with the babbling brook. As the little streamlet goes tumbling over the rocks and along the shallow pebbly bed, it may be a marvelous teacher to the children, giving them lessons of enterprise and perseverance.

In our homes we must have industry and sympathy. In choosing amusements for the children, the latter element must be brought in. To fully understand the little ones you must sympathize with them. When a child asks questions, don't meet it with, "Don't bother me." Tell it all it wants to know. Never let your angry passions rise, no matter how much you be tried. For full and intelligent happiness in the home circle a library of the best works is necessary. Do not introduce milk-and-water fiction, but books of character. Our homes should have their family altars. Around these observances cling many of the softest and most sacred memories of our loves.—
William H. Yeomans.

servitude, and that she is a model housekeeper, but has lost the magnetic power of true home-keeping, and with it the key to her child's heart. It may be that your hearts revel in the incense of the refinement of home and beat time to love's music. Since your lives are unfettered by the chains of cruelty, will you withhold your word or smile or gift? Shall not we who are strangers to the wants of the poor break our alabaster box of precious ointment that the rude chair and carpetless floor may send forth fragrance! For only a pleasant "Good-morning" the tired mother will bless you, and will not fear to stand beside you in her faded dress. Her heart will be a fountain of perpetual joy. She will say, "Here is religion in its essence," and Christ will say, "You have done this for Me," and will bid you enter into the joy of your Lord.

A SUNSHINY HUSBAND.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate, and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, counts the hours until he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of recommendations, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, modest, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic of the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of the way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion and taste.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, no division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. It is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door, as it is hers to keep in order and beautify the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes glad the hearts of those around him, is constantly blessed with a heavenly benediction.

THE POETRY OF HOME.

MRS. I. C. HOSKINS.

It is not by word or pen that the poetry of home-life is written, but by deeds of tenderness and self-sacrifice. Some lives are more eloquent than the tongue of an orator. Their natures are attuned to all life's harmonies. It is only the "life that is hid with Christ in God" that can blossom into perfection.

The culture of the sense of the beautiful tends to the promotion of happy home-life. The esthetic faculty marks a lofty nature. Sunny rooms make sunny lives, and the placing of a flower in the window may convert a little room into a conservatory. Education and refined taste are more potent than mere wealth—education which stamps every action with tender affection, glorified by submission and sanctified by prayer.

Sometimes we do not know how indispensable our loved ones are to our happiness till they are called to the Father's house. It is then we remember the little tokens of affection from the hands and loving hearts, willing to toil that we might rest, or suffer in silence that we might be glad.

Cheerfulness and its twin sister, contentment, scatter smiles and beaming good humor; and love—that love that seeketh not her own and is not easily provoked—are carnations from the life of every true home-keeper. "Godliness with contentment is great gain, having the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come."

No misfortune is so great as the one that converts a sweet temper into the repinings of a cynic. The hearts in which faith becomes eloquent, and hope soars high, and love pours sunlight and prayer sanctifies, woo the spirits of the home circle to sweet content.

A wordly home is not a poem which angels love to read. One word from a thoughtless sister may dissipate every impression made by a sermon in the impressionable period of girlhood. Some homes have no poetry in them. Little children are taught to smother childish laughter, and are afraid to play with doll or top; the velvet carpet is too fine for tiny feet to press; the parlor too sacred for their wondering eyes to see; the bit of paper on the floor is met with an angry shriek from the martyr mother whose daily round with dust-pan and imaginary dust reveals the fact that her existence is one of penal

TEACHING THE BIBLE TO CHILDREN.

The teaching of the Bible to children is a matter of especial interest to those of us who have families, and, incidentally, I wish to express my profound belief in large families. Older folks often fail to realize how readily a child will grasp a little askew something they do not take the trouble to explain. We can not be too careful in seeing that the Biblical learning is not merely an affair of rote, so that the child may understand what it is being taught. And, by the way, I earnestly hope that you will never make your children learn parts of the Bible as punishment. Do you not know families where this is done? For instance: "You have been a bad child—learn a chapter of Isaiah." And the child learns it as a disagreeable task, and in his mind this splendid and lofty poem and prophecy is forever after associated with an uncomfortable feeling of disgrace. I hope you will not make your children learn the Bible in that way, for you can devise no surer method of making a child revolt against all the wonderful beauty and truth of Holy Writ.

Probably there is not a mother or a school-teacher here who could not, out of her own experience, give instance of the queer twists that the little minds give to what seem to us perfectly simple sentences. Now, I would make a very strong plea for each of us to try and see that the child understands what the words mean. I do not think that it is ordinarily necessary to explain the simple and beautiful stories of the Bible; children understand readily the lessons taught therein; but I do think it necessary to see that they really have a clear idea of what each sentence means, what the words mean.

Probably some of my hearers remember the old Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York when it was under the ministry of Dr. Adams, and those of you who remember the Doctor will, I think, agree with me that he was one of those very rare men with whose name one instinctively tends to couple the adjective "saintly." I attended his church when I was a little boy. The good Doctor had a small grandson, and it was accidentally discovered that the little fellow felt a great terror of entering the church when it was vacant. After vain attempts to find out exactly what his reasons were, it happened late one afternoon that the Doctor went to the church with him on some errand. They walked down the aisle together, their

steps echoing in the vacant building, the little boy clasping the Doctor's hand and gazing anxiously about. When they reached the pulpit he said, "Grandpa, where is the zeal?" "The what?" asked Dr. Adams. "The zeal," repeated the little boy; "why, don't you know—'the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up'?" You can imagine the Doctor's astonishment when he found that this sentence had sunk deep into his little grandson's mind as a description of some terrific monster which haunted the inside of churches.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

ONE OF US.

One of us, dear—

But one—

Will sit by a bed with a marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels the spirit land—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—

But one—

Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—

But one—

By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may first be done;
Which one?

—*Unknown.*

HOME.

The dearest spot of earth to me
 Is home, sweet home.
 The fairyland I long to see
 Is home, sweet home.
 There how charmed the sense of hearing,
 There where love is so endearing,
 All the world is not so cheering
 As home, sweet home.

I've taught my heart the way to prize
 My home, sweet home.
 I've learned to look with lover's eyes
 On home, sweet home.
 There, where vows are truly plighted,
 There, where hearts are so united,
 All the world besides I've slighted
 For home, sweet home. —*W. T. Wrighton.*

THE VACANT CHAIR

I am too sad in heart to write this week. A light has gone out in our house. "One of the chosen" has departed. Our darling boy, Claude, has left us. Mother's "precious boy;" not more precious than any other mother's boy, nor any more beautiful, nor any more hopeful. But precious to us. My pen moves slowly and awkwardly. My arm seems palsied. My thoughts are all scattered. I feel like a very weak man. A little child has done that for me which a giant could not do—it has clipped my wings of my ambition; it has melted down the selfishness of my heart. In the presence of death I feel very humble. I can forgive everybody and I want everybody to forgive me. I feel like confessing all my weakness and acknowledging all the blunders I have ever committed. I never wish to think another evil thought, never to say another ungenerous word. As I gaze about the room and see the upturned "wheelbarrow," the motionless horse and the empty "kib" and the set-aside shoes and the vacant chair at the table,

I feel sad, very sad, and for the first time in my life I appreciate the following significant words:

“There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no household, howsoe’er defended,
But hath one vacant chair.”

I would a thousand times rather wrestle with flesh and blood, and contend with ungodly men and hypocrites all my lifetime than to see my child die: one in whom my heart had a secret pride; which, no doubt was the sin of my soul. I can endure scorn and ridicule; I can bear to have my motives questioned; I can suffer the misinterpretation of my words: I can gladly carry the reproaches of my enemies, and meet in daily combat with the perverters of God’s truth; but, oh, it well-nigh kills me to sit by and see my boy—*our* boy—struggle through the portals of death. Sympathizing friends fill the room; an opening bud is indicated on the coffin, and a green wreath lies there; but the pang of my heart is not alleviated. My little boy, Freddie, prattles away, asking what’s to be done with Claudie’s shoes, his crib and his wheelbarrow and his chair at the table; and about “the good man in the sky,” and whether he will not “put a ladder down in the grave and take Claudie out up into the sky.” Oh, how all this draws painfully the silver threads out of my heart! Not my heart only, but (others whose names I can not mention)—the *mother’s* heart!

“Whom the gods love, die early,” was once a cold sentiment to me. Now I know what it means. “Except you are converted and become *as a little child*”—pure, lovely, innocent—I have quoted a thousand times to sinners. But now the sentiment has a force it never had before. To see a sinless child die—how near it brings one to heaven! How soon we lose sight of all earthly bliss! But this sentiment of our Saviour fills the capacity of my aching heart, and lulls the pain of my throbbing brow, “*Their angels do always behold my Father’s face.*” Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!

It is hard to battle with the stern, selfish world; to be gone days and weeks and months, fighting as a good soldier in our Master’s cause, contending earnestly for the faith, talking to wicked men and

in behalf of wicked men, and, for your pay receiving the frowns of the world, and sometimes the slights of your own brethren,—all this I have thought hard, very hard; but to go home and find a sick child in the lonely mother's arms, to nurse and fondle it for one whole week, trying to save the life of the little one who has been watching for you, and calling for "papa," and then to see it struggle and gasp and die—*is there* anything harder to bear in this world? But again I am reminded that the great Shepherd of Israel "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And oh, from this time forth, may I be a better man, a wiser man, a more devoted husband, a more loving father, a more sympathizing friend, a more spiritually minded preacher of the gospel! Will the readers please excuse this out-gushing of my burdened soul, for they are the words of a weak man—weakened by the death of Lucien Claude, our son and youngest child, aged two years and seven months?—*John F. Rowe.*

BY THE EASY HANDLE.

"I watch their fads and use them," said a mother of boys, when some one was commenting on her "management." "I found out long ago that a fad or a craze or a hobby, or whatever you call it, can be harnessed to service, if you know how." The knowing how is a secret mainly learned through observation and experience, but one is always picking up hints, and life is a school where it is fair to get all the help you can from your neighbor." This particular mother gave a demonstration of her method that very afternoon. The lawn was littered with dead leaves. She had hinted several times that here was a chance to do some useful work, but the suggestion fell on dull ears. The boys were enthusiastic over uniforms and drills and all the details of soldiering. She herself had entered into their enthusiasm heartily, even to the extent of allowing rebel hordes to descend on her peaceful home and "raid" her pantry. But she had an idea of fair play, and some tact in securing it. On Saturday afternoon she brought out a number of gayly decorated paper caps, enough for the boys and girls, too, and announced that it was the special cap for "camp duty," and the whole squad was detailed for that purpose. No rations would be served till that lawn was fit for inspection. As chief of the commissary department, she held the key of the situation, and

they cheerfully donned the caps and set to work in earnest. "Oh, yes!" she laughed, "of course, I could have *made* them do it, but why not take things by the easy handle? I like to keep commands for big, worth-while things that count for something."—*The Congregationalist*.

AN IDEAL HOME.

MRS. L. S. WHITE.

In my attempt to write something on an "ideal home," I do not wish to describe a stately mansion, handsomely furnished and surrounded by a beautiful, well-kept lawn, all of which would seem ideal to the imagination. Neither do I wish to paint the picture of an humble little cottage in an insignificant place. It is possible for either or neither to be an ideal home. It would depend altogether on the life and character of the persons who occupy them.

The well-regulated home is God's ideal of an earthly heaven. It was the first institution He gave to the human family, and with the exception of the church, is the most sacred.

To have an ideal home we must live ideal lives. Christ's life on earth was an ideal life. Were we to undertake to live ideal lives without recognizing Him as our Saviour, taking Him as our model, trying to live Christ-like lives, our lives would be in vain.

Then, first of all, in the home there must be *love*, which is the most essential quality of an ideal home—not a mere sentimental something often called LOVE—but love such as our Saviour had when He gave His life that we might live.

Perfect love drives selfishness, unkindness and all other things of a kindred character from the home. On the other hand, it brings joy, peace and happiness.

Since *love* drives out that which can not exist in an ideal home, and brings in that which is necessary to make an ideal home, we can easily see why it is the most essential quality.

Let us, for a few moments, open the door and take a glimpse of the ideal home. We see the husband and wife devoted to each other. We see them counseling together, each interested in the duties of the other.

No one can succeed without a definite and fixed purpose in life. But it matters not what may be the purpose or occupation of the husband. He will never achieve great success unless his wife is inter-

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ested in his work, for she, of all others, should have the most abiding faith in and interest in her husband.

The relationship between husband and wife is the dearest in the world—even more so than that between parents and children—for God said, “So shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined to his wife, and they twain shall be one.” She should be willing to go wherever the path of duty leads him, even though it be into a far-distant land (for the young lady who expects to think more of her people than of her husband has no right to impose herself on any man as his pretended wife). She should help and encourage him in every way she can. After a hard day’s work the husband forgets he is tired when he is met at the door by his wife, who greets him with a pleasant smile and a kind word. But the husband must not forget the many cares and duties of the wife. There are many ways in which he can make her burdens lighter; in fact, her burdens become pleasures when her husband strews her path with flowers by showing her that he really loves her, and that he is pleased with the way she keeps the home.

After looking at the relationship between the husband and the wife, we look at the next feature. Here we see the children taught to believe in and love the Lord. While at the same time principles of honor and integrity are implanted in their young hearts, all of which helps to prepare them for future usefulness. We see the children obedient, each doing little tasks to lighten the burdens of the mother. We see them kind and gentle to each other, remembering the words of Solomon, “Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones.”

Shall we close the door on such a beautiful home as this? No. We leave the door ajar. We see each member of the home step on the outside, and as we take a view of them outside the home, we see them carry sunshine into the homes of others. We see them leading others to higher, nobler lives. And when God sees proper to pluck them from the earthly home, by an eye of faith, we see them pass through the pearly gates into heaven itself.

But the influence of the ideal life in the home is long felt by those left behind. And in our desire to imitate their lives we are inclined to say, “Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.”



CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

To understand this, note that sorrow, burden, trouble are essential to the best training and development of imperfect beings like ourselves. The curse on the primal sin held a blessing in its heart for sinners. The child sheltered from these things is being ruined. Governor Seymour, of New York, years ago, said that if he could live his life over again, and could choose which of the things in his past he would retain he would not dare to leave out one of his sorrows or burdens. Hence, there is always the opportunity for those who mourn to be comforted by a higher, nobler life, richer experiences and larger usefulness.

"Bidding my heart look
up, not down,
While the cross fades be-
fore the crown."



CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

There are various attitudes that can be taken toward the sorrows and sins of ourselves and of the world. We may be angry, or rebellious, or indifferent, or despairing. But the one hopeful attitude is that of mourning, of grief. This feeling leads to repentance, to sympathy with God, to efforts to deliver the world from sin and sorrow, and we shall be comforted by seeing the world made better, by joining in the songs of the redeemed, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

BACK TO MONOTONY.

Mrs. Barker ran out into the hall, and grasped the collar of her husband's coat with an eager little tug which made the tall man smile, it was so ineffectual.

"I'm all right now, Bessie," he said cordially. "You mustn't tire yourself out helping me when it isn't necessary."

"O Charlie," she exclaimed, "you don't know how good it is to have you go!"

Mr. Barker smiled again, and was about to remark that the implication was not precisely complimentary, when he caught the earnest look in the upturned blue eyes, and knew that this was no time for teasing.

"Yes, dear," he said gravely, "I know what you mean. I feel that way, too. It is good to be going again. It is great to feel once more that you are a part of the system to have a little place in the world, and fit into it every day, so the whole thing will be complete. It's good, too, to feel equal to the occasion. You know I didn't for a long time, back there. But don't you wear yourself out trying to get everything into running order in one day, little girl—"

"Mamma!" A plaintive voice floated down over the banister.

Mrs. Barker laughed joyfully. "There's Amy calling to have her hair done, as usual," she said. And then, with a good-bye, so rapturous in spite of its haste, that it sent Charlie off chuckling, Mrs. Barker hurried upstairs, smiling as though it was the most blissful thing in the world to be called to "do" Amy's hair.

They were all gone at last, properly washed, combed, brushed, buttoned, collared, necktied and luncheoned, and Mrs. Barker stood in the parlor window watching and nodding until the fourth little mittened hand had waved its last, and thrown its last kiss from the corner. Then she turned and surveyed her little parlor with its evidences of family life, looked through to the dining-room with the table still loaded with breakfast dishes, and on into the kitchen where a glimpse of the range showed the kettle steaming with an energy which demanded refilling.

"It's all just as untidy as ever," spoke Mrs. Baker aloud, with a little catch in her throat. "But it's beautiful! It looks precisely as it did that Wednesday morning seven weeks ago, when I said I

was sick of it all! When I said I hated and despised the everlasting cleaning and cooking, the everlasting musing up and eating up; when I asked what was the use of living if a woman had to go through such daily routine every day of her life. I wished something would happen. I said right out plain I didn't care what happened, so long as something did. I didn't know what I was talking about, and I didn't know how soon I was to find out.

"When Charlie came home sick, and the money stopped coming in, I got an idea of what a lucky woman I had been. When the children came down, one by one, and it looked as though there would be a little white coffin in that bay window, instead of Lora's doll carriage that I'd fussed so about—then I knew how precious and dear my life had been. Then I turned round, and wanted the things I had despised. I told God that if he would spare Charlie and the babies, I would never make one of them unhappy again with nagging at them; that I would never again hate my sweet woman's part in this world.

"And now, after all those dreadful weeks, he has given me back my husband, my babies, my home, with all its clutter and work. He has given me back the monotony I loathed. Oh, I praise Him, praise Him, praise Him for the monotony—the blessed monotony! Now monotony means a united family, and a chance to work and keep our unbroken home happy and comfortable! First I'll fill that kettle, and then I'll begin to dig out."—*Minna Stanwood*.

Preserve sacred the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother, or sister or brother ever presume to come between or share the sorrows that belong to you two alone. With mutual help, build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friends to be confident at aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienations, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come right. Never let the morrow sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vows. It will do you good, and thereby your minds will grow together, contented in that love which is stronger than death and will truly.

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

THE MAGIC KEY.

Some husbands require a great deal more management than others, but the man who is not the better for at least a little regulation has yet to be married. The key to the problem lies in the one little word, "tact," for if a husband once suspects that he is being "managed" he immediately takes on a meek and aggrieved air and fancies himself "hen-pecked." Now, "hen-pecking" is the most ill-advised thing possible; it is apparent to every one and makes both husband and wife ridiculous in the eyes of their neighbors. When a woman uses tact no one, not even her husband himself, realizes that she is exerting a controlling influence. She not only chooses her words, but she chooses her time to utter them.

THE SENSIBLE METHOD.

To be a successful "manager" a wife must thoroughly understand her husband. She must study his prejudices, his principles, his weak points and his weak moments and govern herself accordingly. She must always avoid irritating him. Many men, for instance, do not like to be worried with domestic trials and troubles the minute they get home at night. A sensible wife will wait until he has enjoyed a good meal and culled the choice items and articles from his paper. These evening exercises put him in a peaceful humor and she reserves till then the tidings that the children need new boots all around, that the barrel of flour is low, that she will need money for a new bonnet, that Bridget is going to leave or any of the little mishaps that may have occurred during the day. And she makes her announcements in as matter-of-fact and agreeable a manner as possible; she does not snap them off as though they were all his fault and he will just have to get around them the best way he can. Both being in a good humor, he will lend a sympathetic ear to his wife's trials and will manfully help her to overcome them.

CONSIDERATION FOR THE HUSBAND.

Then, again, men have their own trials and troubles in their daily vocations which are not always left behind when they come home at night. When a man comes home perplexed, irritated and

worried with his own affairs and is met by an untactful wife with a tale of domestic woe instead of a cheerful countenance and a hot dinner it is not to be wondered at that "ructions" and heartbreaks ensue. The worried man needs most of all a little womanly petting, coaxing and fussing over to keep the peace and happiness of the home unbroken. And it is when a man recognizes that his wife studies his comfort and his moods in this way that he becomes easy to manage.

EXCESSIVE PRODIGALITY.

One of the commonest faults of husbands, and it might be much worse, is extravagance. Everything needed either for the home or in their business must be the best and highest-priced and plenty of it. They order recklessly without seeing what they are getting, taking it for granted that the high price they pay insures excellence. Now, the tactful woman knows perfectly well that if she does not watch sharply her husband's prodigality will be taken advantage of and that they will come to ruin if she does not restrain him, and many a middle-aged and old man to-day owes the roof over his head and his modest competence to a prudent wife's management.

SYMPATHY AN ALLY.

It is by finding a remedy for her own faults and the best cloak for his that the wife always keeps her husband in good temper. She keeps the home neat, clean and pleasant—not so fearfully clean but that he may take solid comfort in it and regard it as the one haven of peace in a troublesome world. By sympathizing with him she obtains his sympathy. As a matter of fact, this is all the art there is in the management of husbands.—*American Queen*.

There are hovels so radiant and redolent with a high and beautiful life, that we count them courts of the immortals. There was conventional high life, I presume, in Sodom; but the only variety which the angels recognized was found in Lot's tent, at the gate of the city; and for the rest, the flames disposed of it. There was a good deal of nominal high life, without doubt, among the antediluvians; but there was only one family that was high enough to keep its head above water.—*Dr. J. G. Holland*.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

(It was the custom, so it was said, of Mrs. Phelps and her husband to pray together, that they might never love each other less.)

My married life has been a beautiful one. It is true that sin and folly and sickness and sorrow have marred its perfection, but it has been adorned by a love which has never faltered. My faults have never alienated my husband; his faults, for, like other human beings, he has them, have never overcome my love to him. This has been the gift of God in answer to our constant prayer that, whatever other bereavement we might have to suffer, we might never be bereft of this benediction. It has been the glad secret of a happy marriage, and, I wish I could teach it to every human being who enters upon a state that must bring with it the depth of misery or life's most sacred and mysterious joy.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

FROM AN ESSAY ON LOVE.

“Be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forget the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for, the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not like other images written in water but as Plutarch said, ‘enameled in fire,’ and made the study at midnight.

“ ‘Thou art not gone, being where’er thou art,
Thou leav’st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.’

In the noon and the afternoon of life, we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear: for he touched the secret of the matter, who said of love,

‘All other pleasures are not worth its pains:’

and when the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

“The passion remarks the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces, as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

“ ‘Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
‘Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.’ ”

“Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

“The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

“The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another, it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. He is somewhat. He is a person. He is a soul.”—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A LITTLE HAND.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in the sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessing,
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I loved so much,
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of a gentle dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love!

It seemed to say in a strange, sweet way,
“I love you and understand,”
And calmed my fears as my hot heart’s tears
Fell over that little hand.

* * * * *

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessing,
And the clasp of a little hand.



MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When, blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other,
That family Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night,
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half-raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand:
That richest of books, which excelled every other—
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted;
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far-distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
Oh, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books, which excelled every other—
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

—*Anonymous.*

A MOTHER'S LIGHT GONE OUT.

On a recent business trip to Georgia the author of these lines noticed a frail young woman, her husband and brother and five children get on the Southern train and ride for a few stations. The woman and her husband seemed to be in much mental distress. I soon understood the reason.—*F. L. R.*

“Just stop the train at Howardsville,” I heard the father say;
“Another of our family must now be laid away.
She wasn’t two years old, quite, but she filled our home with life;
But, thank the Lord, she won’t now have to face the world’s cold
 strife.”

They stopped the train at Howardsville—the saddened cortege left;
But the mother’s heart was breaking, her home again bereft.
Her strength had almost left her through devotion to her child,
Till the angel of Death brought rest, eternal, undefiled.

A little pine box held the babe; the saddened mourners, eight,
Had placed it in a wagon,—this bit of precious freight.
The train sped on, and heartless, was soon lost to the view,
But what the mother suffered the passengers never knew.

Oh thoughtless world! so fast you whirl, you have no time for tears;
On pleasure bent, or business, no sympathy appears.
The time will come when you will grieve as those today did weep;
When, humbled low, your treasure is still in wakeless sleep.

Then pause, O cruel world so cold, in love extend the hand;
Oh, speak the word of sympathy to the sad ones in the land.
You’ll find the world lots brighter, as on your way you go,
Because you shared the burden of a brother here below.

PENN'S ADVICE TO HIS FAMILY.

Penn, the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, was a man worthy to be held in all reverence. He was the only son of Sir William Penn, a distinguished admiral; was born in 1644, received an excellent education, but disappointed the ambitious hopes of his father by his determined adherence to the new doctrines of the Society of Friends. After a variety of persecutions, which he bore with exemplary courage and patience, he obtained from Charles II. a grant of country on the west side of the Delaware, in consideration of a public debt due to his father. His treaty with the Indians and his Code for the government of his province, are familiar to all. He returned to England, and died in 1718. Previous to his embarkation for America he addressed a letter to his wife and children, which is highly characteristic of the simplicity and piety of the man.

My dear Wife and Children: My love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen toward you, most endearingly visits you with eternal embraces, and will abide with you forever; and may the God of my life watch over you and bless you and do you good in this world and forever! Some things are upon my spirit to leave with you in your respective capacities, as I am to one a husband, and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

My dear wife! Remember thou wast the love of my youth and much the joy of my life; the most beloved as well as most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing that I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.

(After some counsel relative to godliness and economy, he proceeds):

And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children; abundantly beloved of me, as the Lord's blessings, and the

sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection. Above all things endeavor to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behavior; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety. Religion in the heart leads into this true civility, teaching men and women to be mild and courteous in their behavior; an accomplishment worthy indeed of praise.

Next breed them up in love of one another; tell them it is the charge I left behind me, and that it is the way to have the love and blessing of God upon them. Sometimes separate them, but not long, and allow them to send and give each other small things to endear one another with.

Once more, I say, tell them it was my counsel they should be tender and affectionate one to another. For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost; for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved; but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind, but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and the mind, too. I recommend useful parts of mathematics, as building houses or ships, measuring, surveying, dialing, navigation; but agriculture is especially in my eye; let my children be husbandmen and housewives; it is industrious, healthy, honest, and of good example; like Abraham and the holy ancients, who pleased God and obtained a good report. This leads to consider the works of God and nature, of things that are good, and diverts the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world. Rather keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them than to send them to schools, too many evil impressions being commonly received there. Be sure to observe their genius, and do not cross it as to learning; let them not dwell too long on one thing, but let their change be agreeable, and all their diversions have some little bodily labor in them. When grown big, have most care for them; for then there are more snares both within and without. When marriageable, see that they have worthy persons in their eye, of good life and good fame for piety and understanding. I need no wealth, but sufficiency, and be sure their love be dear, fervent and mutual, that it may be happy for them. I choose not they should

be married to earthly, covetous kindred, and of cities and towns of concourse beware; the world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there; a country life and estate I like best for my children. I prefer a decent mansion of an hundred pounds per annum before ten thousand pounds in London or such like place in a way of trade.

(He next addressed himself to his children.)

Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honor to you, for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding, qualities not unusual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honor and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight; nay, love her, too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors; and though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfulest acts of service to you in your infancy as a mother and a nurse, too. I charge you, before the Lord, honor and obey, love and cherish your dear mother.

Next. Betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you. And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient and meek. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither beholden to any. Ruin not yourself by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship; neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

(After a great number of other affectionate counsels, he turns particularly to his elder boys.)

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I do charge you before the Lord God and His holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent and tender, fearing God, loving the people and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no

man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live therefore the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurches; cherish no informers for gain or revenge; use not tricks; fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in Him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

(He concludes as follows):

Finally, my children, love one another with a true, endeared love and your dear relations on both sides, and take care to preserve tender affection in your children to each other, often marrying within themselves, so as to be without the bounds forbidden in God's law, that so they may not, like the forgetting, unnatural world, grow out of kindred and as cold as strangers; but as becomes a truly, natural and Christian stock, you and yours after you, may live in the pure and fervent love of God towards one another, as becometh brethren in the spiritual and natural relation.

So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children!

Yours, as God pleaseth, in that which no waters can quench, no time forget, nor distance wear away, but remains forever.—*William Penn, Morninghurst, fourth of sixth month, 1682.*

EXPANSION OF HOME DUTIES.

Generally we are under an impression that a man's duties are public and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the State. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work or duty, which is also the expansion of that.

The man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress and defense; the woman's to secure its order, comfort and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a Commonwealth is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defense of the State. The woman's duty as a member of the Com-

monwealth is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

When the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner what the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress and the mirror of beauty; she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.—*Ruskin*.

“OUR OWN.”

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex “our own
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken,
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne’er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for “our own”
The bitter tone,

Though we love "our own" the best.

Ah! lips with the curve impatient,

Ah! brow with that look of scorn.

'Twere a cruel fate,

Were the night too late

To undo the work of the morn.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

HOME.

A true home is one of the most sacred of places. It is a sanctuary into which men flee from the world's perils and alarms. It is a resting place whither, at the close of day, the weary retire to gather new strength for the battles and toils of to-morrow. It is the place where love learns its lessons, where life is schooled into discipline and strength, where character is moulded. The queen who sits on the throne of home, crowned and sceptered, as none other ever can be, is mother. Her enthronement is complete, her reign unrivaled, and the moral issues of her empire are eternal. A home is a residence not merely of the body, but of the heart. It is a place for the affections to develop themselves. A real home, and the only place that can be called a real home, is the spot in which a man had rather be than in any other. It is the place in which he gets most rest, most comfort, most solace, most satisfaction, because he gets most sympathy. That is home.

Young People's Department.

A GREAT MAN'S GREATEST THOUGHT.

At a dinner at the Astor House, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state under President Fillmore, after a period of silence which fell upon the company of some twenty gentlemen who were present, one of the guests said:

"Mr. Webster, will you tell me what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?"

Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone inquired of one near him:

"Is there any one here who does not know me?"

"No; all are your friends."

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said Mr. Webster, was that of *my individual responsibility to God.*" And after speaking on this subject in the most solemn strain for some twenty minutes, he silently rose from the table and retired to his room.

This incident, related by Harvey in his "Reminiscences," serves to illustrate the attitude of great minds towards eternal things. Great men are not scoffers. The men of flippant sneers and godless jests are men of small caliber and shallow intellect. It is *not* the wise man who has "said in his heart there is no God." It is not the great man who casts off fear and restrains prayer before Him.

A great man comprehends something greater than himself, for he is but the image of a divine Creator, marred, defaced and distorted by sin, yet bearing testimony to the dignity and grandeur of the divine original, whose glory is so faintly shadowed in the man whom He has made and endowed with intellect, and will and conscience, and whom he has made to feel in the depths of his soul the importance of his "*individual responsibility to God.*"

THE PRODIGAL SON.

He wanted his share of his father's property. The father granted the desire of his younger son. He left home, innocence, love and all



THE PRODIGAL.

that made heaven. Many to-day are willfully doing the same. He sought for the paradise of pleasure, but it was like wine, "that fruit with a serpent in its bosom, that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle." In drunkenness and dissipation he would seek satisfaction. He wanted to see life, and he saw the worst and violent part of life with gay and dissolute companions. But it could not last long. When his money is gone his friends are gone. The famine that arose and the want that he suffered brought

him to his senses; and to keep his soul and body together he was forced to take up the most degrading work a Jew could do.

He had time now for reflection. He knew his father loved him, and he could picture him at home, with his eyes on the ground, in dejection and sorrow. Some would try to comfort the father, urging that the farther away such a profligate, debased son is the better. But the father says, "He is my son; I wish he were at home." Something appears in the distance: At last it seems to have the form, or appearance, of a human being. The father knows what the figure is, and he says, "It is my son," and he arises and runs to meet him, kisses him and forgives him.

And if you had been standing by, and one had said, "This is the seventh time that young man has come back, making all kinds of promises and the father has always forgiven him," what would you think of the love and kindness of that father? But is not seven times, but seventy times seven; yea, times without number that God forgives us.

A LITTLE JUDICIOUS PRAISE.

No heart is insensible to words of praise or the kindly smile of approbation; and none are utterly above being affected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing can discourage a child more than a spirit of incessant fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more baneful influence upon both parent and child. If your little one, through the day, has been pleasant and obedient, and you say to him, "My son, you have been good to-day, and it makes me very happy;" and if, with more than a usually affectionate embrace, you say, "Good-night, my dear child," a throb of suppressed feeling fills his breast, and he resolves on always earning such approval. If your grown son or daughter have accomplished some difficult piece of work, rendering you essential assistance; or have climbed some steep in the daily drill of study; or have acquired some new accomplishment, or added grace; or, better than all, have gained the victory over some bad habit or besetting sin—acknowledge it, see it, praise them for it. Let them see by your added tenderness the deep joy and comfort it gives you. Thus you will create a great incentive to right conduct, and lay a broad foundation for a character which shall be redolent with succulent fruit and fragrant blossoms.—*Templar's Magazine*.

A BOY'S RESOLVE.

Years ago a German boy read of the siege of Troy, and made up his mind to find the ruins of that ancient city. Troy had perished a thousand years ago—if, indeed, it ever existed at all. But, said the little German, I will find it. Though a poor lad, slaving at work until bedtime, he procured books and taught himself six or seven languages. He pushed on and prospered until as a merchant he had made a fortune. Every step of this study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood. In due time he started eastward with a company of laborers, and for long, long years pursued his search. At last he found Troy. His discovery was a sensation through all Europe. A few years ago the treasures of gold, silver and bronze, dug out of the palace of the Trojan king, were exhibited at South Kensington. For three thousand

years the buried ruins of that city had lain covered with sand, and by many it was regarded only as the fabled creation of poetry, but Dr. Schliemann, at his own expense, and by his own amazing enterprise, proved the discovery to the world. Think of it. A poor lad learning languages, making money, spending seven years or more in far-away deserts, sustained through a lifetime by one fixed resolution. He vowed in boyhood he would find Troy, and he did find it. The German lad said, "Put down my name," and when life was far spent he succeeded in hacking his way into the temple of fame.

Now, if we can find truth and God, if we can find "glory, honor, immortality and eternal life," is it not worth while for the sake of these imperishable possessions to summon up our uttermost resolution and to pursue our aim with diligence through the swift years of our immortal pilgrimage? "They do it for a corruptible crown, but we for an incorruptible." Do it with thy might.—*Band of Hope Review*.

THE PRINTER BOY.

In the year 1725 an American boy about nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread.

He was not like many young men in these days, who wander about seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything," because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do. So he went straight to a printing office, and inquired whether he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately and administered a delicate

reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office.

He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, postmaster-general, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after that same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."—*Selected.*

SOCIAL PURITY AS A YOUNG WOMAN SEES IT.

I don't know of anything that can be a greater blessing to a young man than the strength of character that may be given him by association with a young lady of pure mind. I am caused to say this because of a purpose I had, being suddenly interrupted by a noble young lady. My friend Jim W. and I had decided that we could do more good and combat more evil by being better acquainted with it. To this end we had arranged to make a tour of some of the low resorts of the city in order that we might know from personal experience in what ways and forms social evils exist. Of course, we were both sworn to be observers only and not partakers.

My conscience condemned me considerably, and I could not get the sanction of my own mind without letting some one else into the secret. I freely stated our purpose to my girl friend. The determined effort she made to check us in this purpose is certainly worthy of lasting recognition. Inside of one week I received three letters from her, all calculated to persuade me, by good reasoning, to desist from my purpose. All the letters were in the most cordial, but earnest, style, and her interest touched my heart. I could not go against her pleadings. I would not go without her sanction.

The arguments produced by her surprised me, and realizing the sincerity of her feelings, I must quote some of her words: "That trip could *never* do *anybody* good, besides doing *you* harm. You teach over a dozen young girls (two classes) in Sunday-school, you've told me. Now, what would their fathers think if they knew

you had gone on such a trip as you propose? Even though your motive is pure and good, do you think they would think as you do? and do you think they would feel like allowing you to give their girls their religious instruction? Then, too, put yourself in their place—would you want one who went to such evil places to instruct your children? I know *you* are all right, and you think you can perhaps do good, but I'm sure you will have a greater usefulness for *good* by staying away and keeping that other young man away. The Bible says, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Now, if you go, you must see much evil and wrong, which will become impressed on your mind and occasion impure thoughts. For that reason it is wrong for you to go.

"And then, again, if you go, you can't tell it—you must keep it to yourself. That shows it is wrong—anything is wrong which must be concealed. Then, again, should it become known, you will not be trusted the same as before—others might not see and believe as you do, and you might lose your class and your office in church—that would be awful! Have you ever thought of all those things? 'Avoid even the appearance of evil.' Then perhaps some young man friend of yours might find it out and ask you about your trip, and with just as good and pure motive take the same trip, hoping to do good by the experience, and not having as strong will power as you, yield to temptation. Then that sin would be yours more than his.

"Then, on the other hand, if you don't go you will be the same good, pure young man you've always been, in thoughts as well as deeds, having the respect of all who know you and unconsciously exerting a better influence for morality than you ever could otherwise. Then, too, you'll keep that other friend away from temptation, and not be in danger of causing others to be led into temptation by ever hearing of your trip. And, I am positive that any man, woman or child will have a hundred times the confidence in you if you can truthfully say you have never been to such a sinful place."

—F. L. R

When a stone was once thrown into the pulpit where John Murray was preaching, in Boston, he picked it up, and, holding it before his congregation, said, "This is a weighty argument, but neither rational nor convincing."

A YOUNG MAN'S BOAST.

This is pre-eminently the day of athletic achievement, and it is the fashion among young men to worship trained muscle. The young athlete in the incident we are about to relate, as told by Mr. Moody, was the champion of the town in which he lived. He could run faster, jump farther, and lift a heavier weight than any other man for miles around. Indeed, the fame of his unusual strength had spread all over his native county. He was of a good family—the son of a physician—a fine-looking fellow, tall and well-proportioned. His huge muscles were often shown to admiring groups. This fostered his egotism and led to such indulgence in athletic sports as had drawn him into doubtful associations.

It was in the autumn, and he was returning to his home, victorious after a series of amateur “events” at a neighboring fair, and almost insanely intoxicated with conceit because of his success. On his way in passing a church, he was attracted by the singing, and stepped into what proved to be a religious gathering for prayer.

The minister in charge of the meeting was speaking about spiritual strength, and the weakness or insufficiency of human power or the ordinary powers of nature for human help, when compared with it.

A storm had arisen, and the wind almost drowned the speaker's words. People looked uncomfortable. In a lull in the tempest the preacher stopped for a moment, when the young man sprang to his feet, his face red, and his eyes blazing with indignation. This is what he is reported to have said:

“You all know me. Look here!” He spread his great arms before the people. “I could raise up a benchful of you with ease. The power you talk about can't do that. God may hurt you, but He can't hurt me.”

A shocked silence followed the conceited and presumptuous boast. There was so much audacity in the vaunt, and its blasphemy was so astounding, that the minister, as well as the audience, was disconcerted.

The young man then stalked out of the room, erect and arrogant. The effect of his impious intrusion was such that it was impossible to continue the meeting.

Before the closing hymn could be given out, however, a wild

cry was heard. One or two men hurriedly left the church to ascertain the cause, and soon returned, bearing the form of the young man shorn of its arrogance and pride, and laid it upon the floor of the vestibule. There was a ghastly wound upon his head, and he was insensible.

For days the athlete lingered between life and death. A long illness followed, and he was unable to return to active life for a year. It was found upon investigation, that a tile on a building near the church, loosened by the storm, had been hurled by the wind upon the young man's head as if guided by an unerring hand.

Since that hour, many a devout attendant upon the prayer-meeting has reverently asked the question whether the presumptions there manifested met retribution by an outraged God in the event that followed, or whether it was a coincidence and devoid of supernatural significance.

Because of human limitations, it is not possible to give to the doubting mind an incontrovertible answer to this question. God only knows. He does not ordinarily punish with such dramatic celerity men who boast of their independence of Him. Nevertheless, in a thousand ways He declares His dominion over us. It is an indication of wise discernment.

I can name sons of two of the lights of the Reformation who have disgraced and debased their fathers' work, and the cause of Christ. The father of one of these was, and is now, held in high esteem as a devoted servant of God. But for his son—black letters must record his deeds. And yet his life is known to scores of our best and most learned men, who overlook the son's errors and laud him simply because is his father's son. And his life is known largely to the world. And to have him at the head of one of our largest business houses is a curse to the cause. The father of the other is also a faithful and conscientious man of God. His son was expelled from college for drunkenness and general deviltry.

Many fathers are better at helping other parents to train up their children in the way they go.—*F. L. R.*

IN THE BIG WOODS.

"I wish I had something to read," said He.

"Well, what's the matter with the magazines?" promptly replied the Other One.



"I have read them all," He immediately objected.

"Why, I thought you didn't want to read anything. I thought you said this was to be a vacation in the woods, with no reading or thought of anything," said the Other One.

"Well, of course," said He; "but a fellow has got to have something to read, after all."

"Well," said the Other One, "let me read you something out of the Bible."

"The Bible?" said He. "Oh, no; I want some GOOD READING. That's what I want."

They were in camp in the deep woods, many days' canoe trip from a human being. There were two tired-out men—wholly tired out when they started, with non-productive brains and with sore, ragged nerves from their year's hard work. They were none the less worn-out that it had been a year of successful work—even of triumphant work.

So they said when they started: "Let's get a rest. Let's not even take any reading material. Let's obey Emerson's advice to the rest-seeker in his 'Wood Notes,' where he says to leave everything behind: 'Enough to thee, the primal mind.'"

And so they did. They arranged for their guides carefully—and you who go to the woods look well to that. They were scrupulous to the last degree about their cook—and you who go to the woods be very sure about that. They were particular about their tents, almost technical about food and sleeping accommodations and creature comforts; but reading matter—none of it for them. At the last minute, obeying the impulse of the civilized, they brought all the magazines in sight; and one of them who always carried a Bible, had it with him on this occasion.

So, up the streams and over the lakes they went; and at last, far out from the path of even canoe-voyagers, on the shores of a lake whose name is Beauty, and in the depths of a forest whose name is Noble, by a mossy spring whose name is Delight, they swung their axes and built their camp. Already nature had begun to work. They slept like pieces of iron, with this difference—there was the delicious consciousness of going to sleep and ecstasy in awakening. They ate with the appetite of the primal man, but with the restraint of the civilized when out in the wilderness. They were careful to get up from their meal always a little hungry. They joyed in the woods. The flight of birds was a thing to be looked at and to get pleasure from. The forests had strange, attractive sounds. The occasional sentences of the guides were full of wisdom.

Instantly nature began her work on the brain-cells. These men had planned not to think at all. They were astonished to find that they

thought more than ever, and more sanely, more calmly, and yet with a good deal more vigor. Every suggestion of tree and flower and cloud and shadow and shine was fecund with thought. The rain induced more than sleep—it induced a curious yet delightful mental life. There were none of your neurotic thoughts which come of overworked nerves and all that sort of thing.

Of course, you can not keep that kind of men down to not thinking at all. Their bodies, which so long have been unused and maltreated, demand exercise—long rambles among the trees and over mountains; canoe trips where every stroke generates more energy than it expends; target practice with pistol until the snuffing of a candle at night at twenty yards three times out of five is no extraordinary feat. Well, then, it was plain to see how the minds of these men demanded exercise just as the body did; for the minds had been more maltreated and neglected than the body.

“So, I want something to read,” said He.

“Well, what’s the matter with the Bible?” said the Other One.

“Oh,” said He, “I don’t want anything dull. I don’t want to be preached to. I feel in a religious mood, but not in a mood for a sermon.”

“Why, man,” said the other one, “the Bible has more good reading in it than any book I know of. What will you have—poetry, adventure, politics, maxims, oratory? For they are all here.” And he produced the Bible.

Thus occurred the first Bible-reading in the woods. After it was over: “Why, I never knew that was in the Bible,” said He. “Let’s have some more of that to-morrow.”

And on the morrow they did have more of it. By chance one of the guides was near, and he sat down and listened. The next day all the guides were there. The day after the reading was delayed, and Indian Charley modestly suggested, “Isn’t it about time to have some more of that there Bible?” And more of it they had.

This continued day in and day out through the long, but all too brief, vacation in the woods—the real woods, the deep woods, the limitless woods—none of your parks with trees in them.

The comments of the guides were serious, keen, full of human interest. It was no trouble for them to understand Isaiah. They had the same spirit that inspired David when he went up against Goliath.

They knew, with their deep, elemental natures, the kind of woman Ruth was, and Rebecca was. Moses slaying the Egyptian and leading the children of God out of Egypt, laying down the law in good, strict man-fashion, was entirely intelligible to them. One wonders what the "higher critics" and "scholarly interpreters" of the Holy Scriptures would have thought had they seen these plain men, learned in the wisdom of the woods, understanding quite clearly the twelfth chapter of Romans, or the voluptuous Song of Solomon, or the war-song of Moses, or, most of all, the Sermon on the Mount.

"Why, I never knew those things were in the Bible. How did you ever get on to them?" said He one day, when a perfectly charming story had been read.

"Why, this way," said the Other One. "Many years ago in a logging camp there happened to be nothing to read, and I just had to read. I had read everything—that is to say, I had read everything but the Bible. And I did not want to read that. I had read it over and over again in the church and in my own home, and always with that monotonous non-intelligence, that utter lack of human understanding which makes all the men and women of the Bible, as ordinarily interpreted to us, putty-like characters without any human attributes. But there was nothing else to read. So I was forced to read the Bible, and I instantly became fascinated with it. I discovered what every year since has confirmed—that there is more 'good reading' in the Bible than in all the volumes of fiction, poetry and philosophy put together. So when I get tired of everything else, and want something really good to read, something that is charged full of energy and human emotions, of cunning thought, and everything that arrests the attention and thrills or soothes or uplifts you, according to your need, I find it in the Bible."—*From "The Bible as Good Reading," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.*

If your father dies and leaves you land and other property, you may go in debt, or go some body's security, and then the sheriff will sell you out. If your father sends you to school and then to college, and you get the learning in your head, that will be your capital, and the sheriff cannot get it. It is the best and safest investment.

- SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom "of school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

And some one, sometime, may lend a hand
 To help my mother—you understand?
 If ever she's poor and old and gray,
 And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
 In her home that night, and the prayer she said
 Was, "God, be kind to that noble boy,
 Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice and worn and weak,
 But the Father hears when His children speak;
 Angels caught the faltering word
 And "somebody's mother's" prayer was heard.

—*Maxmillan.*

MY LOST YOUTH.

Strange to me are the forms that I meet
 When I visit the dear old town,
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still:—
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And the Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there;
 And among the dreams of the days that were,
 I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still:—
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

—*Longfellow.*

AN INCIDENT.

JOHN T. POE.

Traveling aboard a west-bound train not long ago, I sat opposite a sick woman, who was propped up with pillows and attended by her little daughter, some eight or ten years of age. The mother was dying with that awful disease, consumption, and going to San Antonio, in the hope of recovery; but, like hundreds of others, had delayed her trip to the Far West too long. I was struck with the motherly care with which the little girl handled and caressed her mother, lifting her up, adjusting her pillows, and always cheering her mother with hope of returning health and new life at the end of the journey. To-morrow! Oh, the hopes that have hung on to-morrow and perished to-day. But the words of the child encouraged the mother, and she looked into the face of the child with longing hope that it might be so. She seemed to confide in the daughter as a child trustingly confides in a mother. In fact, the ends of life were reversed. The mother was now become the puny, fragile, suffering child, while the little girl—only a child herself—had risen to womanhood and become the tender, loving mother. Her attentions were unceasing; never for one moment giving up her vigil over the poor sick mother, who could not rest for the smoke and dust of the train and the deep-seated pain that gnawed at her vitals and constantly kept her awake.

Soon after we entered Texas—late in the afternoon—the mother showed signs of much weakness, and soon the motherly voice of the little girl ceased to cheer her, and gradually the mother sank into the arms of death, and was at rest.

The little girl broke down—a lone orphan among strangers. Away from home, with mother dead and no one to call on for help or comfort, it was sad indeed. We provided for her return with the precious casket, as best we could, and she returned to the old home to lay mother's remains in the old family burial ground, where, doubtless, if she lives, she still keeps flowers fresh on mother's grave, and will do so until she herself shall go to join mother, who left her that day alone away down in Texas.

But I shall never forget the tender love and care of that daughter for her mother. To me she is nameless. I did not learn

her name, but she has left upon my mind an example of filial love which I have never seen surpassed, and while I do not know her name, the angels know it, and they will know her in that day when God sends them forth to gather up His jewels; for, "as we sow, so shall we reap."

YOUR FATHER WATCHES, TOO.

O. J. BULFIN.

The old man bowed his whitened head
To hide the tears of joy,
While listening crowds applauses paid
In honor of his boy.

His son's success was his as well;
The nobly rendered part
Made honest pride and joy to swell
Within the father's heart.

Perchance upon the stage of life
No parent watches you
As bravely 'mid the jarring strife
Your purpose you pursue.

But as perhaps 'neath clouded skies
You work your arduous part,
Think not you catch no kindling eyes
And touch no yearning heart.

Behind His lights—the burning stars—
The Father views His own;
And naught thy faithful work debars
Cognizance at the throne.

Bright angels yield a glad applause,
Though men in silence pass;
And what the world may count as flaws
Fills there the highest class.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

The one element in Christ's nature, more than any other, that makes Him universally the children's friend is His tenderness. We



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

have no statement that Christ ever smiled or laughed, and yet His face beamed forth such love and sympathy that all who looked upon Him were irresistibly drawn to Him. The children, whom He blessed

by placing His hand upon their head or shoulders were doubtless filled with more loving impulses than if they had received the same mark of affection from their own father. This was because of the divine nature that Christ possessed. The contact of the children with Him was a foretaste of the beauty, tenderness, sympathy and fellowship that will exist in the Father's heavenly mansions.

Richter, the German artist, painted a series of paintings illustrating the ministry of angels. He showed us the child-angels who sit talking with mortal children among the flowers, now holding them by their coats, lest they fall upon the stairs, now with apples enticing them back when they draw too near the precipice; when the boy grows tall and is tempted, ringing in the chambers of memory the sweet mother's name; in the hour of death coming in the garb of pilgrim, made ready for convoy and guidance to the heavenly land. Oh, beautiful pictures! setting forth the sacred ministry of each true Christian heart."

MAGNIFICENT POVERTY.

Poverty in youth, when it succeeds, is so far magnificent that it turns the whole will towards effort, and the whole soul towards aspiration. Poverty strips the material life entirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise inexpressible yearnings toward the ideal life. The rich young man has a hundred brilliant and coarse amusements—racing, hunting, dogs, cigars, gaming, feasting, and the rest; busying the lower portions of the soul at the expense of its higher and delicate portions.

The poor young man must work for his bread; he eats; when he has eaten, he has nothing more but fevery. He goes free to the play which God gives; he beholds the sky, space, the stars, the flowers, the children, the humanity in which he suffers, the creation in which he shines. He looks at humanity so much that he sees the soul; he looks at creation so much that he sees God. He dreams, he feels that he is great; he dreams again, and he feels that he is tender. From the egotism of the suffering man he passes to the compassion of the contemplating man. A wonderful feeling springs up within him, forgetfulness of self and pity for all.

In thinking of the numberless enjoyments which nature offers,

gives and gives lavishly to open souls, and refuses to closed souls, he, a millionaire of intelligence, comes to grieve for the millionaires of money. All hatred goes out of his heart in proportion as all light enters his mind. And then is he unhappy? No. The misery of a young man is never miserable. The first lad you meet, poor as he may be, with his health, his strength, his quick step, his shining eyes, his blood which circulates warmly, his black locks, his fresh cheeks, his rosy lips, his white teeth, his pure breath, will always be envied by an old emperor.

And then every morning he sets about earning his bread; and while his hands are earning his living, his backbone is gaining firmness; his brain is gaining ideas. When his work is done he returns in ineffable ecstasies to contemplation, to joy; he sees his feet in difficulties, in obstacles, on the pavement, in thorns, sometimes in mire; his head is in the light. He is firm, serene, gentle, peaceful, attentive, serious; content with little, benevolent; and he blesses God for having given him these two estates which many of the rich are without: labor which makes him free, and thought which makes him noble.—*Victor Hugo.*

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it. —*Selected.*

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Declaration of Independence is usually considered as a political document. Such it is, but not exclusively so. It is the charter of civic liberties, and more, for the underlying principles have a deep religious significance, which though usually overlooked are of importance nevertheless. Because they are at once the sure foundation and the strong bulwark of our free American institutions.



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

it is fitting that the day on which the Declaration of Independence was solemnly published to the world, should be observed with expressions of intelligent patriotism and religious expression. It is not only time for national rejoicing, for parades, for the display of the Stars and Stripes, for patriotic music and eloquent orations and brilliant pyrotechnic displays; but if our demonstrations of joy are to stop at this they fail to interpret fully the spirit in which our liberties were born. In speaking of this very point, John Quincy Adams wrote his wife shortly after the Declaration was made, "I am inclined to believe this day will be celebrated by succeeding gen-

erations as the great American festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of worship to Almighty God."

In the first place the very simplicity of the circumstances in which the Declaration of Independence was made are not without religious significance. Look at the situation: There in the lower south-east room of what was then the State House, now Independence Hall, in a city of 30,000 people, not more than fifty men are assembled to consider a paper written by a young red-headed Virginia lawyer. For the most part these men are illiterate and as yet without titles of honor, distinction, or any peculiar or pronounced merit. But they are simple-hearted, God-fearing men, keenly sensible of the fact that they are facing one of the greatest crises of modern history. They are conscious of the grave responsibilities resting upon them. There are no displays of royalty, no pomp, no rich ceremonialism, or splendid accessories to give brilliancy, impressiveness and dignity to the scene. Every circumstance and utterance is tempered with the utmost simplicity and candor. The paper they are discussing was drawn up to show *reasons for the resolution*:

"That these American colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States," which had been introduced into the Colonial Congress by Richard Henry Lee a few days previous. This paper, after numerous changes, had been made in it as the result of two days' discussion, was unanimously adopted as the *Declaration of Independence*.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE HORSE FAIR.

ROSA BONHEUR.

It is a revelation. Every time you look at it you see something new. Under a beautiful morning sky and at the edge of a young grove, with a tower in the rear, all fresh as the day, prance the splendid Percherons—twenty-two in all. On an eminence to the right are the spectators and buyers, some pointing, as if making selections, and all wearing expressions pleased in the extreme. The parade circles toward them. The coloring is superb. You can fairly see the horses snort as they chafe their bits and rear up. The sleek black in a plunging position keeps its rider busy, and in behavior is in contrast to that of the submissive brown to his right. A team of powerful whites test the strength of the man in the saddle as they strive to catch the lead. Far in the rear is a vicious fellow with head well up and ears back, struggling against two lusty keepers. The most eloquent thing about the horse is his ears—you can read his will in the position he holds his ears. The grooms, some mounted, others hanging to the guy-halters, barely escaping death under the heavy hoofs, are as so many Hercules, with brawny arms, with white and blue blouses. These, with the onlookers, make forty-two men shown on the canvas. The lights and shadows of the picture are a feature not least noted by connoisseurs.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long, afterward in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.—*Longfellow.*



THE HORSE FAIR.

OLD-TIME WINTER.

Where, oh, where, is winter
The sort we used to know?
The icy blast,
The skies o'ercast,
And the drifting, sifting snow?

Where are the ponds for skating,
The snow-clad coasting hills;
The urchin's sled,
And the usual dread
Of cold and other ills?

Where are the jingling sleigh-bells,
The girl with the frosted nose,
The slippery walks
And the old-fashioned gawks,
With the shoes inside their hose?

Where are the snowball battles,
Of the erstwhile festive kid;
The snowy spheres,
That skipped one's ears,
The wind that chased one's lid?

Where is the old-style winter,
The winter of winds that blow?
Tell us, we pray,
Where the icicles stay,
Of the winters we used to know?

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song. —Charles Kingsley.

OUR HEROES.

Here's to the boy who has courage,
 To do what he knows to be right.
 When he falls in the way of temptation,
 He has a hard battle to fight.
 Who strives against self and his comrades
 Will find a most powerful foe.
 All honor to him if he conquers,
 A cheer for the boy who says, "No."

There's many a battle fought daily
 The world knows nothing about;
 There's many a brave little soldier
 Whose strength put a legion to rout,
 And he who fights single-handed
 Is more of a hero, I say,
 Than he who leads soldiers to battle
 And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
 To do what you know to be right.
 Stand firm by all the colors of manhood,
 And you will o'ercome in the fight.
 "The right," be your battle-cry ever
 In waging the warfare of life,
 And God who knows who are the heroes
 Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE FRIENDLY HAND.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart,
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey an' its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a good world, after all,
An' a good God must have made it—leastwise, that's what I say,
When a hand rests on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

WOULD YOU SELL YOUR RELIGION?

In the office of a hotel there were a number of men whiling away the time by discussing various topics. The conversation soon took a religious turn, and there was more interest manifested on that subject than on any other they had discussed. A man came in during the discussion and said he opposed all religion. That "all religion was founded in ignorance, prejudice and superstition." After much talk he said that he would like to find a man foolish enough to buy his interest in the whole thing—that he would sell out cheap.

A drummer sitting by asked him how much he would take for his interest. He answered that he would take five dollars, and say nothing more about it. The drummer agreed to pay the five dollars; but said he did business on business principles. That he would not pay the money until the man had signed a certain agreement. So he drew up and presented the following contract or conveyance: "Know all men by these presents; That I, ———, for the consideration of five dollars to me, paid in hand, the receipt of

which is hereby acknowledged, do this day bargain, sell and convey all of my rights, titles, interest and hopes in a certain place called heaven, and in certain beings called God, Christ and the Holy Spirit; I further promise never to think of heaven nor mention the name of of the Deity while I live. This contract is for eternity. A. D. 18—. Witness ——."

After reading the document he looked up and said: "Do you think I am a fool?" The buyer answered that the Bible says "the fool has said in his heart there is no God." He wanted money, but not bad enough to sign the contract. He walked out a more thoughtful man than he entered. When these eternal issues are faced seriously they bring sensible men to their senses.—*F. L. Young.*

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Do not say you have no chance, but remember Isaac Newton, the greatest astronomer of his day, once peddling cabbages in the street; and Martin Luther, singing on the public square for any pennies that he might pick up; and John Bunyan mending kettles; and the late Judge Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, who was the son of a charcoal burner; and Turner, the painter, who was the son of a barber; and Lord Clive, who saved India to England, shipped by his father to Madras as a useless boy whom he wanted to get rid of; and Prideaux, the world-renowned scholar and theologian, scouring pots and pans to work his way through college; and the mother of the late William E. Dodge, the philanthropist and magnificent man, keeping a thread and needle store; and Peter Cooper, who worked on small wages in a glue factory, living to give five hundred thousand dollars for the founding of an institute that has already educated thousands of the poor sons and daughters of America; and Bowditch, the scientist, beginning his useful learning and affluent career by reading the books that had been driven ashore from a shipwreck at Salem. There is, young man, a great financial or literary or moral or religious success awaiting you if you only know how to go up and take it. Then take it or get ready to take it. The mightier the opposition the grander the triumph when you have conquered.—*Talmage.*

A CURE FOR LAZINESS.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it.

My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could study it no longer; and, going to my father, I told him that I did not want to study, and asked for some other employment.

My father said:

"Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that."

This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went.

But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced.

That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad I was when night came on.

That night I made some comparisons between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it.

I dug all next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it.

At night toil conquered pride, and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar.

He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the day's labor in that ditch.

But if we separate ourselves so much from the interests of those around us that we do not sympathize with them in their sufferings, we shut ourselves out from sharing their joys, and lose far more than we gain. If we exclude sympathy and wrap ourselves around in a cold chain-armor of selfishness, we exclude ourselves from many of the greatest and purest joys of life. To render ourselves insensible to pain we must forfeit also the possibility of happiness.

Lubbock.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

In the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, this martyr-patriot perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, opened by this means a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms and won the victory.

“Make way for liberty!” he cried—
Made way for liberty, and died!
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent and projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland,
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
Marshaled once more at freedom’s call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where’er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line ’twere suicide to meet
And perish at their tyrant’s feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly, she can not yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
“Make way for liberty!” he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
“Make way for liberty!” he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
“Make way for liberty!” they cry,

And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free—
Thus death made way for liberty.

—*James Montgomery.*

THE HAPPINESS OF GIVING.

"Julian was asking papa," wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne's wife, "for a very expensive toy, and his father told him he was very poor this year, and that it was impossible to buy him everything that struck his fancy. Julian said no more; and when he went to bed he expressed great condolence, and said he would not ask his father for anything if he were so poor, but that he would give him his own money (amounting to five pence half-penny). When he lay down his face shone with a splendor of joy that he was able thus to make his father's affair assume a brighter aspect. This enormous sum of money, which Julian had intended at Christmas time to devote to buying a toy for baby or for Una, was his all and he could give no more."

In the same charming book (*Memoirs of Hawthorne*, by his daughter) which contains this bit from the home-life of the Hawthornes, Mrs. Hawthorne says: "No act of the British people in behalf of the soldiers has struck me as so noble and touching as that of the reformed criminals in an institution in London. They wished to contribute something to the Patriotic Fund. The only way they could do it, was by fasting. So from Sunday night till Tuesday morning they ate nothing and the money saved (three pounds and over), was sent to the Fund." Could there be found a sharper contrast in the pleasures of generosity than that between the little boy's purpose to give all to his father, and the self-denial of the criminals in order that they might contribute to the comforts and necessities of men whom they had never seen—men who were free, and, therefore, better off than themselves.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The "Victoria Cross," by some called "The Outpost," depicts an incident of the Western frontier—the advance guard traveling miles ahead of the main body, comes unexpectedly upon an ambush set by the Indians, who succeed in shooting the horse of one of the men.



THE OUTPOST.

The Indians are rapidly approaching, their bullets striking the ground and foliage on every side; a moment more and the rescuers will be late. His comrade stops, draws rein, and at the risk of his own life, assists his chum to mount his horse and dashes away to safety.

The act of heroism wins for him the Victoria Cross, or Medal of Honor.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

Much of George Washington's firm strength of character was due to his splendid ancestry, as the following little anecdote will testify:

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland County, Va., one of General Washington's officers chanced upon a fine team of horses driven before a plow by a burly slave. Finer animals he had never seen. When his eyes had feasted on their beauty, he cried to the driver:

"Hello, good fellow! I must have those horses. They are just such animals as I have been looking for.

The black man grinned, rolled up the whites of his eyes, and put the lash to the horses' flanks and turned up another furrow in the rich soil. The officer waited until he had finished the row; then, throwing back his cavalier cloak, the ensign of rank dazzled the slave's eyes.

"Better see missis! Better see missis!" he cried, waving his hand to the south, where, above the cedar growth, rose the towers of a fine old Virginia mansion. The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was rapping the great brass knocker of the front door. Quick the door swung upon its ponderous hinges, and a grave, majestic-looking woman confronted the visitor with an air of inquiry.

"Madame," said the officer, doffing his cap and overcome by her dignity, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government."

"My horses?" said she, bending upon him a pair of eyes born to command. "Sir, you can not have them. My crops are out, and I need my horses in the field."

"I am sorry," said the officer, "but-I must have them, madame. Such are the orders of my chief."

"Your chief? Who is your chief, pray?" she demanded, with restrained warmth.

"The commander of the American Army, Gen. George Washington," replied the other, squaring his shoulders and swelling with pride. A smile of triumph softened the sternness of the woman's handsome features. "Tell George Washington," said she, "that his mother says he can not have her horses."

With an humble apology, the officer turned away, convinced that he had found the source of his chief's decision and self-command.

And did Washington order his officer to return and make his mother give up her horses? No; he listened to the report in silence, then, with one of his rare smiles, he bowed his head.—*St. Nicholas*.

WHEN I WAS A BOY!

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled, curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek--
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy.
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep,
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;
And those dreams should give me back again
A peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

—*Eugene Field*.

AN AX TO GRIND.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he: "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. "I am sure," he continued he, "you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Pleased with the flattery, I went to work, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered and the ax was not half-ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; be off to school or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone, but now to be called a little rascal is too much." It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, methinks, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man who is in private life a tyrant, flattering the people, and making great professions of attachment to liberty, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you to turning grindstones!"—*Benjamin Franklin.*

If our true friendships are made but to be lost in a day, they are shallow affairs. If those whom we call our close friends are uncertain and unsteadfast, then the less we have the better. If a friend of mine unintentionally offends me I will not hold him to account. If I am treated unkindly by one whom I love or respect, I will tell such a one, and if he or she be a friend of mine due reparation will be made. If an acquaintance offends me and refuses to right such wrong, then such person was never my friend, and he can do me no permanent harm even as an enemy.

F. L. R.

EVERY INCH A MAN.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragile lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong;
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it
That, God grant, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

HOW A KING MADE A PAGE HAPPY.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and, nobody answering, he opened the door, and found his page fast asleep, in an elbow-chair. He advanced toward him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. As he was a very loving and kind-hearted king, let us forgive his doing what even he had no right to do without leave. It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his wages to relieve her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The King after reading it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to the chamber, he rang the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance, "You have had a sound sleep," said the king.

The page was at loss how to excuse himself, and putting his hand into his pocket, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears without being able to utter a single word.

"What is the matter?"

"Ah, Sire," said the young man throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin; I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep; send that to your mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

SWEET REVENGE.

"I will kill you for that when I'm a man!"

The coffin was only of deal; no blossoms were scattered there;
No lining of satin concealed the timber so rude and bare:
Though the beautiful golden locks were combed from her careworn
face,

There was never a rag of linen shroud, nor a scrap of common lace.
A boy of tender years approached where the dead lay in the room;
With sobbing heart and fevered eyes he entered the place of gloom.
"I want to see her face once more—my mother's dear face," he cried;
"Oh! let me see her but once again—would God that she had not
died!"

"Away!" said the workhouse joiner, "away! and do as I bid;
Get out! do you hear?" he shouted, as he closed the coffin-lid.
"I can't be stopped by such brats as you," and he strode towards
the door.

"D'ye think we're agoin' to mind the whims of blubb'rin' pauper
poor?"

"Only a minute!" the orphan cried, "a minute for one last look!"
He tightly clung to the parish box, and every fiber shook.
But the callous wretch, with curses, struck the panting child a blow
That sent him reeling against the wall, with all his cheeks aglow;
Aglow with indignation, and a fire in his flashing eyes:
"I'll kill you for that when I'm a man, sure as the day shall rise!"
The undertaker turned to the boy with scoff and careless grin,
But he blanched as he met those eyes, and the look that gleamed
within!

* * * * *

The years have sped, with many a change; a court is now the scene:
With hang-dog looks a culprit stands in the dock with craven mien.
"Is the man there undefended?" asked the justice, unconcerned;
And presently a counsel rose, on whom all eyes were turned.
"My lord, I'm for the prisoner here!" And a voice the silence broke.
Whose tones were full of eloquence, and with confidence he spoke;
And when he urged his argument his influence increased—
For his pleading power was matchless—and the culprit was released.

The man accused, so broken down with anxious care and fear,
 Approached his unknown advocate, with thanks and many a tear;
 "Nay, thank me not," the counsel said, "it was not my will that moved,
 But one whose coffin once you closed, and who always mercy loved.
 You drove me from her confined face, when that face I prayed to kiss,
 And I vowed in rage, though but a child, a fearful vow—'twas this:
 I vowed to kill you when a man—to fury by you driven—
 But the spirit of my mother cried, 'Forgive and be forgiven!'"

* * * * *

Then the guilty creature bowed his head and went upon his way.
 And lived repentant of the past, and he ne'er forgot that day;
 But the boy who once resolved to kill, rejoiced, as seasons ran,
 That he had saved a soul alive, and had not killed a man.

—*Bernard Batigan.*

GOD IN NATURE.

One Sunday afternoon, when, as usual on that day, the conversations were longer and of a more religious tone, he was unusually thoughtful, and she allowed him to lead in the conversation by waiting for his questions.

"Mother," said he, "you always taught me that God made the world and all things that are in it. I used to lie down under the shade of the trees in our woodland, and, believing that he really made them with his own hands, I have watched the branches stir and heard the leaves whisper, and I have seen the blossoms come out and sweeten all the grove, till I thought God was really present; I could almost see him at work. And I have talked to him there, and imagined that he heard me, and answered me in the strange voices that came from the forest. I loved so much to walk there; and often when you missed me I was there alone with him. But, mother, I have learned that all this was fancy; I was only dreaming. But it was a sweet dream. God never comes now; I can no longer see or hear him; the woods are silent and dead!"

"But, son, what has changed you so much? Your communings with God were not idle dreamings. Nothing in all your life was ever more real than the presence you felt and loved. God is still

there; he would still speak to you in the trees and blossoms, for he still loves you. But I fear that you have closed your eyes and ears to him. Do not, my dear boy, close also your heart."

"Mother," he replied with much feeling, "I have not changed; but I have learned on the farm that God did not make the trees, as I once thought he did. The oak grew from an acorn, and that from an older oak, which also grew from its seed, and so on back to the beginning, when, I have no doubt, God did make the first oak. Had I lived then, and seen that first work of his hands, I would, indeed, have been near to him and felt his real presence. But that was long, long ago, and far away from here. He is not present here in these trees, and I miss him so much! Yes, mother, I was only dreaming."

"Son," said she, "who wrote that letter lying upon your table?"

"My little friend, Davis Stuart. We promised to write to each other every week. He, too, you know, is learning to farm, as I am."

"But think, my boy. Did not some pen write that letter?"

"Yes, mother, of course; but his hand guided the pen."

"But son, did even the hand know what letters to make, or how to make them?"

"No, ma'am; his mind moved the hand and guided the pen. But his mind is himself. So I was right; Davis himself wrote the letter."

"Yes, son, you were right. The mind or spirit is the true self, and uses the body to express thoughts and feelings. Is there nothing in that letter but pen marks, which you call words?"

"There are thoughts there, and feelings, too, for it is full of love."

"But, son," continued the mother, "words do not think; the pen of a boy does not love. The thoughts and feelings are in his mind and not in the letter. How, then, do you know what he thinks or feels?"

"Are there no thoughts or feelings in words, mother?"

"No, my son; words are only signs of what is in the mind. You see the marks which your friend made with his pen, and from them you learn his thoughts; this we call interpretation."

"Mother, language is wonderful when you think about it."

"Indeed it is. But there are other signs or expressions of thoughts besides language. Those gloves that I knit for you last

winter—do they speak to you of nothing but needles and yarn and stitching?”

“Yes, dear mother; they are full of beauty and love and thought. But I see that these things are not in the gloves, but they are in you; the gloves only express your thoughtful mind and loving heart.”

“I hope, then, my boy, that you will be troubled no more in finding God in the things that he has made—in interpreting his mind in the trees and the flowers. You must remember, however, that the seed and the soil, the sunshine and the shower, do not make trees, any more than the pen and the ink and the hand write your letters. God works through means and speaks through signs, as your friend does, in order to reveal his thoughts and his love. And all his creations are but signs or expressions of his power and wisdom and goodness. Go, then, to the grove again and try to find your God and my God; for he is there, and awaits your coming.”

And the thoughtful boy went out from the presence of his mother, and the glory of his God again illumined the forest. He pondered for days over the timely lesson. Nature began to unfold to him her significant pages, and he read in bird and blossom, in shell and rock, in cloud and sky, the thoughts of God, so far as his young mind could receive them. And when he was old enough to study the rudiments of science, his faith was not startled or weakened by learning of the processes of creation, to explain which is the only aim of science. He now read with his mother and committed to memory such poems as Marvell's "Paraphrase of Psalm XIX.," Thomson's "Hymn of the Season," and selections from Cowper's poems. And with a quickened discernment he considered the lilies, how they are clothed, and the sparrows, how they are fed, and he daily increased in faith.—*From Thornton, by John Aug. Williams.*

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—William Cullen Bryant.

TRAVELING IN SIAM AND LAOS.

It has been well said that one half of the world, does not know how the other half lives. This statement is used generally in reference to the poverty and destitution that exists in many crowded cities and in Heathen countries; but the saying is just as true when applied to domestic customs. Those who are used to the finest and most



TRAVELING IN SIAM AND LAOS.

comfortable conveyances, the sight of an ox cart like the illustration presented herewith, would fill with horror almost if they thought they had to ride on it, yet this style of conveyance is the proper thing in Siam and is the kind used by the natives and foreigners. This cart presented, is one used by an agent of the Bible Society in distributing Bibles printed in the native language to the people of Siam. These colporters are ready to go to any part of the world and conform to the customs existing, in order that the word of God may be presented to the people.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson.*

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred, the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Bags and buttons and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much, I mean—
If a fellow's face is not quite clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch you'd never see!

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
And only sorry, if you are bad;
And I'll tell you this, if you are only true,
She'll always forgive you, whatever you do.

"A fellow's mean who would never try
To keep the tear from her loving eye,
And the fellow's worse who sees it not
That his mother's the truest friend he's got!"

—Margaret E. Sangster.

It makes a person feel noble if he can say that his ancestors were grand and godly in their day and generation. But would it not be grander than this if our grand ancestors could look down upon us and say "what grand sons we have left!" It must be a terrible affliction for a man who has given his life in the service of Christ, to the neglect, perhaps, of his own family, to see his son once his pride and hope, disgrace a noble record by unholy life.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The world is full of people who are ready to do some kind act, if some one can see them who will tell it. There are not so many who are ready to act the part of the good Samaritan. There are comparatively few who will voluntarily hunt out the afflicted, the suffering, the neglected and minister to their needs. In the story of the



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

good Samaritan, recorded in the tenth chapter of Luke, the good Samaritan found the wounded man lying by the roadside, after a priest and a Levite had passed by on the other side, and pretended not to see him. The good Samaritan, though belonging to a despised class, took up the wounded man and carried him to an inn, where he was properly cared for.

There are many noble men and women in our large cities who devote considerable time and money in hunting and ministering to the poor, afflicted and suffering, who are lost in the big, crowded tenement-houses. They are thus as truly manifesting the spirit of the good Samaritan as the man mentioned in the parable of our

Saviour. The purest charity and that which will receive its greatest recognition from our Heavenly Father is that which is unknown to the world.

SHADOWS.

“Oh, dear, I wish the light would shine into this closet,” said a little fellow who was looking for a toy that had rolled away; “why don’t the sun shine around corners? Why is there always a shadow behind anything that is lighted up?” The boy’s questions suggest other and deeper ones. Why do shadows fall upon our hearts? Why can none of us walk in the light all the way of our earthly pilgrimage? Shadows are often welcome. When we journey on a summer day, how glad we are to find shade-trees along the road, to have clouds come between us and the burning sun! If light went around corners, if nothing could intercept its beams, in what a terrible glare we would have to live and toil! We would hate the sun if we found it impossible to hide from him. Our Father knows that we need shade as well as sunshine, and He has so arranged the laws of nature that they shall go together; that whatever is shined on shall cast a shadow, and where there is a bright there shall also be a dark side. Thus not only is our comfort promoted, but beauty results from the play of light and shade. The world owes much that is grandest and loveliest in its scenery to the fact that sunbeams go only in straight lines.

But our Father sees that our spirits need shadows as well as our bodies; that the dark side is as valuable in our soul-culture as the bright side. He shines upon us from His word and by His Spirit. But always a shade goes with the shining. He who finds nothing in the sunniest hours of life to stir his deepest sensibilities, to start the tears in his eyes, has but a shallow nature, or takes only superficial views of that wondrously solemn thing, a life of probation for a life that shall never end. Christian, when shadows creep coldly over your spirit, feel not that God had ceased to shine; that He no longer reigns and no longer loves you; but remember that as the earth needs night as well as day, as vegetation needs clouds as well as sunshine, you need hours of darkness and sadness; you need the mellowing influences of sorrow in the ripening of your character for its work on earth and for its home in heaven.—C. E. B.

DOING ONE'S BEST.

I may not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me;
Or, half-way up the mountain peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor.
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though that goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall upon my way;
My path may lead through shadowed night,
Like some deserted byway.
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless strength in this—
I will be worthy of it.

Courier.

"OVER THE HILLS."

Over the hills and far away
A little boy steals from his morning's play,
And under the blossoming apple tree
He lies and he dreams of the things to be;
Of battles fought and of victories won,
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done—
Of the valor that he shall prove some day,
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
It's oh, for the toil the livelong day!
But it mattered not to the soul aflame
With a love for riches and power and fame!
On, oh man! while the sun is high—
On to certain joys that lie
Yonder where blazeth the noon of day!
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
An old man lingers at close of day;
Now that his journey is almost done.
His battles fought and his victories won—
The old-time honesty and truth
The trustfulness and the friends of youth,
Home and mother—where are they?
Over the hills and far away.—*Eugene Field.*

THE LEGEND OF THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

It was the night of the first passover. She was the first-born in the Hebrew home. She lay sick of a fever. But she heard the order that came from God, through Moses, about sprinkling the blood on the door-posts. She knew that the Death Angel would pass along at midnight, and that wherever he saw not the blood he would slay the first-born. As the evening advanced, and she heard the family feasting in an adjoining room, she became intensely anxious about that blood. She cried at length: "Father! father! is it nearly twelve o'clock? Are the door-posts sprinkled?" "Yes, daughter," he replied; "I ordered it done an hour ago." "But, father!" she cried again, "are you sure? Father, you know that my life depends upon it, and I would like to see it with my own eyes. Father, won't you carry me to the door, that I may look upon the blood?" She persisted in this plea, until her father, to gratify her, took her in his arms to the door. They looked and lo! the blood was not there. He to whom the order had been given had neglected it. Easily may we imagine how they hastened to bring the precious drops and sprinkle the door. Scarcely had they

done so when they heard the rustling of wings and knew that the Death Angel had passed by.

Need I moralize upon this legend? Does it not apply to the homes of many of my readers? If the children there are not anxious themselves about the blood, like this Jewish maiden, their parents ought to be anxious for them.—*C. E. B.*

THE HOME LETTER.

HILDA RICHMOND.

If any one will believe me, there is a young woman in our neighborhood who has not written to her mother for six weeks! I could hardly credit it, though the girl told me herself. During that period she has had time to make an elaborate waist for herself, do some hemstitching, go out a number of evenings, and keep up her usual reading of the papers and magazines. "No news is good news," she says carelessly as she lightly dismisses the matter.

The ideal home letter is always a bright and cheery one. The ideal writer is prompted by love and consideration; therefore the letter receives careful attention. The cold of a few days before which is now almost cured is not mentioned. It is useless to make father and mother worry about something, they can not help, so that fact is omitted. Into the carefully written pages go the little things they will be glad to hear—the words of praise for the cherished child, the good grades in school-work, the part taken in a concert or social, the possibility of promotion in business, and all the other daily happenings. It would be egotistical to repeat to a stranger what the employer said when he raised the wages or promoted the young worker, but fathers and mothers cherish those words in their hearts for years.

It is always pleasant for the home-folks to know that on a certain day the letter from the absent member will come unless there is some accident in the postal service. The very regularity of the cherished letters speaks of tender love and consideration on the part of the absent ones. One mother has failed only one Wednesday in two years to receive a letter from her absent daughter, and then a railroad wreck caused the delay. Surely the daughter must be faithful in every walk in life who is so devoted to her mother.

Petty worries never creep into the right kind of home letters.

Often before the letter reaches home to distress the fond parents, the difficulty is cleared away and the sun is again shining. Neither do imaginary woes find a place on the bright pages. If you enjoy groaning and fretting over the "things that haven't happened yet," do not inflict fears and worries which are still in the future upon the home people. Learn to put the bright side in the letters, and the bright side only. If any real calamity comes, the telephone or telegraph system can be called into requisition, and the minor worries are not worth noticing.

Make the home letter a weekly one, if not oftener than that. Put in it all the cheering things you can think of, and do not forget to mention each time that you love the dear parents—it will never grow old to them, and will brighten many a sad hour. You can never measure the good a cheery, sunny letter can do, but you may be sure the fifty-two or more you send home every year are as so many golden links in the chain which binds the home-hearts and the absent ones together.—*Interior.*

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

From Barefoot Boy.—*John G. Whittier.*



OX TEAMS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FORT CUSTER, MONTANA AND THE CROW AGENCY.

These teams carry a very large load and are more generally in use than mules, as they don't have to be fed grain. They get their living along the road, as they drive in early morning and cool parts of the day. The cattle are turned out with a man to herd them.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul's wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened to your lullaby song:
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

—*Florence Percy.*

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

The birds begin to sing—they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of nature; whose vast theater is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the prelude, which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man.

What a thrill of delight in springtime! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in the gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes, and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold

buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the schoolboy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and still! Not a voice of living thing—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough—not a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

“GOOD-BY, GOD BLESS YOU.”

I like the Anglo Saxon speech
 With its direct revealings;
 It takes a hold and seems to reach
 Way down into your feelings;
 That some folks deem it rude, I know,
 And therefore they abuse it,
 But I have never found it so—
 Before all else I choose it.
 I don't object that men should air
 The Gallic they have paid for,
 With “au revoir,” “adieu ma chere,”
 For that's what French was made for.
 But when a crony takes your hand
 At parting to address you,
 He drops all foreign lingo and
 He says, “Good-by, God bless you!”

I love the words, perhaps, because
 When I was leaving mother
 Standing at last in solemn pause
 We looked at one another;

And I—I saw in mother's eyes
 The love she could not tell me—
 A love eternal as the skies,
 Whatever fate befell me.
 She put her arms about my neck
 And soothed the pain of leaving,
 And though her heart was like to break,
 She spoke no word of grieving;
 She let no tear bedim her eyes
 For fear she might distress me,
 But, kissing me, she said good-by,
 And asked our God to bless me.

—*Eugene Field.*

MARGERY GOES TO SCHOOL.

EMILY G. W. ROWE.

It is an eventful day in the household.

For six years Margery has been the sunshine of the gray old farmhouse. Her little soft hand has lain lovingly and gently in grandfather's wrinkled fingers, in father's toil-hardened palm, in mother's clinging hand. Her merry voice has rivaled the bird-song in the trees.

She has always been so full of joy, so loving, so lovable, so companionable. Somewhere, sometime, her little feet have gathered the grace of love's eagerness of service. Some place, her iris eyes have learned love's trick of beaming gladness. Somehow, her golden hair has drawn into its strands the sunshine's rays of all the years, and each separate thread gives forth lavishly of its fullness.

Margery is going to school. Half glad, half sorrowful, mother kisses her brow, her cheeks, her lips. "Good-by, dear. Be a good girl."

As if Margery—our Margery—could ever be anything else. Out into the world she goes, fearlessly—carrying the sunshine of her youth, her beauty, and her own loving heart with her.

Never again will home be quite the same; never again will mother and father be all in all.

Teachers and companions will widen the horizon. Books will

lead the glad little feet into unknown paths. The wide, wide world is before her.

Dear, innocent, happy, trusting, loving little Margery!

There are thorn-covered bushes on either side of the path, reaching out their briery tendrils, but roses are blooming above them, and her slender fingers will find the blossoms.

In God's care is Margery, as she starts out to school. He, the Great Teacher, will guide her. From His open book, she will learn golden truths. Not that she may grow wise and learned, do we pray, but that always, always, she may keep the same loyal, loving sunny sweetness of her childhood.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part; the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide,

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion—
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
 —*Shakespeare.*

I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true
 For the heaven that smiles above me
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the task by God assigned me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

I live to hail that season
 By gifted minds foretold,
 When man shall live by reason
 And not alone by gold;
 When man to man united
 And every wrong thing righted
 The whole world shall be lighted
 As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE PROPER AGE FOR GIRLS TO MARRY.

It is an admitted fact that many marry too young and that the proper age to marry is now regarded as later in life than formerly. Governor Warfield, of Maryland, in a recent address, stirred up a deal of controversy upon this ever highly interesting question when he ventured to suggest the proper age for women to enter the marriage state. The chivalrous governor, while not taking issue with the fair sex upon a subject which so intimately concerns them and in which they would seem to be the supreme arbiters, argues that the age of twenty-five or twenty-six is the proper maturity of charming femininity, when, and not till then, is it desirable to accept so grave a responsibility.

One of the most prominent clergymen of the metropolis, when asked his view upon this feminine problem, after some reticence, replied: "It is not so much a question as to when young women should marry as at what age they do marry. My observations lead me to believe that young women are marrying later in life than their grandmother's, and that as education goes higher and travel and converse with the broad world is less limited, the marriage date is pushed further and further forward, so that the society girl of to-day who marries at the age of twenty or thereabouts, as her great-grandmother did, is the exception.

Health, heredity, environment, the state, social influences and all enter into the equation, said the governor, and a right view of these requires some years of training. The man who might please a young girl right from school is not likely to be the kind of man she would have chosen a few years later, when she has seen something of the world and is conversant with the problems of life and realizes the immense possibilities of the married state for happiness or misery. Young people are impressionable and romantic, and if left to their own free will and choice are apt to run into matrimonial snags from which there is no remedy. There are many cases where early and hasty marriages have been followed by lives of drudgery and discontent which would have been avoided if the young people concerned had only waited a few years and better prepared themselves for the struggle which they undertook too early and ill equipped.

Dr. W. Gill Wylie, of Bellevue, thinks that an important thing is

that girls should be bred with a view to physical development, special and general. Fresh air, out-of-door life, particularly between the ages of eleven and seventeen, are to be mentioned as essential. With these restrictions he thinks that the higher education for women is not objectionable, but it should not be forced upon immature girls. All that tends to arouse the emotions and pervert them is decidedly harmful. If a girl is physically well developed the age for marriage in races of Anglo-Saxon descent may vary between twenty and twenty-five. At that age a girl is likely to be mature both physically and mentally. But in southern countries it may be necessary to marry younger. After the age of twenty-five—that is, after the natural mating season—marriage is founded more upon the intellectual than upon the natural attraction of the beauty of youth. Girls who wish to study and avail themselves of the higher education should defer marriage until afterward. In all cases physical maturity must be assured. The children of youthful marriages are enthusiastic, elastic; those of older marriages more precocious.

The well-known writer, Bernant C. Richards, says that from a common-sense viewpoint early marriages must depend upon who the persons are. If a man and woman are not going to do anything of importance later in life, are of ordinary commonplace aim, have nothing to teach or preach or write or paint, they need not defer marriage. There are, besides, those who can live in several worlds at once—be active workers in various spheres and divide their interests well. Practically early marriages need not hamper such natures. For the average person, however, it is just as well to take one's time and remember that it is best to be a little older than one's children. The great essential is experience. And just here is the difficulty, for knowledge of life does not come very early—if it ever comes at all. And when the helping to shape the destinies of others is in question one should be wise. People do not know their own minds, feelings, and abilities early in life. All of this makes it necessary that they should hesitate in order to avoid unhappiness. Marriage is such a delicate, intricate arrangement that there can never be too much forethought.

Young women, and men, too, should remember that romantic attachments of youth are not always or even generally lasting, and that "we rarely marry where we first fall in love." We can not presume to lay down any ironclad rule concerning the exact age when a girl

should marry, depending, as it does, upon the part of the world she happens to live in, her mental and physical development, and other good and sufficient reasons which bear directly upon the matter. But it is safe to say that at the age of twenty-six the young woman is sufficiently matured in body, mind and experience with the world (and the problems of matrimony, so far as her observations of others is concerned) to face such a condition jointly with the man of her choice, and that in the average case of the American girl this is more likely to be the proper age rather than any other age, that proscribed by law, in some states, being ridiculously immature.—*Christian Work*.

A DAUGHTER'S PRINCIPLES ANALYZED.

Rachel is a real character, and will, I fear, recognize herself.

Both young men and maidens venerated the aged Sheshbazzar, and vied with each other in honoring his gray hairs as a "crown of glory." He was a second conscience to all the youth of Beersheba, who studied to maintain a good conscience towards God or man. When the young men looked upon the daughters of the Canaanites, and thought of allying themselves with "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel," they remembered that Sheshbazzar would not bless the forbidden union; and turned their attention to the daughters of the Covenant. When the maidens of Beersheba were fascinated by the garb and bearing of the sons of Belial, they felt that they could not meet the eye of the holy Patriarch, and drew their veils closer around them in the streets. Thus all the plans of the young had a tacit reference to his opinion, and the hope of his approbation and benediction mingled with their brightest prospects. "What will Sheshbazzar think of me?" was a question which, however simple in itself, disentangled whole webs of sophistry, and unmasked the most plausible appearances. It revealed the secrets of the heart to the conscience, and the frauds of the conscience to the judgment. It was, indeed, a simple question; but it searched the reins like "the candle of the Lord"—because all who reflected, felt that the good old man could have no object but their good; and that whatever influence he had acquired over them, was won, not by stratagem, but by weight and worth of character. It was the spell of his fine spirit, which, like the mantle of Elijah, cast upon

the plowman of Abelmeholah, drew them after him as with "cords of love."

Among the daughters of the Covenant, who listened to his wisdom, and loved his approbation, Rachel was the most enthusiastic. She was modest as the lily of the valley, but sensitive as the tremulous dewdrops that gemmed it. Like the clouds of the spring upon Carmel or Hermon, she wept and smiled in the same hour. Her spirit soared at times like the eagle of Engedi, until lost in the light which is full of glory; and, anon, it drooped like the widowed dove in the gloomy avenues of Heshbon and Kedron. She was alternately glowing and freezing; too high or too low. In all things, but in her modest gentleness, she was the creature of circumstances. Even in religion, she had no fixed principles. She was feelingly alive to its beauties, but dead to its real spirit. Whilst it inspired thoughts which breathed, and words which burned with immortality, she was enraptured with it; but when its oracles or ordinances led to thoughts of penitence, or words of humiliation, she had no sympathy of spirit with them. She wept, indeed, over her fallen nature; but not because it was fallen from the moral image of Jehovah. The loss of intellectual power, not the loss of holy feeling, grieved her. She felt deeply mortified, because she could not maintain all the mental elevation of a rational being; and she thought her mortification humility! She deplored the weakness and waywardness of her mind, in the strongest terms of self-abasement; but not because her mind disliked secret prayer and self-examination. She lamented that she had so little communion with God; but it was not the communion of a child with a Father, nor of a penitent with a Savior, but the communion of a poet with the God of nature—of a finite spirit with the Infinite Spirit—that had charms for her. She gloried in the altars and mercy-seat of the temple; not as they were types of salvation by the atonement of the promised Messiah, but as they were the seat and shrine of the cloud of glory and the sacred fire.

All this Sheshbazzar saw and lamented. But Rachel was gentle, and he loved her; she had genius, and he admired her. Men of one idea thought her mad; and men with half a heart deemed her a mere visionary. Sheshbazzar regarded her as a young vine among the rocks of the Dead Sea, whose grapes are embittered by the bitumen of the soil; and he hoped, by transplanting and pruning, to displace its poisonous juices. But the difficulty was to convince her that even her virtues

were like the grapes of Gomorrah, unfit to be presented "before the Lord, in the waive-offering of the first fruits," or to be mingled in "the drink offering." They were, indeed, so; for, like the vines of Gomorrah, she bore fruit to herself, not to the glory of God. Her morality was high-toned; but only because she reckoned immorality beneath the dignity of female character. Her taste was simple; but only because she deemed follies unworthy of her talents. Her sympathies were prompt and tender; but they were indulged more for the luxury of deep emotion than for the sake of doing good. What became her, as a woman, and a woman whom Sheshbazzar reckoned "one of a thousand," was both the reason and the rule of her excellencies. She never prayed for grace to sanctify or sustain her character; and as her tastes and pursuits were far above even the comprehension, as well as the level, of ordinary minds, Rachel never suspected that her "heart was not right with God." The Elders of the city, had, indeed, often told her so in plain terms, made plainer by the shaking of their hoary heads; but although she was too gentle to repel the charge, she only pitied their prejudices. Sheshbazzar, as she imagined, thought very differently of her; and his smile was set against their insinuations. He perceived this mistake, and proceeded to correct it. He had borne with it long, in hope that it would correct itself. He had made allowances, and exercised patience, and kept silence on the subject, until his treatment of Rachel began to be reckoned weakness, and not wisdom, by his best friends. His plan had been to bear aloft his young eaglet upon his own mighty wings, until she breathed the air of spirits, and bathed in the light of eternity; and then throw her off upon the strength of her own pinions, that she might, whilst he hovered near to intercept a sudden fall, soar higher in the empyrean of glory, and come down "changed in the same image," and humbled by the "exceeding weight" of that glory. But the experiment failed: she descended mortified because of her weakness, not humbled because of her unworthiness. He resolved, therefore,

"To change his hand and check her pride."

"Rachel," said Sheshbazzar, "the first day of vintage is near at hand, and there is but little fruit on my vines: could we not send to the Dead Sea for grapes of Gomorrah, and present them before

the Lord, 'as a waive-offering, and pour them out as a drink offering?' "

Rachel was surprised at the question; for it was put solemnly, and betrayed no symptom of irony.

"Grapes of Gomorrah!" Rachel exclaimed, "ask rather, if a strange fire, or a torn lamb, may be safely presented at the altar of Jehovah?" But Sheshbazzar mocked his handmaid. "The curse is upon all the ground of the cities of the plain; and, moreover, the grapes of Gomorrah are as bitter as they are beautiful. Even the wild goats turn away from the vines of Sodom. What does my father mean? The form of thy countenance is changed! Like the spies, I will go to Eshcol or Engedi for clusters to spread before the Lord; for the Lord our God is a jealous God."

"True, my daughter," said Sheshbazzar; "and if it would be sacrilege to present the grapes of Gomorrah in the waive-offering, because they grow on the land of the curse, and have imbibed its bitterness; how must a jealous and holy God reject the homage of a proud spirit? The fruits of that spirit draw their juices from a soil more deeply cursed than the Asphaltic—and of which Gomorrah, when in flames, was but a feeble emblem."

"But, Sheshbazzar," said Rachel, "to whom does this apply? Not to your spirit, for it is a veiled seraph, lowliest in itself when loftiest in its adorning contemplations. And MY spirit—is too weak to be proud. *I feel myself a mere atom amidst infinity. I feel less than nothing, when I realize the Infinite Spirit of the universe."

"It is well, my daughter, but what do you feel when you realize Him as the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity? Rachel! I never heard you exclaim, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' You have called yourself an atom in the universe—an insect in the solar blaze—an imperfect grape on the vine of being; any thing, but a SINNER. It was not thus that Abraham, and Job, and Isaiah, felt before the Lord. It is not thus that I feel. You think me like the grapes of Sibnah and Engedi, ripe for the service of the heavenly temple. Ah, my daughter! nothing but the 'BLOOD OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT' keeps me from despair; and there is nothing else between you and Tophet."

Rachel trembled. She had never marked the humility of the

Patriarchs, not paused to consider what the soul and sin must be—seeing they required such an atonement. She retired weeping; and, for the FIRST time, retreated into her closet to pray for MERCY.—*Selected, by O. A. Carr.*

THAT LITTLE GIRL OF MINE.

OTTO J. BULFIN.

When the hours of toil are over
And the house is lone and still,
Left to slumber by the sunbeams
That have slipped behind the hill,
Then I love to sit and ponder
In a peaceful reverie,
While my little girl up yonder
Seems to come and talk to me.

Why she went, I often wonder;
Did the Master wish it so?
Or did some human blunder
Cause my little girl to go?
For so oft our wayward strayings
Bring what God did not intend;
Ah, these earthly eyes will never
Understand it till the end.

But I cease these doubts and sighings
When these blessed visions come,
And the light that dimmed abruptly
Shines again within our home:
And I close my eyes to deepen
The deception that I love,
While my little angel darling
Comes to cheer me from above.

Now the charming apparition
Shades the dim light in the door;
And I hear her footsteps patter
As she toddles o'er the floor.

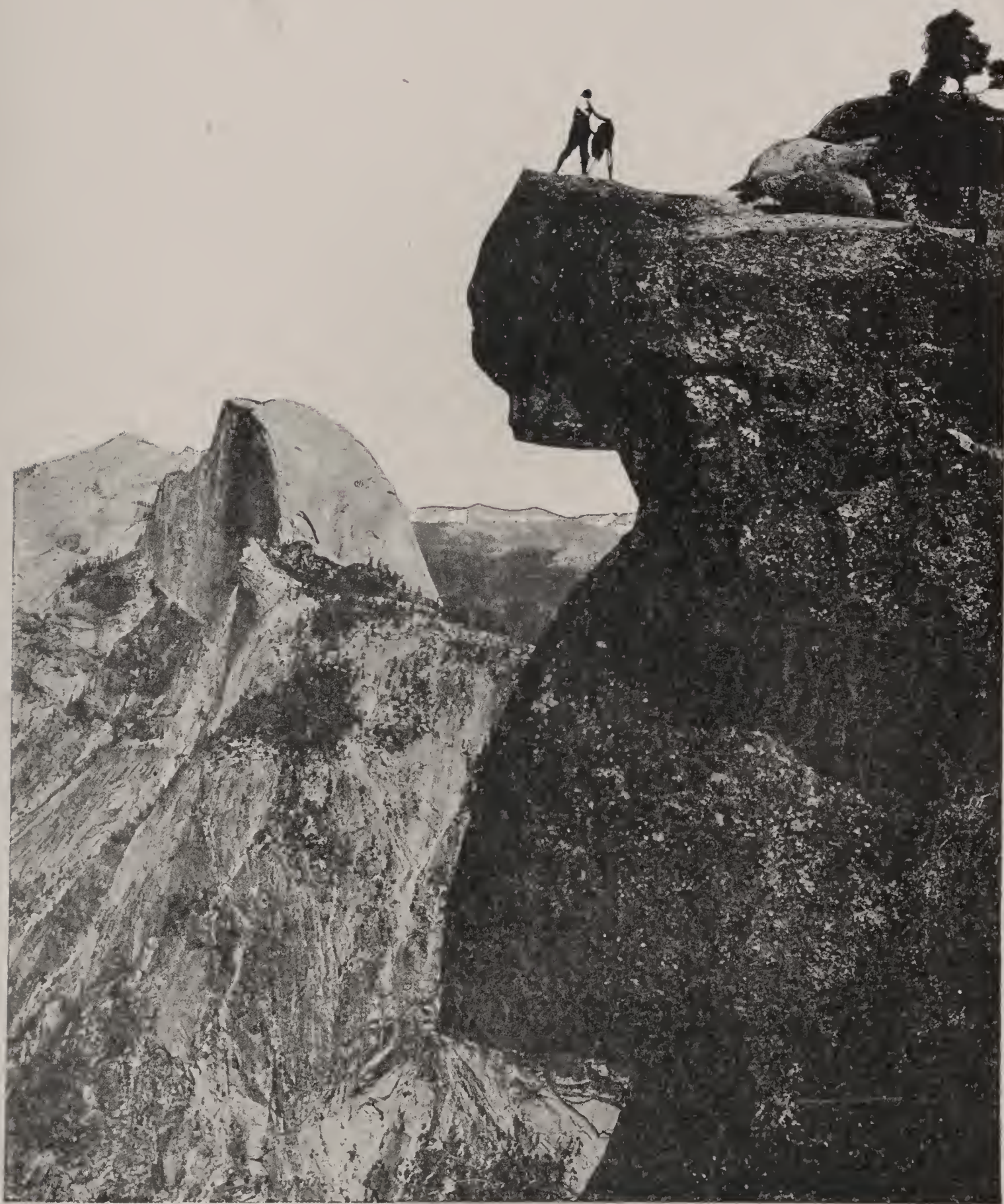
Yes, I know they're only echoes
From a past afar behind,
But I live there when I'm dreaming
In the castles of my mind.

I can hear her creeping nearer,
For she thinks I cannot see;
But my eyes are never clearer
Than when baby comes to me.
And I stretch my arm to girdle
Round the cherub of my love,
The child that holds my hearstrings
And controls me, though above.

On her head my tears are falling,
But their bitterness has flown;
And my heart is soothed from aching,
Soothed beyond the power to groan:
For the bitterness of sorrow
Leaves when pain is oft caressed,
And I smile while I am pressing
My bereavement to my breast.

But it cannot last forever,
My delusion melts away,
Fast escaping from my clutches
Though I long to have it stay;
But my heart is resting calmer
As the dreamings leave my eyes,
And my baby-love, my charmer,
Plumes her pinions for the skies.

'Twill not always be a fancy,
'Twill not always be a dream;
For each evening finds me nearer
To the destinies that gleam
In the everlasting City,
The abode of painless love,
Where a welcome real awaits me
From my little girl above.



GLACIER POINT AND HALF DOME, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Miscellaneous.

THE QUESTION OF A CAREER.

By ADA MAY CROMWELL.

A career or not a career? That is the question that awaits an answer at the door of the heart of the young woman of today. The one I want to tell you about took the career, because at ten she drew a picture of her sleeping kitten that showed talent; thenceforward all things else were pushed aside for its development.

Bohemia and Paris came to know her well, and when it was announced that her masterpiece would be hung in the Academy the world of art looked up to see—the white kitten asleep on the doorstep, perfected, and the art critics wrote of the picture as the work of a master.

When I saw her and had spoken my congratulations, I asked: “What next? Where does this ambition lead?”

I had read a tale of a probable journey to South Africa “where the young artist would continue her studies in animal life.” She had been abroad seven years and I rather shrank from having her come into the kitchen to assist in seeding the plums, but she sat down on the step without so much as lifting her white skirt, and, with a laugh that seemed an echo of our childhood, replied: “Ambition is a myth. It has led me a long, hard chase. I will not say it has disappointed me, but what I want now is a real kitten on a doorstep of my own and time to stroke it.”

Then I thought of what Emerson says about circles. How everything, and all of us, move in circles, and I have concluded that this matter of careers is no exception; and if it takes us up and dallies with us awhile, it lays us back where it found us; or, if it leads us fast and hard, bouyed with excitement and lust of conquest, ere we are aware the path has circled and we are back where we started.

I arrived at that last conclusion as I sat in a big leather chair in the seventeenth story of a sky-scraper, and blinked hard in my effort to comprehend somewhat of this talk about “stocks” and “dividends”

I was listening to, and I looked hard between blinks to see if the corpulent man behind the spectacles was the same fellow I had used to roll hoops with. Out in the big woods pasture we had our old stamping ground, and between times, when the hoops had run us down, we used to lie there and look up through the trees and I would build air castles and people them with good fairies, while he—the man behind the spectacles—no, the slim-legged boy, would dig his heels in the grass and “pshaw” at me and say,

“When I’m a man I’ll not stay here in this old country with nothing to see but old horses and cows, and nothing to hear but this old branch. I’m going to make money; lots of it; enough to buy everything I want.”

Lo! I blinked and looked at him, the corpulent man, but the picture of the slim-legged boy came between us.

“Jack,” I broke into a million-dollar pool irreverently, “What are you going to do with it all?”

He threw down a blue print he knew I did not understand and said: “I have a dream of a country place, a farm with woodland and streams and cattle and horses thereon and time to look at them.”

Circles, circles.

What I want to say to the young woman—dare I say, the young man—who longs for the tumult beyond the pasture fence, is not to burn your bridges behind you.

Coming back you will need them.

What is to become of our home life, if the girls all leave it and go to seek a career?

I have said that the question awaits an answer, and to the girl who hears it for the first time, I say let it knock again. If it is Genius knocking, he will lead you forth on a career where Envy will sneer at you. If Ambition wants you, she will knock down the family altar to pull you out, and leave you hungry and cold with only memory to visit you. If it is Selfishness wants you, she will beckon you away from those you love and leave you alone among those whom when you ask a fish will give you a serpent.

But if it is Duty knocking, he will knock again and you will do well to rise up and follow him and he will perhaps lead you out to prepare the evening meal, and in serving those who love you you will find the most beautiful career that can come to a dweller on this sphere.

A FINE PICTURE.

"I have just seen a most beautiful picture," said Mr. C. to his friend Mr. T., as they met after the labors of the day.

"What was it?" said Mr. T.

"It was a landscape. The conception is most beautiful, and the execution well-nigh perfect. You must go with me and see it before it is removed."

"I have seen a fine picture today myself."

"Have you? What was it?"

"I received notice this morning that there was a great suffering in a certain family, and as soon as I could leave my business I went to see what could be done. I climbed up to the garret where the family was sheltered, and as I was about to knock at the door, I heard a voice in prayer. When the prayer was ended, I entered the wretched apartment, and found a young merchant, whose shop I had just been in, and whose business I knew was very pressing. Yet he felt it, and spent some time in personal labors for the comfort of the sick and suffering inmates of that garret; and when I came to the door he was praying with them preparatory to taking his leave. I asked him how he could find time to leave his business at such a busy season; and he replied that it was known that the condition of the family had been communicated to several professing Christians, and that he was afraid the cause of religion would suffer if relief were not promptly given. 'It is not absolutely necessary,' said he, 'that I should make money, but it is absolutely necessary that Christ's honor should be maintained.' "

BIRTHDAYS.

One joyous thought, in this world of sadness, is, that there is never a day in the calendar but many are celebrating their birthday upon it; and there is joy and gladness in many a house. It is a dark heart that never looks at the bright side of things. Birthdays should be kept with: (1) Fervent thanksgiving. (2) Deep humiliation. (3) Faithful self-examination. (4) Earnest prayer. And if it is a day of extra happiness to yourself, go and try if you cannot gladden some other heart.

RETURN FROM GOLGATHA.

The death and departure of Christ were to his followers like the fabled statute of Memnon which sent forth sounds, mournful in the night, but melodious at the rising of the sun. When God's morning light arose, how sweet the notes those facts once only sad, emitted.—*A. J. Morris.*

It is said that gardeners sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go down patiently to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tender foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often, in celestial gardening every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Few portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur, but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places these masses consist of vast walls of coarse gray or drab sandstone, placed horizontally until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure at their base, into which the billows rush with a noise resembling low pealing thunder. By this means, large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts from which they have separated standing like huge misshapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand like the leaves of an open book. At the same time, the volcanic rocks sent up from below have risen in high mountain piles. Such is the condition of things at the Porcupine Mountains.



THE RETURN FROM GOLGOTHA.

There are yet other theaters of action for this sublime mass of inland waters, where it has manifested perhaps still more strongly, if not strikingly, its abrasive powers. The whole force of the lake, under the impulse of a northwest tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of the black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar or minerals of softer structure, and have thus been led inland, and torn up large fields of amygdaloid and other rock, or left portions of them standing in rugged knobs or promontories. Such are the east and west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweenaw, which has recently become the theater of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated attractions, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista are presented. One day's scenes are but the prelude to another, and when weeks and months have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, the traveler has only to ascend some of its streams and go inland to find falls and cascades, and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet the pebbles are agates. The water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiriting kind. To visit such a scene is to draw health from its purest fountains, and to revel in intellectual delights.—*Henry R. Schoolcraft.*

DO EVERYTHING AS IF IT WERE THE LAST ACT OF THY LIFE.

See that thou devote thyself zealously, as a Roman and a man of energy, to every work that thou mayest have on hand, with scrupulous and unfeigned dignity of character, with the love of the human race, independence, and a strict adherence to justice, and withdraw thyself from all other thoughts. Thou wilt give thyself relief if thou doest every act of this life as if it were the last.—*Marcus Antonius* (born A. D. 121.)

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

John Colter, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, who was in the region in 1807, was the first white man to see any part of what is



OLD FAITHFUL.

now the park. James Bridger and Jos. L. Meek, fur trappers, were there in the 30's. Warren A. Ferris saw the geysers in 1834, and wrote the first published account of them. Captain DeLacy explored a part of the country in 1863, Folsom and Cook were there in 1869, the Washburn-Doane party in 1870, and Dr. Hayden in 1871-2.

Yellowstone Park was established by the government March 1, 1872. Subsequently a Forest Reserve was added on the east and south sides. The park proper is about sixty-two miles long from north to south, fifty four miles wide, and has an area of 3,312 square miles. It is mostly in Northwestern Wyoming, a narrow strip being in Montana and Idaho. The park is an elevated plateau surrounded by mountains and has an average elevation

above sea level of about 7,500 feet. Large streams of lava have spread over the park, and these have been greatly modified by glacial action and erosion.

The government has entire control of the park. All new roads opened and the repairs and maintenance of old roads and trails are entirely dependent upon Congressional appropriations. The roads

are now in very fine condition, a great deal of work and expense having recently been put upon them, and steel and concrete bridges have almost entirely replaced wooden ones.

The beauties of Yellowstone Park must be seen to be appre-



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

ciated. It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the wonderful works of nature or to paint a word-picture that will convey the faintest idea of the profusion of gorgeous colors and tints as seen in the Canon of the Yellowstone and about the natural paintpots and hot water springs that are found in profusion in the park. The geysers (we give a picture of Old Faithful on page 194) are wonderful

works of nature. They are columns of boiling water forced from the earth by subterranean forces. In the same geyser basin, or local area of a few acres, will be found geysers spouting at unequal regular intervals, varying from fifteen minutes between eruptions to twelve days.

The Canon of the Yellowstone (see page 53) is, perhaps, the grandest in all American scenery, because of the profusion of colors that tint its steep banks. The Falls of the Yellowstone are 310 feet in height and the river at the bottom of the Canon looks like a tiny stream

FRIENDSHIP.

Cicero has well said, "Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed." Friendship seems as necessary an element of a comfortable existence in this world as fire and water, or even air itself. A man may drag along a miserable existence in proud, solitary dignity, but his life is scarce life; it is nothing but an existence, the tree of life being stripped of the leaves of hope and the fruits of joy. He who would be happy here must have friends; and he who would be happy hereafter, must, above all things, find a friend in the world to come, in the person of God, the father of His people.

Friendship, however, though very pleasing and exceedingly blessed, has been the cause of the greatest misery to men when it has been unworthy and unfaithful; for just in proportion as a good friend is sweet, a false friend is full of bitterness. "A faithful friend is sharper than an adder's tooth." It is sweet to repose in some one; but oh, how bitter to have that support snapped, and to receive a grievous fall as the effect of your confidence. Fidelity is an absolute necessary in a true friend. We cannot rejoice in men unless they will stand faithful to us. Solomon declares that "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." That friend, I suppose, he never found in the pomps and vanities of the world. He had tried them all, but he found them empty; he passed through all their joys, but he found them "Vanity of vanities." The world's friendship is ever brittle; trust to it, and you have trusted a robber; rely upon it, and you have leaned upon a sham; aye, worse than that, upon a spear, which shall pierce you to the soul with agony!—*Spurgeon*.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Reached by stage from Raymond and from Merced, on the San Joaquin Valley Line of the Southern Pacific, is the wonderful Yosemite Valley. In this little Valley of the Yosemite, containing only six square miles of territory, and shut in by sheer walls from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, their sides washed by wondrous sheets of water that tumble into the valley over precipices from 300 to 2,600 feet high, is probably contained more beauty and grandeur than can be found in anything like the same limited area anywhere else in the world. The level, meadow-like floor of the valley is covered with a rich carpet of green and a mass of flowers, dotted with beautiful groups of silver fir, red cedar, tamarack and yellow pine, the great conifers of the Sierras, between whose trunks is caught the occasional home-like shimmer of a white tent or the light of an Indian camp-fire, while by way of contrast one has but to raise the eyes to the stupendous walls of perpendicular rock, reaching the sublime height of half a mile or more, that hem the valley in with grotesque and novel shapes.

The Yosemite Falls (see page 199), half way down the length of the valley, leap, in three bounds, a distance of 2,600 feet. "A mad, mighty, magnificent plunge is Yosemite Falls. Here learn to be real. Think of a person looking upon these falls, just before they leap over the gray granite, beholding a thousand sparkling gems of spray glistening in the sunlight, remembering that in his shirt front is a paste diamond. Think of a woman watching these pearls of pure melted snow, realizing that her cheeks are painted. Here learn humility. In the midst of such grandeur what is man? This angry stream cares no more for a human being than a tree. Toss in either and it would dash its burden into fragments. A single misstep would throw one into the power of this beautiful but heartless tyrant. In the surging swirl, tossed by the seething, roaring rapids, one would be hurled to death. How impotent it makes one feel!

"Beside these majestic falls let us learn also the dignity of man. These iridescent falls, noble spires and massive domes were made for us. Every feature of this sublime scenery is adapted to heighten our appreciation of the human race. Nature is eloquent with prophecies of the advent of man, indeed, ours is a prepared planet for a prepared people.

“Chief among the attractions of this incomparable valley is Half Dome, (page 185) towering skyward nearly a mile. Nothing in the world can approach it for sublimity. I pronounced it the most magnificent mass of granite in the world. At present it is the only inaccessible peak. A young Scotchman named George G. Anderson was the first to scale its smooth side and gain its summit. The upper face which you see is absolutely vertical for 3,000 feet, and the top of the dome contains over seven acres. Anderson toiled with characteristic Scotch perseverance for three months, and finally threw a rope over its towering crest. This enabled others to easily make the trip. The rope soon decayed. In the center of the valley is beautiful Mirror Lake (page 109) in whose clear waters the surrounding heights are reflected, while great domes, spires and pinnacles of rock, such as El Capitan, The Half Dome, The Three Brothers, Inspiration Point, Liberty Cap and Cloud Rest, stand guard over this storehouse of Nature's beauties.

“Mirror Lake is rich in spiritual suggestions. Its reflected trees and mountains remind us that the lower reflects the higher. The Savior, taking the ordinary affairs of life, converted them into mirrors, in which His hearers saw themselves as God sees them. The sunrise affords four illustrations. First, it rose, according to promise. Our guide book said that the sun would appear in the lake at 7:15. We were there and found it all true; so the Sun of Righteousness appeared on earth according to the prediction of the guide book—the Old Testament. Second, the sun is first seen in the heavens and later mirrored in the water; so Jesus first dwelt in the heavens and later upon the earth. Third, the sun veiled in the water by a blue haze teaches the lesson of the Incarnation. Our Savior is God seen in human flesh. God was in Christ. The divine effulgence which shone undimmed in glory became veiled on earth. Fourth, it is blinding to gaze upon the sun, but we may with safety behold it in the water. With this fact in mind Dryden writes: ‘As sun in water we can bear yet not the sun but his reflection there.’ So no man can look upon God and live. Our poor planet could not endure a visit from the sun, but if he will send a ray, tempered by the atmosphere, every flower will strive to greet it. The ‘Father of Lights’ shone through the ‘Light of the World.’ John wrote enthusiastically: ‘We have seen with our eyes. . . . The Word of Life.’



YOSEMITE FALLS.

"The Christian is compared by St. Paul to a mirror. 'But we all with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord are transformed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Lord the Spirit.' Professor Drummond endears this verse to all readers of his 'Perfected Life.' The Bible is a Christian's mirror. The ten pearl-colored mountains towering four to six thousand feet are faultlessly reproduced in the lake. Mt. Watkins, Half Dome, Cloud's Rest and El Capitan lift their faces against the sky, but the water returns them to our feet. Not dissimilar are Abraham, Moses, Isaiah and Paul. While they tower far above us yet in the sacred page their stalwart characters are seen. A fleeting cloud, a passing bird are mirrored symbols of the heavenly forces disclosed to the thoughtful Bible student. The Word brings heaven down until we can look within; so, indeed, does this charming lake. God is seen brooding over His people. Our Lord mirrored His Father. Looking into His face Philip might see the Father. The glory of God shone from the face of Jesus Christ. Jesus is the image of the invisible God.'

"The valley is suggestive of heaven. It helps me to understand the meaning of our Lord's words: 'I go to prepare a place for you.' When I consider the ages and forces required to afford the children of this planet such a playground, I wonder what will be the chief charm of that golden city of God!"—*J. B. Orr.*

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CHARACTER OF A STATESMAN.

He who hates his own children, he who is a bad parent, cannot be a good leader of the people. He who is insensible to the duties which he owes to those who are nearest, and who ought to be dearest, to him, will never feel a higher regard for your welfare, who are strangers to him. He who acts wickedly in private life can never be expected to show himself noble in his public conduct. He who is base at home will not acquit himself with honor when sent to a foreign country in a public capacity; for it is not the man, but the place merely, that is changed.—*Aeschines* (born 389 B. C.)

THE FATHER OF WATERS.

Not only in the extent of fertile territory drained, but in the vast flood of waters which it carries down to the Gulf, the Mississippi has no equal among the rivers of Europe.

Ay, gather Europe's royal rivers all—
 The snow-swelled Neva, with an empire's weight
 On her broad breast, she yet may overwhelm;
 Dark Danube, hurrying, as by foe pursued,
 Through shaggy forests and from palace walls,
 To hide its terrors in a sea of gloom;
 The castled Rhine, whose vine-crowned waters flow,
 The fount of fable and the source of song;
 The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths
 The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;
 The yellow Tiber, choked with Roman spoils,
 A dying miser shrinking 'neath his gold;
 And Seine, where fashion glasses fairest forms;
 And Thames, that bears the riches of the world;
 Gather their waters in one ocean mass—
 Our Mississippi, rolling proudly on,
 Would sweep them from its path, or swallow up,
 Like Aaron's rod, these streams of fame and song.
—Sarah J. Hale.

LOSSES.

Losses are frequently the means God uses to fetch home his wandering sheep; like fierce dogs, they worry the wanderers back to the shepherd. There is no making lions tame if they are too well fed; they must be brought down from their great strength, and their stomachs must be lowered a bit, and then they will submit to the tamer's hand; and often have we seen the Christian rendered obedient to his Lord's will by straightness of bread and hard labor. When rich and increased in goods, many professors carry their heads much too loftily and speak much too boastfully. Like David they boast: "My mountain standeth fast; it shall never be moved." When the Christian groweth wealthy, is in good repute, hath good health, and a happy

family, he too often admits Mr. Carnal Security to feast at his table. If he be a true child of God, there is a rod preparing for him.—*Spurgeon.*

BIRD'S NESTS.

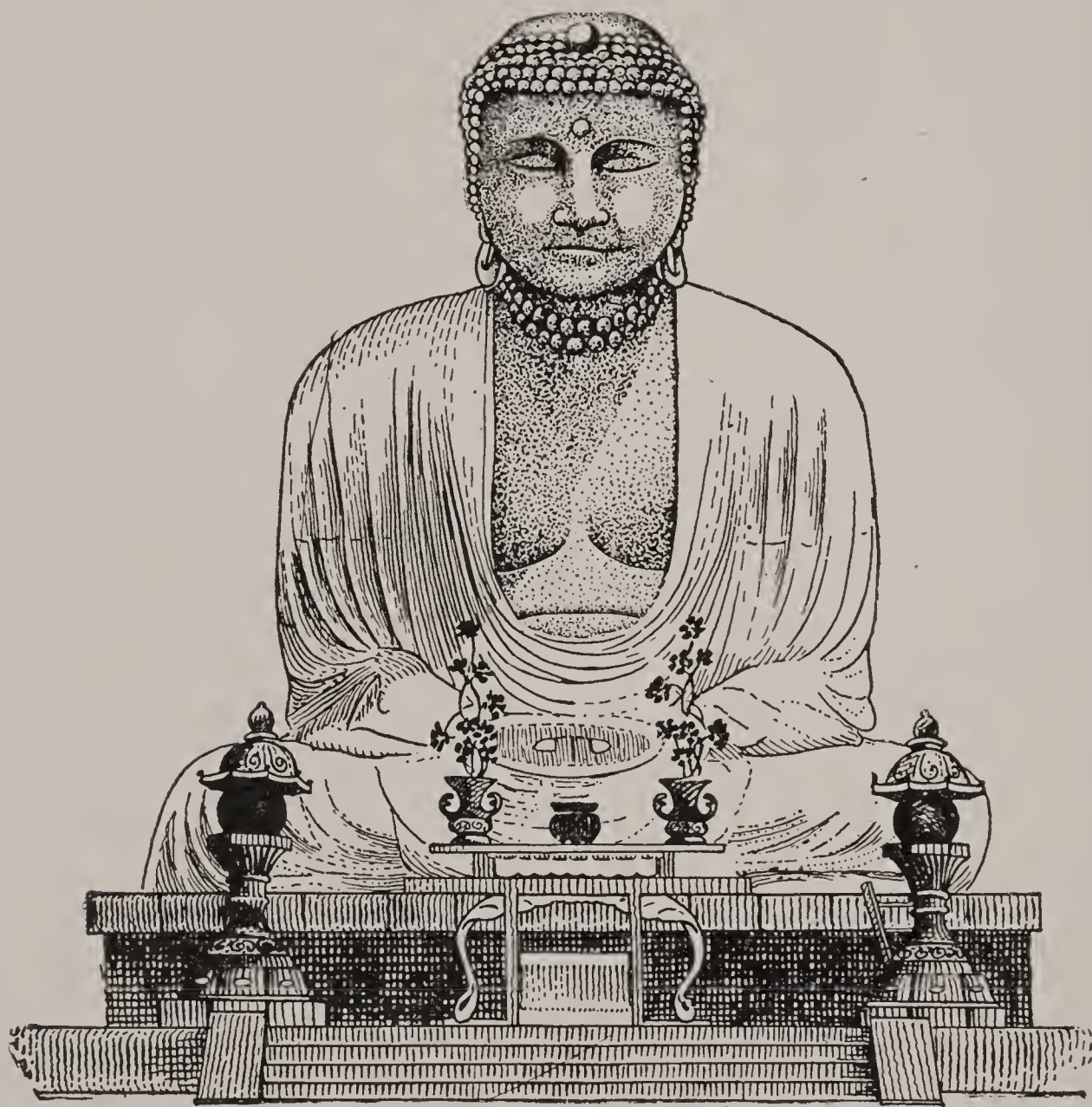
JOHN T. POE.

What a wonderful thing is a bird's nest! Woven and twined in and around the limbs of some tree, or vine, and without glue or cement, without needle or thread, or hammer or nail, fastened so securely that the fierce winds of the storm do not blow them out, nor destroy the eggs. How can the bird build them so securely? You could not do it. I could not, and yet the bird does it, and makes no mistake. How is that? God gave the bird the natural instinct to build its nest, and to build it strong and safe. That it is done by instinct and not by reasoning is evident from the fact that birds build their nests now just as they did a thousand years ago. There is no improvement, no change in design or material. They still build just as God taught them to build in the beginning; and they will go on building as now to the end of the world. But, really, they need no change, for such bird builds, by instinct, a nest peculiarly adapted to its purposes. It is God's doing, and it is right. Does God still take note of the birds? Indeed He does. He sees every bird's nest, and even counts the eggs in each nest.

When Israel was about to cross over the Jordan and go into the Promised Land, God said to them that they should be careful of the birds over there. He told them if they should come across a bird's nest in their march, and find the mother bird sitting on the eggs in the nest, that they must not disturb the mother bird or her eggs, but they must go around the nest, leaving it undisturbed. Think of it! Israel marching through the fields. Some one in front of the two millions who were marching into their new homes, some one calls out, "A bird's nest!" Immediately the great army of people divide the column in front, some going one side of the nest, others passing by on the other. But no one daring to disturb the mother bird on her nest. God does care for birds. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge." So too, God cares for His children.

THE COLOSSAL IDOL, THE KAMAKURA DAI BUTSU.

There is a gigantic image about two miles from Kamakura, and twenty miles from Yokohama. The colossal idol of Buddha here is of bronze, and, though sitting in Oriental style, is forty-four feet



THE COLOSSAL IDOL.

high, and, including the terrace on which it sits, is sixty-five feet. It is probably the most finished work of art the Japanese possess, regarded both for its beauty and the religious sentiment it expresses. After leaving Kamakura, with its wonderful old temples, the road passes out among the rice fields, down toward the shore washed by the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Every here and there torii, or bird's rests, as they are called, great gateways, modeled after those before

the topes in India, are placed. They consist of two upright shafts of stone, about ten or twelve feet high, with crosspieces on their tops bending upwards at the ends, and extending beyond the uprights, and a square crosspiece about a foot from the top running from shaft to shaft. Knowing the immensity of the statute, the visitor for the first time is on the lookout for it. But its builders have used great judgment in placing it, for it is not to be seen until one reaches the most favorable spot. After passing through the red gateway, with its Gog and Magog, the giant idols on either side of the road seem to end in a clump of trees. However, it passes around the trees, and there, right from the best place to see the idol favorably, there, right before him, it sits. There is an irresistible charm about it; the features of the face are in such perfect harmony, the garments are so simple, the face is so serene and benevolent in its contemplative ecstasy, and the whole pose of the figure so well executed. The hills, clad with evergreens, gently slope together in the background, and all the buildings, dwellings for priests, etc., are so dexterously concealed by the foliage. The place is silent, and time has so tempered the bronze idol itself and the stones of the terrace, that the whole effect is grand, and compels admiration.

But, while the whole scene inspires one with a sense of its beauty and grandeur, it saddens one to think that, after all, it is an idol. Even while one stops to study its beauty he is jostled by the pilgrims with their white garments, broad hats, little bells fastened to their girdles and their staves, as they come bowing and rising alternately, till they get near to the idol. The idol is made of bronze plates, nicely united, though time and the weather have somewhat exposed some of these joints. In front of it are vases with bronze lotus lilies, and a bronze brazier where incense is burned day by day for the benefit of pilgrims.

The image is hollow, and inside smaller idols are ranged. A window in his shoulders lets in the light. His ears are large, as are the ears of almost all idols, and the head is covered with representations of snail shells, to protect him from the sun. The idol was cast and erected about six hundred years ago. At first a building inclosed it, but it was soon destroyed, and for nearly six centuries past he has been exposed to wind and rain, and snow and frost, to earthquakes and typhoon, and yet he is there unharmed, and widely admired and adored by hundreds of devout worshipers.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

—Charles Lamb.

“Never you mind the crowd, lad;
Every true life will tell;
Working, trust and hope, lad;
And do each duty well!
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look you where millions stop!
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top!”



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Under Omar, who reigned from 634 to 643 A. D., Mohammedanism spread northward and westward. Damascus and its neighborhood, then Palestine, and finally all Syria, yielded to him. In 636 A. D., Jerusalem surrendered to him. "Mounted on his camel, a bag of dates and a skin of water by his side, ample provision for his simple wants, he made his entry into the sacred city." On the site of Solomon's Temple he built the "Dome of the Rock," the Mosque of Omar, as it is commonly, but erroneously, called to this day. The Mosque of Omar stands upon an artificial plateau called the Haram area. This is sparingly ornamented with cypress and other trees and fountains. The mosque is one of the most prominent belongings of Jerusalem. It is second in importance only to the Mosque of the Kaaba at Mecca. It is 170 feet high, and 536 feet around its eight sides. In the interior is a gray limestone rock, and from which the mosque sometimes takes its name, the "Dome of the Rock."

MOUNTAINS.

Mountains! who was your builder? Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires, and piled your rocks and snow-capped summits among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations?

Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental mounds, like giants' graves, like dismantled piles of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a midsummer's night? Who gave you a home in the islands of the sea,—those emeralds that gleam among the waves,—those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

Mountains! I know who built you. It was God! His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your cornerstones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of heaven sounded the anthem of creation. He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes.

He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy vail of crimson and gold. He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels;

pearls from the Arctic seas; gems from the frosty pole. Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered: ye have a longing for immortality.

But, Mountains! ye long in vain. I called you glorious, and truly ye are; but your glory is like that of the starry heavens,—it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. And yet ye are worthy of a high and eloquent eulogium. Ye were the lovers of the daughters of the gods; ye are the lovers of the daughters of Liberty and Religion now; and in your old and feeble age the children of the skies shall honor your bald heads.

The clouds of heaven—those shadows of Olympian power, those spectral phantoms of dead Titans—kiss your summits, as guardian angels kiss the brow of infant nobleness. On your sacred rocks I see the footprints of the Creator; I see the blazing fires of Sinai, and hear its awful voice; I see the tears of Calvary, and listen to its mighty groans.

Mountains! ye are proud and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the devastating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye shake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter, when the great earthquake passes by. Ye stand as giant sentinels, and seem to say to the boisterous billows,—“Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!”

Mountains! ye are growing old. Your ribs of granite are getting weak and rotten; your muscles are losing their fatness; your hoarse voices are heard only at distant intervals; your volcanic heart throbs feebly and your lava-blood is thickening, as the winters of many ages gather their chilling snows around your venerable forms.

The brazen sunlight laughs in your old and wrinkled faces; the mitving moonlight nestles in your hoary locks; and the silvery starlight rests upon you like the halo of inspiration that crowned the heads of dying patriarchs and prophets. Mountains! ye must die. Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.—*E. M. Morse.*

THE USE OF THE HUMP.

There are some men in the world who can answer any question put to them. Harper's *Young People* tells a good story about one of these persons who was once a keeper of the London Zoo. He was pestered to death by the questions which people asked, but he always gave an answer. On a recent occasion a countryman strolled in, and after looking curiously at the camel for a few moments, he turned to the keeper and said:

"I say, mister, what's he have a hump for?"

"What does he have a hump for?" repeated the keeper.

"Yes; what's the good of it?" asked the visitor.

"Why—er—it makes the camel of him, of course," replied the keeper, after some hesitation. "People wouldn't travel miles to see him if he didn't have that hump. Fact is, without it he might as well be a cow."

The stranger departed very well satisfied.

Many of us, like the countryman at the zoo, have questions to ask about "the use of the hump." Perhaps we can find a suggestive answer in the wisdom of the philosophical keeper, "It makes the camel of him."

Disadvantages of station or environment, physical afflictions, disappointments, loss, hindrances,—these are the humps of which we say, discontentedly, "Cui bono?"

Yet these very things are needful to make of each one of us just what God would have us be; to develop His special thought concerning us as to usefulness, influence, beauty of character, Christ-likeness. "For one star differeth from another star in glory."

St. Paul had a hump (although he called it "a thorn"), and by the blessing of God it helped to make the saint of him—brave, heroic soldier of the cross that he was!

Mrs. Fearall has a hump in the shrinking diffidence that is such a hindrance, she thinks, in her Christian work. But her felt need throws her more entirely upon the strength of God, which, more than she realizes, is made "perfect" in her "weakness."

Will Steadfast had a hump—a tendency to pulmonary trouble that sent him, an exile from home, to a far-distant frontier town. Yet there he was made an instrument of great usefulness in becoming

a moral and intellectual leader in the formative years of a rapidly growing city.

Gentle little Pearl has a hump, compelling her to exchange the rosy dreams of youth for the wearisome life of a "shut-in." Yet who can tell how many lives she has brightened and uplifted by "only forgetting herself" and showing her tender thoughtfulness for others by those sympathizing, hopeful letters that make "Sunny Corner" a blessed center to many grateful hearts.

These humps! Who is without one? Ah, well, we do not choose them, nor need we. One wiser and more loving than the best of us knows when and where to send them, and he only can give the transforming touch that will turn the burden to a blessing, the sigh to a song, the sob to a shout of victory. *Laus Deo!—Looking Sunward.*

THE WOOD.

Witch-hazel, dogwood, and the maple here;
And there the oak and hickory;
Linn, poplar, and the beech tree, far and near
As the eased eye can see.

Wild ginger, wahoo, with its roan balloons;
And brakes of briars of a twilight green;
And fox grapes plumed with summer; and strung moons
Of mandrake flower between.

Deep gold-green ferns, and mosses red and gray—
Mats for what naked myth's white feet?
And cool and calm, a cascade far away,
With ever-falling beat.

Old logs made sweet with death; rough bits of bark;
And tangled twig and knotted root;
And sunshine splashes, and great pools of dark;
And many a wild bird's flute.

Here let me sit until the Indian dusk
With copper-colored feet comes down;
Sowing the wildwood with star-fire and musk,
And shadows blue and brown.

Then side by side with some magician dream
To take the owlet-haunted lane,
Half-roofed with vines; led by a firefly gleam,
That brings me home again.

—*Madison Cawein.*

SUBLIMITY OF THE OCEAN.

What is there more sublime than the trackless, desert, all-surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foamy sea? Power—resistless, overwhelming power—is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath.

SUMMER-TIME.

They were right—those old German minnesingers—to sing the pleasant summer-time! What a time it is! How June stands illuminated in the calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow buttercups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft, and vapors fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river—careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work—the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play! he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most

of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open fields, fragrant with clover blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy, country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, the manifold beautiful flowers!—*H. W. Longfellow.*

HAPPINESS.

But concerning happiness, men cannot agree as to its true nature, and the vulgar by no means hold the same opinion respecting it with the educated; for some are inclined to apply it only to what is distinct and marked in its essence, such as pleasure, wealth or honor; each man thinking differently of it from his neighbors, and often the same person entertains different opinions respecting it at different times. For, when he is ill, he thinks it is health; when poor, to be rich; but, being conscious of their own ignorance, men are apt to be struck with admiration at those who say that it is something great and above them.—*Aristotle* (born 384 B. C.)

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

On Mount Cannon, or Profile Mountain, opposite Lafayette, west of the Notch, in the White Mountains, and 1,500 feet above the road, are three projecting rocks, that, viewed from a particular point, assume a well defined profile of a colossal human face eighty feet long, with firmly drawn chin, lips slightly parted, and a well-proportioned nose, surmounted by a massive brow. Hence the mountain is called "Profile Mountain," and to this interesting intimation of a human countenance that suddenly disappears when the observer moves, has been given the above appropriate title.

A glory smites the craggy heights:
And in a hale of the haze,
Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold
That mighty face, that stony gaze!
In the wild sky upborne so high
Above us perishable creatures,

Confronting time with those sublime,
Impassive, adamantine features.

Thou beaked and bald high front, miscalled
The profile of a human face!
No kin art thou, O Titan brow,
To puny man's ephemeral race.
The groaning earth to thee gave birth,—
Throes and convulsions of the planet;
Lonely uprose, in grand repose,
Those eighty feet of facial granite.

We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was young;
Thy sovereign brow was seamed as now,
When Moses wrote and Homer sung.
Empires and states it antedates,
And wars, and arts, and crime, and glory;
In that dim morn when man was born
Thy head with centuries was hoary.

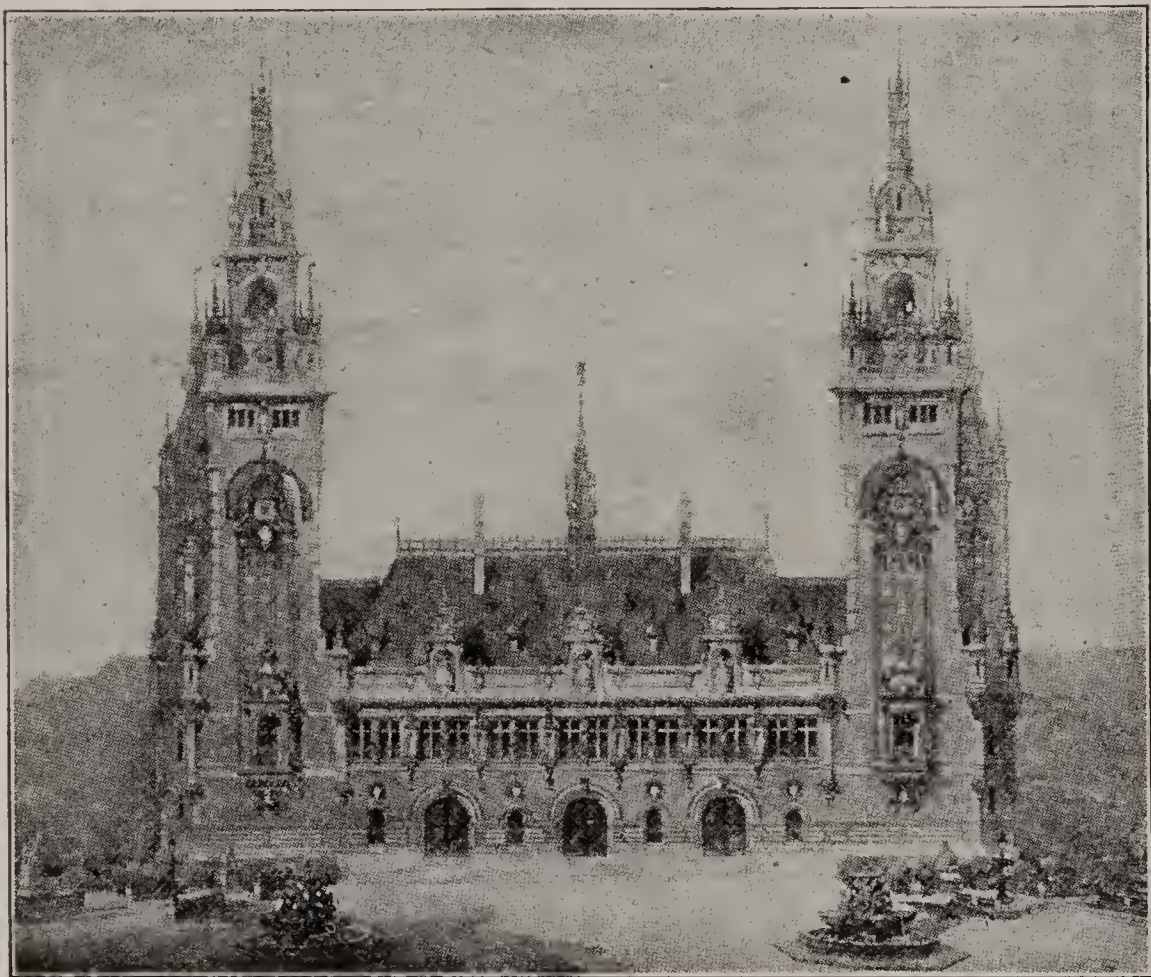
Canst thou not tell what then befell?
What forces moved, or fast or slow;
How grew the hills; what heats, what chills;
What strange, dim life, so long ago?
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not speak
One word, for all our learned wrangle?
What earthquakes shaped, what glaciers scraped
That nose, and gave the chin its angle?

O silent speech, that well can teach
The little worth of words or fame!
I go my way, but thou wilt stay
While future millions pass the same:—
But what is this I seem to miss?
Those features fall into confusion!
A further pace—where was that face?
The veriest fugitive illusion!

THE HAGUE PEACE PALACE.

(Presented by Andrew Carnegie, cost \$1,500,000.)

Temple of Peace, in glory rise!
Resplendent in the sun,
A Palace for the Prince of Peace,
Whose will supreme be done.



THE HAGUE PEACE PALACE.

Magnificent in lofty aim,
And peerless in design,
Ideal of prophetic years,
God's will, man's peace enshrine.

A pledge unique undreamed before
Of righteousness and peace,
A beacon, an inspiring hope
That cruel war will cease.

On firm foundations buttressed well,
Your lofty spires arise,
And greet the sweet and holy light
That tints with joy the skies.

Heroic Holland Mother's well
Columbia's free-born child,
The nations all thy walls salute
With peace and freedom aisled.

PATRICK HENRY.

No individual influenced by his eloquence the cause of the American Revolution more than did Patrick Henry. His great speech before the Virginian Convention has become historic, passages of which have been read and committed to memory by almost every schoolboy from that time to the present. He insisted on the necessity of fighting for independence, and closed with the words, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

He was constantly in advance of the most ardent patriots, suggesting and carrying into effect by his immediate personal influence measures that were opposed as premature and violent by all the eminent supporters of the cause of liberty. Although unpromising and shiftless in his early youth, he ripened out into a noble manhood, and, being inspired by the struggle for independence, he used all the resources of his burning eloquence in favor of the colonies, and has left behind him a name as a patriot and an orator which history delights to commemorate and advancing time does not eclipse.

THE HYPOCRITE.

Many are desirous to seem good while they do not what is right. Some are ready to weep with those who weep, though the pangs of sorrow reaches not the heart: others join in the joys of others, dressing in forced smiles their unwilling face. But when a man is able to discern character, then it is not possible that the eyes of a man, that only seem with sympathetic tear to show a kindly feeling, should deceive him.—*Aeschylus* (born 525 B. C.)

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.

The snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.

"Bear up, oh mother nature!" cry
Bird, breeze and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how, beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all!

—John G. Whittier.

SUMMER REVERIE.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them.
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.—*John Keats.*

THE HIGHER FRIENDSHIP.

The human heart has ever craved for a relationship, deeper and more lasting than any possible among men, undisturbed by change, unmenaced by death, unbroken by fear, unclouded by doubt. The limitations and losses of earthly friendship are meant to drive us to the higher friendship. Life is an education in love, but the education is not complete till we learn the love of the eternal. Ordinary friendship has done its work when the limits of friendship are reached, when through the discipline of love we are led into a larger love, when a door is opened out to a higher life. The sickness of heart which is the lot of all, the loneliness which not even the voice of a friend can dispel, the grief which seems to stop the pulse of life itself, find their final meaning in this compulsion toward the divine. We are sometimes driven out not knowing whither we go, not knowing the purpose of it; only knowing through sheer necessity that here we have no abiding city, home, or life, or love; and seeking a city, a home, a life, a love that hath foundations.

If, through the joy or through the sorrow of life, through love or the want of it, through the gaining of friends or the loss of them, we have been led to dower our lives with the friendship of God, we are possessed of the incorruptible and undefiled and that passeth not away. The man who has it has attained the secret cheaply, though it had to be purchased with his heart's blood, with the loss of his dream of blessedness. When the fabric of life crumbled to its native dust, and he rose out of its wreck, the vision of the eternal love came with the thrill of a great revelation. It was the entrance into the mystery, and the wonder of it awed him, and the joy of it inspired him, and he awakened to the fact that never again could he be alone to all eternity.

To us, in our place in history, communion with God comes through Jesus Christ. It is an ineffable mystery, but it is still a fact of experience. Only through Jesus do we know God, His interest in us, His desire for us, His purpose with us. He not only shows us in His own example the blessedness of a life in fellowship with the Father, but He makes it possible for us. United to Jesus, we know ourselves united to God. The power of Jesus is not limited to the historical impression made by His life. It entered the world as history; it lives in the world as spiritual fact today. Luther's experience is

the experience of all believers, "To me it is not simply an old story of an event that happened once; for it is a gift, a bestowing, that endures forever." We offer Christ the submission of our hearts, and the obedience of our lives; and He offers us His abiding presence. We take Him as our Master, and He takes us as His friends. "I call you no longer servants," He said to His disciples, "but I have called you friends." The servant knoweth not what his master doeth, his only duty is to obey; a friend is admitted to confidence, and though he may do the same thing as a servant, he does not do it any longer unreasoningly but, having been taken into counsel, he knows why he is doing it. This was Christ's method with His disciples, not to apportion to each his task, but to show them His great purpose for the world, and to ask for their service and devotion to carry it out.

Fellowship with Him, being much in His company, thinking of Him, seeking to please Him, will produce likeness; and bring us together on more intimate terms. For, as love leads to the desire for fuller fellowship, so fellowship leads to a deeper love. Even if sometimes we almost doubt whether we are really in this blessed covenant of friendship, our policy is to go on loving Him, serving Him, striving to please Him; and we will yet receive the assurance which will bring peace. He will not disappoint us at the last. It is worth all the care and effort we can give, to have and keep Him for our friend who will be a lasting possession, whose life enters into the very fiber of our life, and whose love makes us certain of God.

We ought to use our faith in this friendship to bless our lives. To have an earthly friend, whom we trust and reverence, can be to us a source of strength, keeping us from evil, making us ashamed of evil. The dearer the friend and the more spiritual the friendship, the keener will be this feeling, and the more needful does it seem to keep the garments clean. It must reach its height of intensity and of moral effectiveness in the case of friendship with God. There can be no motive on earth so powerful. If we could only have such friendship, we see at once what an influence it might have over our life. We can appreciate more than the joy, and peace, and comfort of it; we can feel the power of it. To know ourselves ever before a living, loving Presence, having a constant sense of Christ abiding in us, taking Him with us into the market-place, into our business and our pleasure, to have Him as our familiar friend in joy and sorrow,

in gain and loss, in success and failure, must, in accordance with all psychological law, be a source of strength, lifting life to a higher level of thought and feeling and action. Supposing it were true and possible, it would naturally be the strongest force in the world, the most effective motive that could be devised; it would affect the whole moral outlook, and make some things easy now deemed impossible, and make some things impossible now to our shame too easy. Supposing this covenant with God were true, and we knew ourselves to have such a Lover of our soul, it would, as a matter of course, give us deeper and more serious views of human life, and yet take away from us the burden and the unrest of life.

Unless history be a lie, and experience a delusion, it is true. The world is vocal with a chorus of witnesses to the truth of it. From all sorts and conditions of men comes the testimony to its reality—from the old, who look forward to this Friend to make their bed in dying; from the young, who know His aid in the fiery furnace of temptation; from the strong, in the burden of the day and the dust of the battle, who know the rest of His love even in the sore labor; from the weak, who are mastered by His gracious pity, and inspired by His power to suffer and to bear. Christ's work on earth was to make the friendship of God possible to all. It seems too good to be true, too wondrous a condescension on His part, but its reality has been tested, and attested by generations of believers. This covenant of friendship is open to us, to be ours in life and in death and past the gates of death.

To be called friends by our Master, to know Him as a lover of our souls, to give Him entrance to our hearts, is to learn the meaning of living, and to experience the ecstasy of living. The Higher Friendship is bestowed without money and without price, and is open to every heart responsive to God's great love.—*Hugh Black*, in *Friendship*.

TO REMIND OF KINDNESS IS TO REPROACH.

For it is in accordance with my principles to believe that he who receives a favor must retain a recollection of it for all time to come, but that he who confers should at once forget it, if he is not to show a sordid and ungenerous spirit. To remind a man of a kindness conferred on him, and to talk of it, is little different from reproach.—*Demosthenes* (born 382 B. C.)

THE SACREDNESS OF WORK.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burned up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals. Strive to be one of that immortal company.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

THE CHRISTIAN LANDSCAPE.

There are divers opinions as to what the Gospel does for a Christian; what the pathway to glory is, and how we must follow it, and what we must expect to meet and overcome. One person imagines it as a boundless plain, over which we can walk day after day and see no variation. Each day is but the repetition of the preceding. To another the path of truth and rectitude is a constant hill, always climbing up and never near the top. The very thought of this is as tiresome as the plain is monotonous. I would not like to travel either. I would either get lonesome or exhausted.

To me the Christian life is both a plain and a climb, but not en-

tirely one nor the other. Indeed, I would not enter the race were I to be offered such a race course. Why, bless your soul, if we didn't have the hills we wouldn't appreciate the levels, and if we didn't have plains we wouldn't appreciate the hills. The blending of the two produces beauty. If we didn't have rain we would get tired of sunny weather; if we didn't have night we would get tired of daylight.

Do you see those two men climbing that hill on their bicycles? Well, let's run up and observe them. Notice their conversation. Look what a happy expression the younger one has. For ten miles they have been riding together on a level stretch. They liked it at first because it was so easy, but they got tired and wished for a change. They came upon this hill unexpectedly, and although they were glad of it, for a change, the thought of getting to the top of it was not so much of a relief. They paused at the foot to take wind, and then started at an easy speed to make the ascent. They are about half way up now and look longingly for the top. Ah, look out! That young fellow wasn't watching and struck a rock, and nearly lost his balance, but he caught himself. Now they are a little over half way up and are stopping to rest. Look how they are sweating but they don't seem to mind it; they must be used to it. Look how they are sprawled out at full length to rest and relax their muscles. Now they are starting again. They think this is a tough hill and begin to wonder if there isn't some way around it so they won't have to come over it next time. But they don't seem to grumble much. Now they near the top and feel rested in anticipation. But just look how they have sweat. They are wringing wet. But what do they care. The hard pull is over, and now they are on the top. Do they feel paid for their effort? They are looking ahead, and what do they see? A charming green valley, full of beauty and fragrance. They see the hill behind them. With a triumphant shout they throw their feet from the pedals and away they go on a long, glorious coast. Now they can enjoy a few minutes of rest. But do they regret the climb they had? No; for now they can better appreciate their easier road, and as they throw open their coats to catch the cooling breeze they philosophize on the diversified beauties of this earth; its ups and downs, its ins and outs and the magnificent grandeur produced by the wonderful blending by the Creator's hand.

Can you see no lesson for the trudging Christian pilgrim? We

must tug and toil, and sweat, and then take a rest and move on again. A pretty hard road it seems sometimes, but occasionally we get where we can coast, and then how repaid we feel. We may sweat sometimes, too, but we feel all the better and are healthier Christians for it. —*F. L. R.*

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move,
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while back in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

—*Shelley.*

A STORM ON LAKE MINNETONKA.

Last evening we had a peculiar storm. It came and was gone in less time almost than I can write it.

The dark clouds had been gathering for several hours and the distant thunder had been warning us long before the clouds had appeared. The black clouds hung low o'er the opposite shore of the lake and the lighter ones spread out below. The surface of the lake was calm, and the small boats were safely at shore and only the steamer could be seen plowing defiantly toward the hurrying winds. The birds, which but a few moments before had been singing so merrily, were now quiet and unseen. Scarcely a ripple was to be seen on the lake.

In awful majesty the clouds advanced. A sharp flash of light and then the woods reverberated with the terrific peal of thunder, which was re-echoed from the distant shore almost as loudly as the first. The storm bursts in its fury and the waters are agitated from

shore to shore. Flash follows flash, and by the illumination the waters are seen rolling in heavy waves. The trees near by kiss the earth as they are swayed to and fro by the angry elements. Crash! and we all jump to our feet. A flash of light that stood before us like a pillar of blood, played right before our eyes. We were not injured, but we were not anxious to pass through it again. The deluge lasted but a short time, and the storm was over.

These quick storms are frequent here.—*F. L. R.*

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye; they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, —
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—*Wm. Knox.*

SWEETER AFTER FROST.

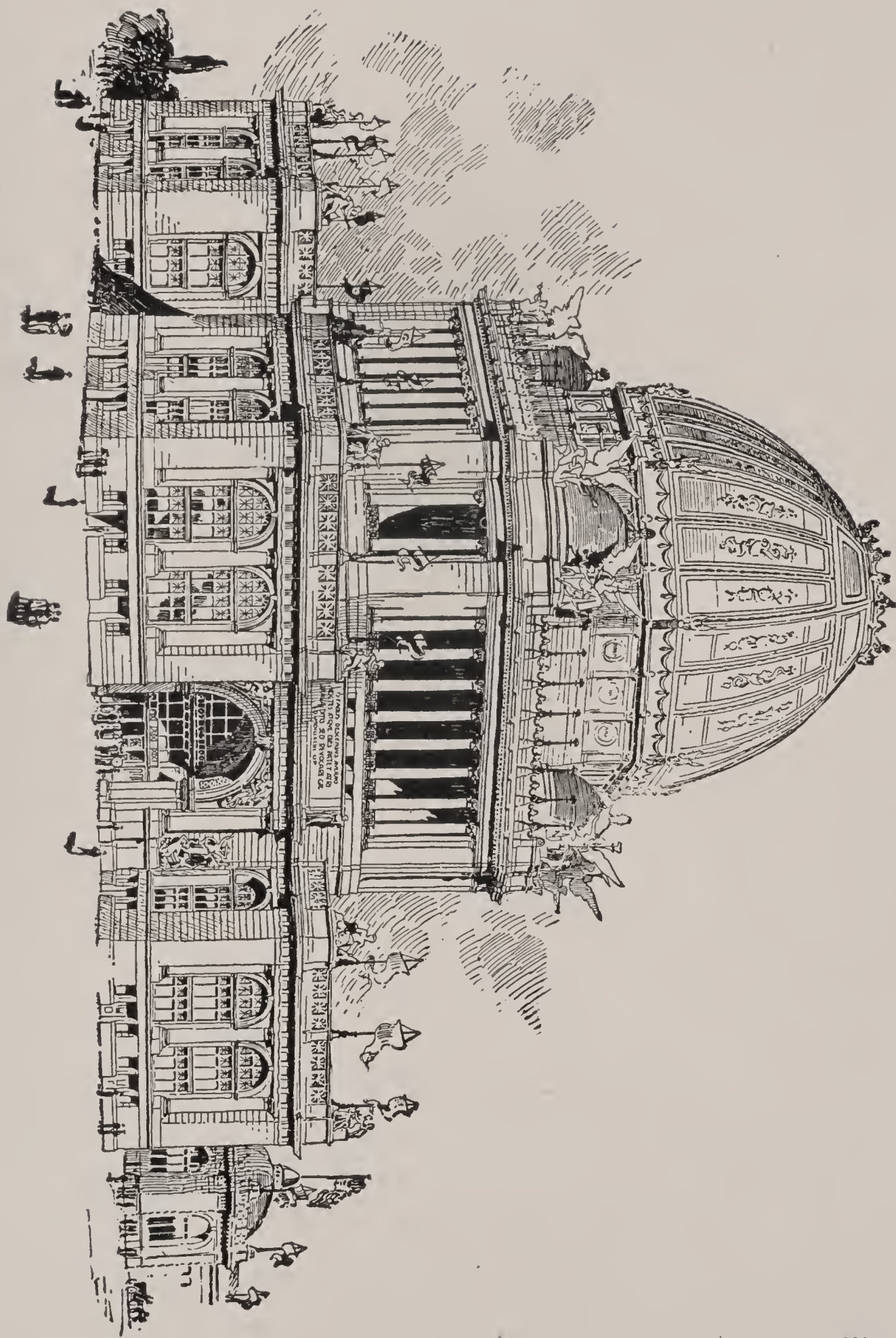
Don't complain about the weather,
Or lament the storms that blow,
There's a blessing in the roughing
Which perhaps you do not know.
Life's maturity is given
To the man that pays the cost;
Don't you know persimmons sweeten
After being in the frost?

There's a promise in the blossom,
There's a freshness in the leaves,
And the burning heat of summer,
Tho it ripens, almost grieves;
'Tis a blasting, hot affliction
'Neath which the 'simmons roast;
But 'tis hastening on the sweetening
That will come in after frost.

Yes, the hardships make us mellow,
And the acids cease to burn
When the leaves are turning yellow,
And the days begin to turn
Toward the richest part of summer,
When the 'simmon cheek is glossed
With a guarantee of sweetness
That is written by the frost.

So the heart grows mildly warmer
'Neath the troubles that assail,
And we grip our anchor firmer
While the breeze becomes a gale;
And the soul for Heaven ripens,
'Mid tempestuous seasons tost,
Gaining everlasting garner
After death—the latest frost.

—O. J. Bulfin.



BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS.

Those who have been privileged to visit the various Expositions held in different parts of the world, have been impressed with the architectural beauty displayed in the many buildings erected. The greatest architects of the world put forth their best efforts in order to have these designs accepted, knowing that such acceptance will bring them conspicuously before the whole world of visitors to the Expositions. The great pity is that these buildings are usually only for temporary use, and constructed of cheap material, which will last only about two years. The illustration of the Liberal Arts Building, of the World's Fair in 1893, is a sample of the hundreds of similar structures of varied designs that are displayed at these Expositions. The study of the buildings alone, their intricate designs, etc., make a visit to these Expositions profitable and intensely interesting.

SUNSET

Every person who has witnessed the splendor of the sunset scenery in Andover, will recognize with delight the *local* as well as the general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New England, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening, amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and sky. In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the situation of the hill, on the broad, level summit of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution; the vast amphitheater of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue mountains in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot—these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of Nature can never be weary with gazing. When the sun goes down, it is all in a blaze with its descending glory. The sunset is the most perfectly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just preceded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a sea of the rich-

est purple. The setting sun shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered foliage appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Nearer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sparkling with fresh rain-drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of sunlight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, "fading, still fading," till the stars are out in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its silence, shadows, and repose. In the summer, Andover combines almost everything to charm and elevate the feelings of the student. In winter, the northwestern blasts, that sweep fresh from the snow-banks on the Grand Monadnock, make the invalid, at least, sigh for a more congenial clime.—*G. B. Cheever.*

FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS TOAST.

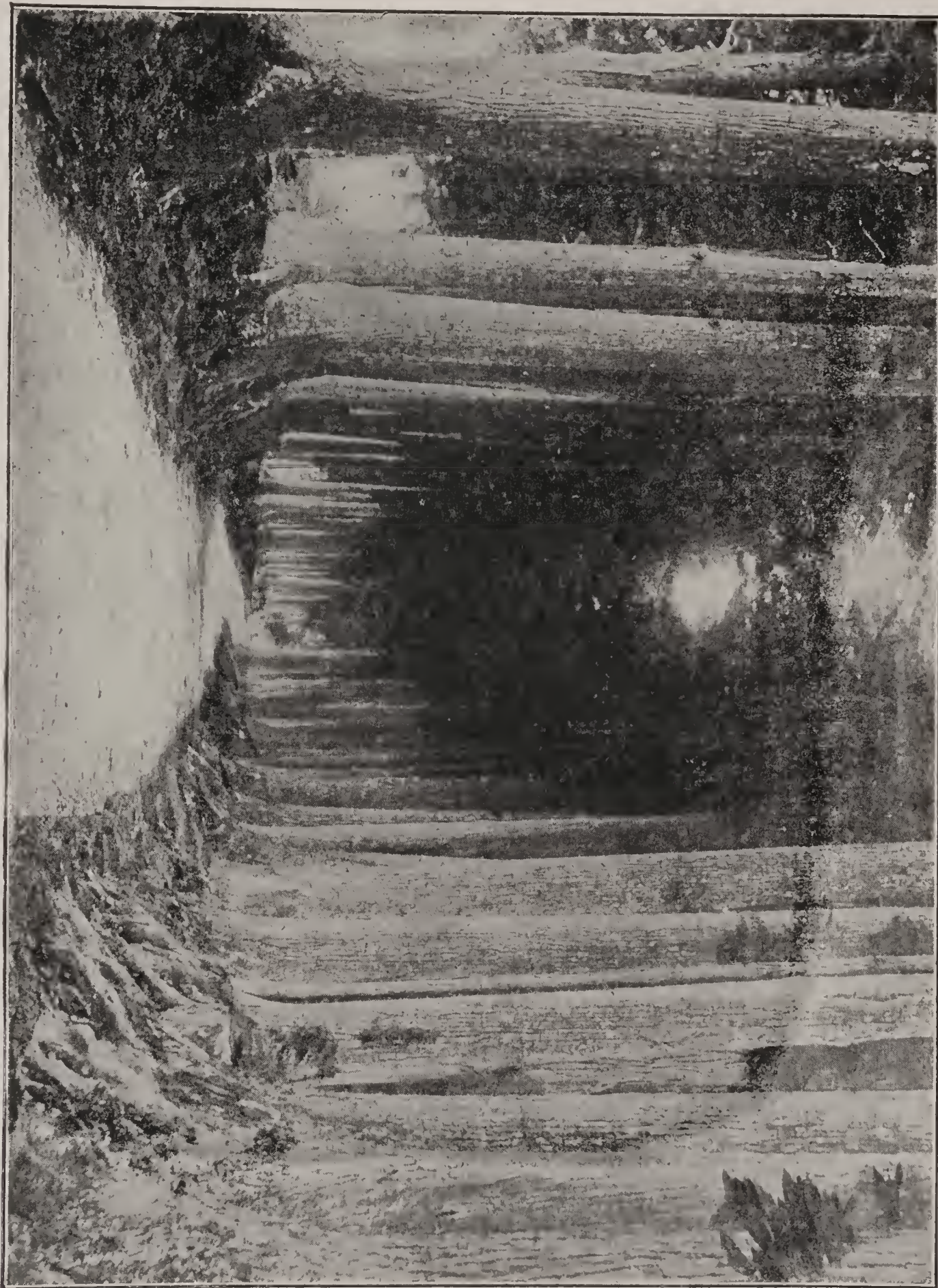
Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said: "Here are three nationalities represented—I am French, and my friend here English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast."

It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and in the tone of a Briton, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth."

The Frenchman was rather taken back by this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world."

Franklin then arose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

"He that is choice of his time," says Jeremy Taylor, "will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions; lest the first engage him in vanity and loss, and the latter, by being criminal, be a-throwing his time and himself away, and a-going back in the accounts of eternity."



THE CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE, NIKKO.

THE CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE, NIKKO.

'Round-the-world travelers should visit Japan last and not first, if they lay much stress on æsthetic pleasure. Other countries would make an anti-climax after the unique beauty and charm of "The Land of the Rising Sun."

The impression is apt to obtain of a certain mere prettiness, not to say pettiness, as characteristic of Japan. It is quite contrary to the fact. The Japanese, to be sure, know well how to handle delicate things and themes. They have a genius for whatever is dainty. Their exquisite politeness is a lesson to the world, and their love of children also. Their household art and decoration is distinguished by an incomparable simplicity. One feels himself in contact with a people gifted with rare delicacy of taste. They have an inborn love for flowers and an intuitive feeling of their harmonies. The finer shadings and colorings constantly astonish and charm; but this is not all. Some of their temples have a stately, solemn dignity which quite relieves any impression of pettiness. The scenery both on the coast and inland is more than pretty. Snow-crowned Fujivama, rising 12,500 feet from sheer sea level, gives character and dignity—or shall we say grandeur—to Japan, and Nikko is indescribably beautiful.

The Japanese have a saying: "One must never say "kekko" ("beautiful") until he has seen Nikko; and, we may add, when he has seen it he will feel the poverty of language as never before. It is the name both of a town and of the region about it—a great mountain mass not unlike the Adirondacks in general, but with peaks nearly twice as high and covered with a wealth of verdure, almost tropical, when we were there in May. Its charm centers about the solemn beauty of the shrine of Iyeyasu, one of the greatest of the Shogun rulers, who is buried there, and the nearby shrine of his scarcely less famous grandson, Iyemitsu, also a Shogun. These shrines, especially that of Iyeyasu, are surrounded by a group of noble buildings set in a forest of magnificent cryptomeria trees—giants of the forest, rating only second to our California monsters—the avenue approaching the shrines bordered on either side by these glorious trees for twenty-five miles—a marvelous spectacle truly.—*John Fox, in "Around the World."*

MEMORY.

This beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No lights gleam at the windows, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells;
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of departed ones; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The Heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,

Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering, thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate;
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy this life-path leads along.

—*Jas. A. Garfield.*

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and tonight they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles

toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description, and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees lofty, and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him. ~~now~~, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing the poor head upon his breast."

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land."

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to Heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awestricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward

edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him: His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed to have actually taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reckoning earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps today in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered: "No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in the last solemn hour, and buried the

dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." Ps. 27:2

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward into souls afar

Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,

For gift or grace surpassing this—

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?

The hero's heart to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,

The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,

The monarch's crown to light the brows?—

He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith all undisproved,

A little dust to overweep,

And bitter memories to make

The whole earth blasted for our sake.

He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,

Who have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;

But never doleful dream again

Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, “Not a tear must o'er her fall!
‘He giveth His beloved sleep!’ ”

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

COLOSSEUM, ROME, ITALY.

The Colosseum, originally called the Ampitheatrum Flavium, and completed by Titus in 80 A. D., was the largest theater and one of the most imposing structures in the world. It was inaugurated by 100 days' gladiatorial combats, in which 5,000 wild animals were killed. It contained seats for 87,000 spectators. Only one-third of the gigantic structure now re-



THE COLOSSEUM AND ARCH OF TITUS.

mains, yet the ruins are still stupendously impressive. The Colosseum has ever been a symbol of the greatness of Rome, and gave rise in the eighth century to a prophetic saying of the Pilgrims: "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand; when falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall; and when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

IMITATING PAUL.

DON CARLOS JANES.

"Brethren, be ye imitators together of me." Phil. 3:17; I. Cor. 4:16; I. Cor. 11:1.

Here the great apostle calls on the brethren to be imitators of him. I understand he desires us to do the service of the Lord as he did it; to follow Christ as he followed Christ; and, while the blessed Redeemer is the great example and pattern for us, it is quite right to be imitators of Paul.

In the first place, notice that Paul was ready to abandon error and accept the truth as soon as he learned of his error. This is very clearly shown in his conversion. For years the Mosaic law had dominated his life, and, sharing with his brethren in their misconception of the Christ, he went about vigorously persecuting the disciples. It appears that he was the chief opponent of the Lord's people in Jerusalem, and he is described as "breathing threatening and slaughter" against them, but the very first time he heard and knew the voice of Jesus from Heaven, he earnestly and sincerely called out, "What shall I do, Lord?" Consider well this point and ever be ready to give up error and to accept the truth of God, thus imitating Paul.

In the next place, take notice that he was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." To become a Christian and an apostle he gave up whatever of earthly glory the Jews might have given him; he gave up the religion of his fathers and the association of those who had been his friends, and traveled extensively to carry the Gospel of God's grace to the unsaved. Writing to the brethren in Rome, he says, "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you also that are in Rome." In those days it was with great danger that men made known the Gospel which was wholly opposed to all the evils of the times. In one instance Paul was stoned by a mob until they thought him to be dead, but, when he regained consciousness, he went on to another city and preached the Gospel, for he was not ashamed of it. And Christians now should not be ashamed of it either, but should make it known to the sons of men publicly and privately according to ability and opportunity.

The great apostle was a man who knew the meaning of sacrifice

and he was willing to give up all things for Christ. We cannot be true servants of the Lord and have everything the world has. Neither can we do every thing the world does. The life of a Christian is a life of sacrifice and the better God's children know this the more likely they are to be pleasing to their heavenly Father and to make sure of their everlasting salvation.

It may seem very sad to think of a man so dignified and lofty in his aspirations as Paul—so brave, yet sympathetic—capable of producing such a profound document as the letter to the Romans, being in want of the necessities of life; yet in writing to the Philippians he says: "In everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want." And in the second letter to the Corinthians, he lets us know that in addition to great hardships and much suffering, he had been cold and naked and hungry and thirsty. We must make sacrifices if we imitate Paul.

And he was a firm man. He could withstand Peter when he was at fault, and he could defend himself in court, whether before Festus, Felix, Agrippa, or even Cæsar himself. He would not give place to the enemies of the cross that the Gospel might be spoken against, and he was willing to enter the Ephesian Theater the day Demetrius threw the city into an uproar. But he was kind-hearted and sympathetic. He teaches the Christians to "let brotherly love continue;" to "do all things without murmuring and complaining;" and to "be kindly disposed one to another." He also asks them to pray for him. We must be both firm and kind to be like this grand old hero.

Finally, Paul was a practical man, not a mere theorist who would ask you to do as he said—not as he did. We can safely do and say what Paul did and said under the same circumstances. He knew of the world's need of the Gospel and of his obligation to preach it, so he went out bravely and grandly into the fields and sowed the seed, not always taking support from those who were blessed by his presence and labors. In the last chapter of Ephesians he tells the brethren, to "put on the whole armor of God." In this he was only asking them to imitate him. As I sat in the theater at Ephesus and read this epistle and these lines about the armor, I thought the great apostle

wore that equipment himself. To imitate Paul, we must have practice in our lives as well as theory.

"I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

"I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with a Christlike pity,
I pressed him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

"But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss had its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again."—*Hesckiah Butterworth*.

ENVY.

Few men have strength of mind to honor a friend's success without a touch of envy; for that malignant passion clinging to the heart doubles the burden of the man infected by it; he is weighed down by the weight of his own woes, and sighs to see the happiness of others. I speak from experience: for well do I know that those who bore in public the semblance of my firmest friends, were but the looking-glass of friendship, the shadow of a shade.—*Aeschylus* (born 525 B. C.)

WHERE GAMBLING BEGINS.

At a men's meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church, of Portsmouth, Ohio, January 13, 1901, in the presence of over 200 men, a converted gambler and ex-saloon keeper made the following statement which created a profound impression:

"I have been in the saloon business, with a gambling room attached for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling den is near so dangerous nor does it do anything like the same amount of harm as the social card party in the home. I give this as my reason: In the gambling room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down, everything is conducted secretly for fear of detection, and none but gamblers, as a rule, enter there. While in the parlor all have access to the game, children are permitted to watch it, young people are invited to partake in it—it is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes, serving refreshments and adding high social enjoyments. For my part I never could see the difference between playing for a piece of silver moulded in the shape of money and silver moulded in the shape of a cup or a thimble. The principle is the same, and whenever property changes hands over the luck of the cards, no matter how small is the value of the prize, I believe it is gambling. Perhaps you have never thought of it, but where do all the gamblers come from? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A 'greener,' unless he is a fool, never enters a gambling hell because he knows that he will be fleeced out of everything he possesses in less than fifteen minutes. He has learned somewhere else before he sets foot inside of such a place. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game of the home and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling room, for he has learned and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own. *The saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of the parlor games given by the ladies—for they know that after while those same men will become the patrons of their business.* I say, then, the parlor game is the *college* where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God, men, stop this business in your homes. Burn up your decks and wash your hands. The other day I overheard two ladies talking

on the street. One said, 'I am going to have a card party and am going to the store to buy a pack of cards, which are the best kind to get?' The other replied, 'Get the angel card—it has an angel on the back.' Think, said he, 'of dragging the pure angels of Heaven into this infernal business.' "

After he had taken his seat, another converted ex-gambler, who leads the men's meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church, arose and said: "I endorse every word which the brother before me has just uttered. I was a gambler. I learned to play cards, not in the saloon, not in my own home, but in the homes of my young friends who invited me to play with them and taught me how."

May God sound through these testimonies a note of warning to card-playing Christians. A number of men went home from that afternoon meeting and set up a new rule in their families, that never should another game be played inside their house, that their parlors should not become kindergartens for training young gamblers.

THE SALOON KEEPER'S DREAM.

He'd taken a drink from quite a stiff brew,
Which muddled his head, as such things will do;
And into this dream he sank with shut eyes,
That all in his line must now advertise.

Not simply the stuff that lined all the shelves,
The men they produced must speak for themselves;
As doctors will do, which good doctors can,
Produce as their work the healed, healthy man.

So quickly he rose, and called Billy Brown,
Who once had a fine large business in town;
He set him up straight on top of a trunk,
And held him in shape, for Billy was drunk.

And thus he began, "Here, gentlemen, see
The work I have done and patronize me;
This man that you see was once true and stout,
As good as a good God ever turned out.

"His business was large, his home was secure;
His wife and his child were happy and pure;
Each Sunday in church, he bowed and knelt down,
Respected and loved was dear Bro. Brown."

"I took him in hand and broke up his trade;
I ruined the home his labor had made;
From every good friend I forced him to part;
I starved his poor child, and broke his wife's heart."

"Tho once he stood high, I pulled him clear down;
You can't find a meaner old bum in the town;
He's not worth a cent, has nothing to sell;
And soon as he's dead, he'll go plumb to hell."

"It didn't take long, I've been keeping tab;
A year and a half to turn out that job;
I just filled him up with what's on that shelf;
I'll wager the devil can't beat it himself."

"And now, if you please, I want some more men,
To turn into things just like this again;
I must have the men, if men can be had;
No matter how good, I'll soon make them bad."

He woke from his wine, with pains in his head,
And somewhat alarmed at what he had said;
He vowed as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes,
"'Twould break me up sure if I'd advertise."

—O. J. Bulfin.

Not many friends my life has made;
Few have I loved, and few are they
Who in my hand their hearts have laid;
And these were women. I am gray,
But never have I been betrayed.

—Dr. J. G. Holland.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Jesus gave His life for the sheep. He died that they might be saved from their great enemy, sin. He laid down His life for the sheep all through His ministry. "He that will save other cannot save himself. I lay down my life for—*i. e.*, instead of—the sheep." If the shepherd had not sacrificed himself, the sheep must have been the sacrifice. This is the enunciation of a general principle by which every good shepherd can be distinguished from the hireling: for every good shepherd is ready to lay down his life for his sheep because they are his.

A traveler in Greece found three shepherds with flocks of six or seven hundred each, all mingled together, but the sheep would answer to their names when called by their owner, but not if called by another. This traveler experimented with them. He called, and the sheep took no notice. The shepherd called and they came. Then he said that the sheep knew the shepherd by his dress and not by his voice. But when the shepherd changed clothes with the traveler the sheep would not obey the strange voice; but when in the traveler's dress, the shepherd called, the sheep came at his bidding.

May every girl and boy early learn to know the Master's voice and quickly do his bidding, ever remembering that He "laid down His life for His sheep."



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the village and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows you in the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heir-loom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank notes of the country as large as your two hands. You meet also groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, traveling homeward, or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadsides, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty

key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church-spire, with its long tapering finger counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat and large and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are memorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened by a post to iron bands, and secured by a padlock with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words; but the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the

folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and the voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this, is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with cheese and garlanded with apples and upholding a three-armed candle-stick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar-Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May pole fifty feet high, with wreaths, and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open and you may sit

*These are names of popular stories.

and read till midnight without a candle. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon the earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight which, like a silver clasp, unites today with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft musical chime, and the watchman, whose watch tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants—

“Ho! watchman, ho!
 Twelve is the clock!
 God keep our town
 From fire and brand
 And hostile hand!
 Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FORGIVENESS.

If I don't die, we are just as we used to be. What a noble thing is forgiveness! How manlike! How glorious! How often do we say, “O, I can forgive, but I can't forget?” When we say that, have we forgiven? It was announced that a sick man must die. He sent for his neighbor, with whom he had had trouble, and told him he forgave him and asked him for forgiveness. Said he, “Yes, Jim, I have ter die and I want ter die in peace with all men.” Jim forgave him; he forgave Jim, and they shook hands. Just as Jim has passed the door to mount his horse, the sick man called: “O, Jim, Jim! We are all right now, and friends; but Jim, ef I don't die, we are to be just like we used ter be!” This, I am sorry to say, describes the case of many a person. They are “just like they used to be!” Forgive! Forgive, if thou wouldst be forgiven!—*W. C. Hafley.*

WILL DRANDPA DO TO HEAVEN?

How little we know of the impressions we are making upon the child, unless we become as little children—see things through their eyes; hear things through their ears, and ponder things in their hearts. How often we put men into the schoolhouse as teachers, as doctors of the soul, when they never saw a book on “how to teach;” put them to teach such a complex thing as the soul when we would not allow a physician to enter our home to doctor the body, who had not studied *materia medica*. We allow men as elders, as ministers, and as teachers, to assume the educating of the soul, men who have never studied that soul. Pope says “the study of mankind is man.” There sits grandpa in the parlor; here comes Jimmie in childish glee, playing on his harp. “Get out of here with your harp!” “Mother,” says the child, “will drandpa do to heaven?” “Yes, child, certainly. Why?” “Well, ef he does do, I don’t want to do, fer de berry fust time I tums in playin’ on my harp, drandpa will say, ‘Dit out uv here!’ ” If you would be a teacher of children or men, you must study how and what to teach, and don’t you forget it.—*W. C. Hafley.*

ELOQUENT APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

Colonel Watt Forman exclaimed, in a sneering voice, “Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?”

“There!” answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. “There!” he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet like a convicted culprit. “There is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all His children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play. There God brews it; and down—down in the valleys where the fountains murmur and the rills sing and high on the tall mountain-tops, where

the native granite glitters like gold in the sun where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder tones crash and away far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar and chorus, 'sweeping the march of God,' there He brews it, that beverage of life, health giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose roof is the sunbeam of Heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, that blessed ice water! No poison bubbles, on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths, no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair. Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demons' drink—alcohol?" A shout like the roaring of a tempest answered "No."

Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are dead to the divine voice of eloquence; for I saw at that moment the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in his hands.—*Unknown.*

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

QUEEN CHRISTINA.

(Born 1626; died 1689.)

In the royal palace at Stockholm, the capital city of Sweden, there was born, in 1626, a little princess. The king, her father, gave her the name of Christina, in memory of a Swedish girl with whom he had been in love. His own name was Gustavus Adolphus; and he was also called the Lion of the North, because he had gained greater fame in war than any other prince or general then alive. With this valiant king for their commander, the Swedes had made themselves terrible to the Emperor of Germany and to the King of France, and were looked upon as the chief defense of the Protestant religion.

The little Christina was by no means a beautiful child. To confess the truth, she was remarkably plain. The queen, her mother, did not love her so much as she ought; partly, perhaps, on account of Christina's want of beauty, and also because both the king and queen had wished for a son, who might have gained as great renown in battle as his father had.

The king, however, soon became exceedingly fond of the infant princess. When Christina was very young she was taken violently sick. Gustavus Adolphus, who was several hundred miles from Stockholm, traveled night and day, and never rested until he held the poor child in his arms. On her recovery he made a solemn festival, in order to show his joy to the people of Sweden and express his gratitude to Heaven. After this event he took his daughter with him in all the journeys which he made throughout his kingdom.

Christina soon proved herself a bold and sturdy little girl. When she was two years old, the king and herself, in the course of a journey, came to the strong fortress of Colmar. On the battlements were soldiers clad in steel armor, which glittered in the sunshine. There were likewise great cannons, pointing their black mouths at Gustavus and little Christina, and ready to belch out their smoke and thunder; for, whenever a king enters a fortress, it is customary to receive him with a royal salute of artillery.

But the captain of the fortress met Gustavus and his daughter as they were about to enter the gateway.

"May it please your Majesty," said he, taking off his steel cap

and bowing profoundly, "I fear that, if we receive you with a salute of cannon, the little princess will be frightened almost to death."

Gustavus looked earnestly at his daughter, and was indeed apprehensive that the thunder of so many cannon might, perhaps, throw her into convulsions. He had almost a mind to tell the captain to let them enter the fortress quietly, as common people might have done, without all this head-splitting racket. But, no; this would not do.

"Let them fire," said he, waving his hand; "Christina is a soldier's daughter, and must learn to bear the noise of cannon."

So the captain uttered the word of command, and immediately there was a terrible peal of thunder from the cannon, and such a gush of smoke that it enveloped the whole fortress in its volumes. But, amid all the din and confusion, Christina was seen clapping her little hands, and laughing in an ecstasy of delight. Probably nothing ever pleased her father so much as to see that his daughter promised to be fearless as himself. He determined to educate her exactly as if she had been a boy, and to teach her all the knowledge needful to the ruler of a kingdom, and the commander of an army.

But Gustavus should have remembered that providence had created her to be a woman and that it was not for him to make a man of her.

However, the king derived great happiness from his beloved Christina. It must have been a pleasant sight to see the powerful monarch of Sweden playing in some magnificent hall of the palace with his merry little girl. Then he forgot that the weight of a kingdom rested upon his shoulders. He forgot that the wise Chancellor Oxenstiern was waiting to consult with him how to render Sweden the greatest nation of Europe. He forgot that the Emperor of Germany and the King of France were plotting together how they might pull him down from his throne.

Yes, Gustavus forgot all the perils, and cares, and pompous irksomeness of a royal life; and was as happy, while playing with his child, as the humblest peasant in the realm of Sweden. How gayly did they dance along the marble floor of the palace, this valiant king, with his upright, martial figure, his war-worn visage and commanding aspect, and the small round form of Christina, with her rosy face of childish merriment! Her little fingers were clasped in her father's hand, which had held the leading staff in many famous victories. His

crown and scepter were her playthings. She could disarm Gustavus of his sword, which was so terrible to the princes of Europe.

But, alas! the king was not long permitted to enjoy Christina's society. When she was four years old, Gustavus was summoned to take command of the allied armies of Germany, which were fighting against the emperor. His greatest affliction was the necessity of parting with his child; but people in such high stations have but little opportunity for domestic happiness. He called an assembly of the senators of Sweden and confided Christina to their care, saying that each one of them must be a father to her, if he himself should fall in battle.

At the moment of his departure Christina ran towards him and began to address him with a speech which somebody had taught her for the occasion. Gustavus was busied with thoughts about the affairs of the kingdom, so that he did not immediately attend to the childish voice of his little girl. Christina, who did not love to be unnoticed, immediately stopped short and pulled him by the coat.

"Father," said she, "why do not you listen to my speech?"

In a moment the king forgot everything except that he was parting with what he loved best in all the world. He caught the child in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, and burst into tears. Yes: though he was a brave man, and though he wore a steel corselet on his breast, and though armies were waiting for him to lead them to battle, still his heart melted within him, and he wept. Christina, too, was so affected that her attendants began to fear that she would actually die of grief. But probably she was soon comforted; for children seldom remember their parents quite so faithfully as their parents remember them.

For two years more Christina remained in the palace at Stockholm. The queen, her mother, had accompanied Gustavus to the wars. The child, therefore, was left to the guardianship of five of the wisest men in the kingdom. But these wise men knew better how to manage the affairs of state than how to govern and educate a little girl so as to render her a good and happy woman.

When two years had passed away, tidings were brought to Stockholm which filled everybody with triumph and sorrow at the same time. The Swedes had won a glorious victory at Lutzen. But, alas! the warlike King of Sweden, the Lion of the North, the father of our

little Christina, had been slain at the foot of a great stone, which still marks the spot of that hero's death.

Soon after this sad event, a general assembly, or congress, consisting of deputations from the nobles, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants of Sweden, was summoned to meet at Stockholm. It was for the purpose of declaring little Christina to be Queen of Sweden, and giving her the crown and scepter of her deceased father. Silence being proclaimed, the Chancellor Oxenstiern arose.

"We desire to know," said he, "whether the people of Sweden will take the daughter of our dead king, Gustavus Adolphus, to be their queen."

When the chancellor had spoken, an old man, with white hair and in coarse apparel, stood up in the midst of the assembly. He was a peasant, Lars Larrson by name, and had spent most of his life in laboring on a farm.

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus?" asked the old man. "We do not know her. Let her be shown to us."

Then Christina was brought into the hall and placed before the old peasant. It was strange, no doubt, to see a child—a little girl of six years old—offered to the Swedes as their ruler instead of the brave king, her father, who had led them to victory so many times. Could her baby fingers wield a sword in war? Could her childish mind govern the nation wisely in peace?

But the Swedes do not appear to have asked themselves these questions. Old Lars Larrson took Christina up in his arms and gazed earnestly in her face. He had known the great Gustavus well, and his heart was touched when he saw the likeness which the little girl bore to that heroic monarch.

"Yes" cried he, with the tears gushing down his furrowed cheeks: "this is truly the daughter of our Gustavus! Here is her father's brow! Here is his piercing eye! She is his very picture! This child shall be our queen!"

Then all the proud nobles of Sweden, and the reverend clergy, and the peasants, and the burghers, knelt down at the child's feet and kissed her hand.

"Long live Christina, Queen of Sweden!" shouted they.

Even after she was a woman grown Christina remembered the pleasure which she felt in seeing all these men at her feet and hearing

them acknowledge her as their supreme ruler. Poor child! she was yet to learn that power does not insure happiness. As yet, however, she had not any real power. All the public business, it is true, was transacted in her name; but the kingdom was governed by a number of the most experienced statesmen, who were called a regency.

But it was considered necessary that the little queen should be present at the public ceremonies, and should behave just as if she were in reality the ruler of the nation. When she was seven years of age, some ambassadors from the Czar of Muscovy came to the Swedish court. They wore long beards, and were clad in a strange fashion, with furs and other outlandish ornaments; and as they were inhabitants of a half civilized country, they did not behave like other people. The Chancellor Oxenstiern was afraid that the young queen would burst out a-laughing at the first sight of these queer ambassadors, or else that she would be frightened by their unusual aspect.

"Why should I be frightened?" said the little queen. "And do you suppose that I have no better manners than to laugh? Only tell me how I must behave, and I will do it."

Accordingly, the Muscovite ambassadors were introduced; and Christina received them and answered their speeches with as much dignity and propriety as if she had been a grown woman.

All this time, though Christina was now a queen, you must not suppose that she was left to act as she pleased. She had a preceptor, named John Mathias, who was a very learned man and capable of instructing her in all the branches of science. But there was nobody to teach her the delicate graces and gentle virtues of a woman. She was surrounded almost entirely by men, and had learned to despise the society of her own sex. At the age of nine years she was separated from her mother, whom the Swedes did not consider a proper person to be intrusted with the charge of her. No little girl who sits by a New England fireside has cause to envy Christina in the royal palace at Stockholm.

Yet she made great progress in her studies. She learned to read the classical authors of Greece and Rome, and became a great admirer of the heroes and poets of old times. Then, as for active exercise, she could ride on horseback as well as any man in her kingdom. She was fond of hunting, and could shoot at a mark with wonderful skill.

But dancing was the only feminine accomplishment with which she had any acquaintance.

She was so restless in her disposition that none of her attendants were sure of a moment's quiet neither day or night. She grew up, I am sorry to say, a very unamiable person, ill-tempered, proud, stubborn, and, in short, unfit to make those around her happy, or to be happy herself. Let every little girl, who has been taught self-control and a due regard for the rights of others, thank Heaven that she has had better instruction than this poor little queen of Sweden.

At the age of eighteen Christina was declared free to govern the kingdom by herself without the aid of a regency. At this period of her life she was a young woman of striking aspect, a good figure and intelligent face, but very strangely dressed. She wore a short habit of gray cloth, with a man's vest over it, and a black scarf around her neck; but no jewels nor ornaments of any kind.

Yet, though Christina was so negligent of her appearance, there was something in her air and manner that proclaimed her as the ruler of a kingdom. Her eyes, it is said, had a very fierce and haughty look. Old General Wrangel, who had often caused the enemies of Sweden to tremble in battle, actually trembled himself when he encountered the eyes of the queen. But it would have been better for Christina if she could have made people love her, by means of soft and gentle looks, instead of affrighting them by such terrible glances.

And now I have told you almost all that is amusing or instructive in the childhood of Christina. Only a few more words need be said about her; for it is neither pleasant nor profitable to think of many things that she did after she grew to be a woman.

When she had worn the crown a few years, she began to consider it beneath her dignity to be called a queen, because the name implied that she belonged to the weaker sex. She therefore caused herself to be proclaimed *king*; thus declaring to the world that she despised her own sex and was desirous of being ranked among men. But in the twenty-eighth year of her age Christina grew tired of royalty, and resolved to be neither king nor a queen any longer. She took the crown from her head with her own hands, and ceased to be the ruler of Sweden. The people did not greatly regret her abdication, for she had governed them ill; and had taken much of their property to supply her extravagance.

Having thus given up her hereditary crown, Christina left Sweden and traveled over many of the countries of Europe. Everywhere she was received with great ceremony, because she was the daughter of the renowned Gustavus and had herself been a powerful queen. Perhaps you would like to know something of her personal appearance in the latter part of her life. She is described as wearing a man's vest, a short gray petticoat, embroidered with gold and silver, and a black wig, which was thrust awry upon her head. She wore no gloves, and so seldom washed her hands, that nobody could tell what had been their original color. In this strange dress, and, I suppose, without washing her hands or face, she visited the magnificent court of Louis XIV.

She died in 1689. None loved her while she lived, nor regretted her death, nor planted a single flower upon her grave. Happy are the little girls of America, who are brought up quietly and tenderly at the domestic hearth, and thus become gentle and delicate women! May none of them ever lose the loveliness of their sex by receiving such an education as that of Queen Christina!—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

We heard once more the sleighbells' sound;
 And, following where the teamsters led,
 The wise old Doctor went his round,
 Just pausing at our door to say,
 In the brief autocratic way
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
 Was free to urge her claim on all,
 That some poor neighbor sick abed
 At night our mother's aid would need.
 For, one in generous thought and deed,
 What mattered in the sufferer's sight
 The Quaker matron's inward light,
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
 All hearts confess the saints elect
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
 And melt not in an acid sect
 The Christian pearl of Charity!

—*From Snowbound, by Whittier.*

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

DEFIANCE.

The incident of the picture "Defiance" or "Stag at Bay" shows the end of a long hunt over the mountains. The hounds have followed the stag so closely, and in the hope of baffling his pursuers he has taken to the lake; but, nothing daunted, two of the pack follow, yelping, barking and biting at his haunches. When knee deep in water, the gallant stag stops and makes a stand; with a thrust of his noble



STAG AT BAY.

antlers, born of desperation, he strikes and fells one of the dogs, severely injuring the other, which immediately sets up a cry of mingled pain and terror, endeavoring by his yelps to secure the assistance of the rest of the pack which are standing on the shore afraid to follow. The shades of the long winter day are falling on the shores of the lonely mountain lake where the rivals have finished their fearful race of the afternoon. Night falls, and the moon makes her appearance; and there, bleeding from long gashes, breathless but dauntless, the stag stands, bellowing forth defiance with all his waning energy. The moon sits and darkness throws a veil over the scene, and not to be lifted until morning breaks, showing the stag still at bay.

THE PREACHER'S VACATION.

The old man went to meetin', for the day was bright and fair,
Though his limbs were very totterin', and 'twas hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the gospel, so he trudged the weary way
On the road so rough and dusty, 'neath the summer's burning ray.

By-and-by he reached the building, to his soul a holy place;
Then he paused, and wiped the sweatdrops off his thin and wrinkled
face.

But he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did not toll;
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he did not see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "What does it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed almost a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway—and he breathed a heavy sigh—
Just to go once more to meetin', e'er the summons came to die.

But he saw a little notice tacked upon the meetin' door,
So he limped along to read it, and he read it o'er and o'er;
Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o'er again,
Till his limbs began to tremble and his eyes began to pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his spirit burn!
"Pastor absent on vacation, church is closed till his return."
Then he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him, till he thought his heart would
sink.

So he mused along and wondered, to himself soliloquized—
"I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so surprised,
As I read that oddest notice, stickin' on the meetin' door—
'Pastor off on a vacation'—never heard the like before.

"Why, when I first jined the meetin', very many years ago,
Preacher traveled on the circuit, in the heat and through the snow;
If they got their clothes and vittals ('twas but little cash they got),
They said nothing 'bout vacation, but were happy in their lot.

“Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the shepherd leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or provide them food to eat?
So it strikes me very sing’lar, when a man of holy hands
Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsakes his tender lambs.

“Did St. Paul git such a notion? did a Wesley or a Knox?
Did they in the heat of summer turn away their needy flocks?
Did they shut their meetin’-houses, just to go and lounge about?
Why, they knew that if they did, Satan certainly would shout.

“Do the taverns close their doors, just to take a little rest?
Why, ’twould be the height of nonsense, for their trade would be
distressed.

Did you ever know it happen, or hear anybody tell,
Satan takin’ a vacation, shuttin’ up the doors of hell?

“And shall preachers of the gospel pack their trunks and go away,
Leavin’ saints and dyin’ sinners git along as best they may?
Are the souls of saints and sinners valued less than sellin beer?
Or do preachers tire quicker than the rest of mortals here?

“Why it is I cannot answer, but my feelings they are stirred:
Here I’ve dragged my totterin’ footsteps for to hear the gospel word.
But the preacher is a travelin’ and the meetin’-house is closed:
I confess it’s very tryin’, hard, indeed, to keep composed.

“Tell me, when I tread the valley and go up the shinin’ height,
Will I hear no angels singin’—Will I see no gleamin’ light?
Will the golden harps be silent? Will I meet no welcome there?
Why, the thought is most distractin’, would be more than I could bear.

“Tell me, when I reach the city over on the other shore,
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the golden door?
Tellin’ me ’mid dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn—
‘Jesus absent on a vacation, heaven closed till his return.’ ”

—*The Methodist.*

FAITH AND HOPE.

O don't be sorrowful, darling!
 Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
 For, taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more night than day.
 It's rainy weather, my loved one;
 Time's wheels they heavily run;
 But taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companion—
 Our heads they are growing gray;
 But taking the year all around, my dear,
 You always will find the May.
 We've had our May, my darling,
 And our roses, long ago;
 And the time of the year is come, my dear,
 For the long dark nights, and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
 Of night as well as of day;
 And we feel and know that we can go
 Wherever He leads the way.
 Ay, God of night, my darling!
 Of the night of death so grim;
 'And the gate that from life leads out, good wife,
 Is the gate that leads to him.

—*Rembrandt Peale.*

He who would lead must first himself be led;
 Who would be loved be capable of love
 Beyond the utmost he receives; who claims
 The rod of power must first have bowed his head,
 And, being honored, honor what's above;
 This know all men who leave the world their names.

—*Bayard Taylor.*



NIAGARA FALLS.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The following selection vividly depicts the overwhelming impressions of sublimity and infinite power, which the first view of the great cataract is so well calculated to produce upon the beholder.

I stood within a vision's spell;
I saw, I heard. The liquid thunder
Went pouring to its foaming hell,
And it fell
Ever, ever fell
Into the invisible abyss opened under.

I stood upon a speck of ground;
Before me fell a stormy ocean.
I was like a captive bound;

And around
 A universe of sound
 Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.

Down, down forever—down, down forever,
 Something falling, falling, falling,
 Up, up forever—up, up forever,
 Resting never,
 Boiling up forever,
 Steam-clouds shot up with thunder-bursts appalling.

A tone that since the birth of man
 Was never for a moment broken,
 A word that since the world began,
 And waters ran,
 Hath spoken still to man,—
 Of God and of Eternity hath spoken.

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

The signs is bad when folks commence
 A-finding-fault with providence,
 And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
 At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
 No man is great till he can see
 How less than little he would be
 Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare,
 He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
 Contentions and be satisfied;
 Jest do your best, and praise er blame
 That follers that comes jest the same;
 I've allus noticed great success
 Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
 And it's tha man who does the best
 That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

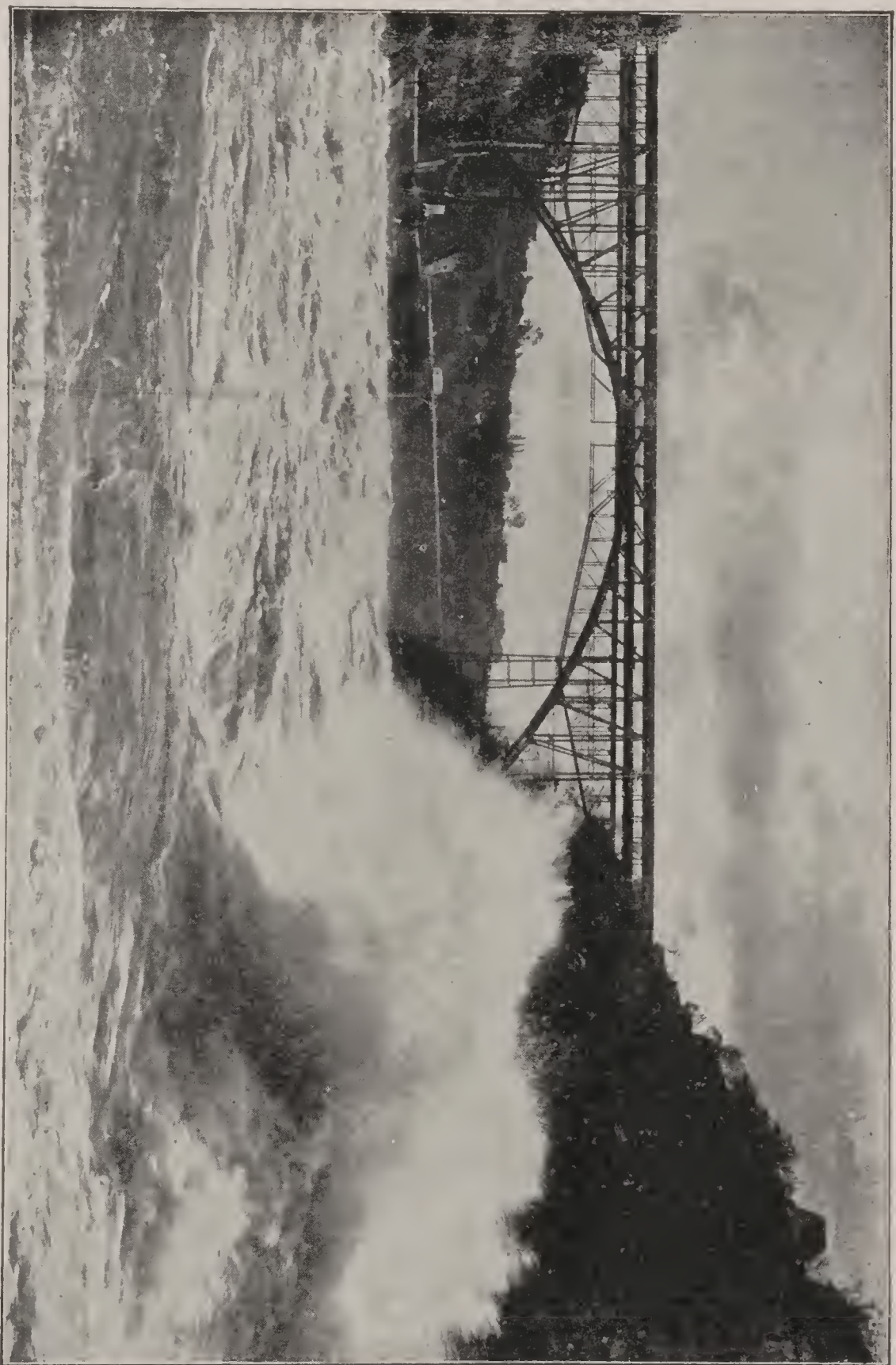
THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS, NIAGARA.

Just below the railroad bridges the gorge suddenly narrows and the Whirlpool Rapids begin. The depth of the channel of the river at this point has never been ascertained, although calculations, based on the volume of water passing through it, place it at nearly 300 feet. So precipitous is the rocky bed of the stream that the river reaches a speed of twenty-seven miles an hour, and the waves which are formed in its passage reach a height of thirty feet at times. Two attempts have been made to navigate these rapids in vessels, both being successful. The original "Maid of the Mist" was taken through the lower river safely several years ago, and C. A. Perry of Niagara Falls went through safely in a lifeboat, which he made himself. Two persons have attempted to swim through the rapids. One got through alive, but the other, Capt. Matthew Webb, an Englishman, who had swum the English Channel successfully, lost his life in the Niagara rapids, on July 24, 1883. Several persons have gone through the rapids successfully, inclosed in barrels built for the purpose.

VENICE AT NIGHT.

The moon was at the height. Its rays fell in a flood on the swelling domes and massive roofs of Venice, while the margin of the town was brilliantly defined by the glittering bay. The natural and forgeous setting was more than worthy of that picture of human magnificence; for at that moment, rich as was the queen of the Adriatic in her works of art, the grandeur of her public monuments, the number and splendor of her palaces, and most else that the ingenuity and ambition of man could attempt, she was but secondary in the glories of the hour.

Above was the firmament gemmed with worlds, and sublime in immensity. Beneath lay the broad expanse of the Adriatic, endless to the eye, tranquil as the vault it reflected, and luminous with its borrowed light. Here and there a low island, reclaimed from the sea by the patient toil of a thousand years, dotted the Lagunes, burdened by the group of some conventual dwellings, or picturesque with the modest roofs of a hamlet of the fishermen. Neither oar, nor song, nor laugh, nor flap of sail, nor jest of mariner disturbed the stillness.



THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS—NIAGARA.

All in the near view was clothed in midnight loveliness, and all in the distance bespoke the solemnity of nature at peace. The city and the Lagunes, the gulf and the dreamy Alps, the interminable plain of Lombardy, and the blue void of heaven lay alike in a common and grand repose.—*James Fenimore Cooper.*

HOPE.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

* * * * *

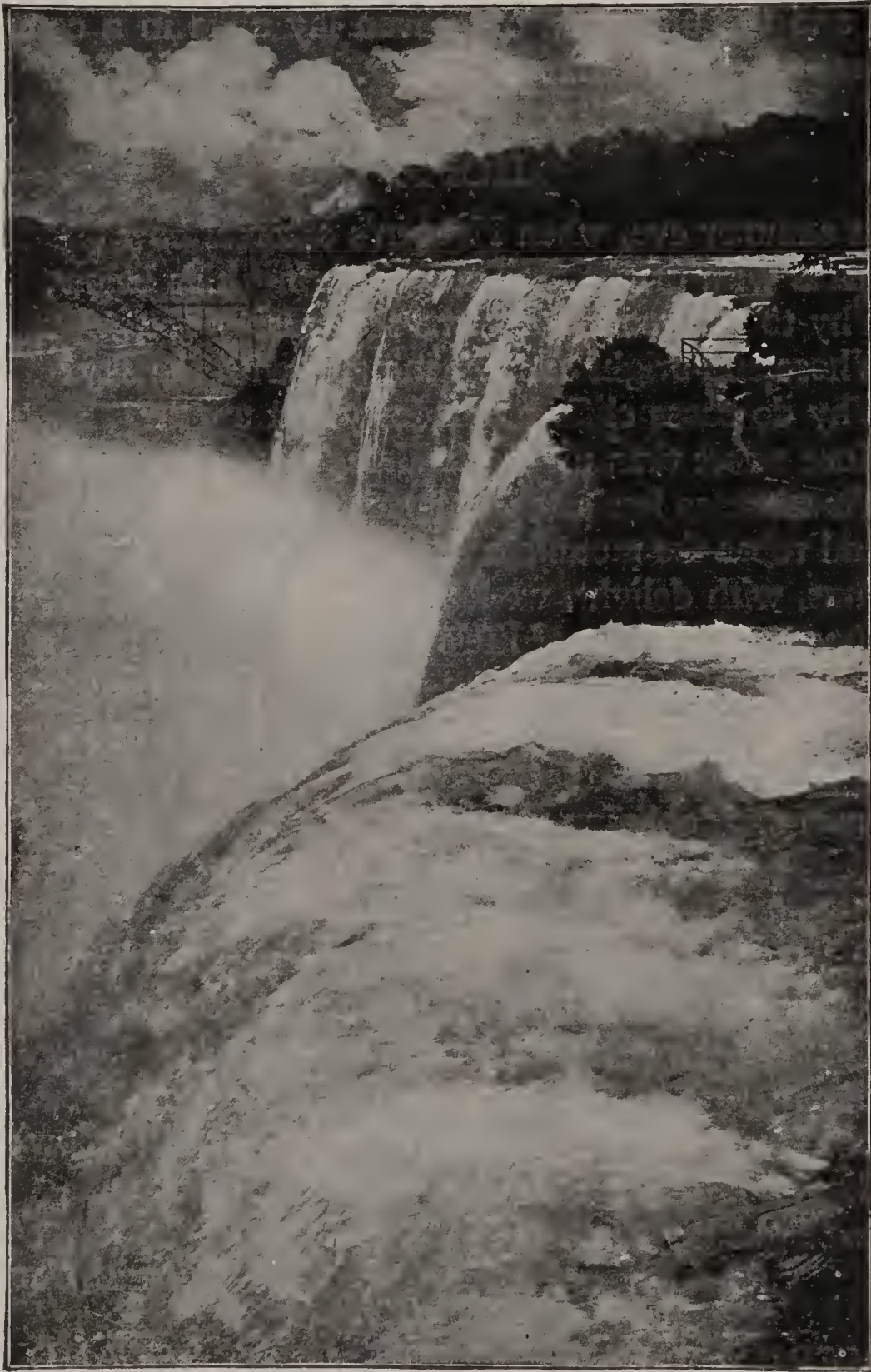
Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peeled their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began,—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

AMERICAN FALLS FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Including the Lunar, or central fall, the Americal Falls are about 1,000 feet wide, and have a fall of 164 feet. The rapids above the falls descend some 40 feet in the last half mile of their course before plunging into the Gorge. The American Falls, although not so large

as the Canadian Falls, are more permanent, showing practically no recession during the last fifty years. The reason for this is, that the



AMERICAN FALLS FROM GOAT ISLAND.

force of the water is not great enough to move the large boulders upon which it falls, and which protect the softer shale of which the cliff is composed.

WHEN THE CIRCUIT RIDER CAME.

In the backwoods of Ohio, in the days of long ago,
When religion was religion, not a dressy fashion show;
When the spirit of the Master fell as flames of living fire
And the people did the singing, not a trained artistic choir;
There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gentle flowing tide,
No events to draw the people from their daily toil aside,
Naught to set the pious spirit of the pioneers aflame,
Save upon the rare occasions when the circuit rider came.

He was usually mounted on the sorriest of nags,
All his outfit for the journey packed in leather saddlebags;
And he'd travel with the Bible or the hymn book in his hand,
Reading sacred word or singing of the happy promised land.
How the toiling wives would glory in the dinners they would spread,
And how many a hapless chicken or a turkey lost its head
By the gleaming chopper wielded by the hand of sturdy dame;
For it wasn't very often that the circuit rider came.

All the settlement around us would be ringing with the news
That there'd be a meeting Sunday, and we'd "taller" up our shoes,
And we'd brush our homespun dress suits, pride of every country
youth,
And we'd grease our hair with marrow till it shone like golden truth,
And the frocks of linsey-woolsey would be donned by all the girls,
And with heated old fire pokers they would make their corkscrew
curls;
They were scarcely queens of fashion, but were lovely, just the same,
And they always looked their sweetest when the circuit rider came.

We have sat in grand cathedrals, triumphs of the builder's skill,
And in great palatial churches, 'neath the organ's mellow thrill,
But they never roused within us such a reverential flame
As would burn in the old schoolhouse when the circuit rider came.

—James Barton Adams.

THE GREAT HORSE-SHOE CURVE.

A brief stop is made at Altoona Station, and then, with all steam on, the giant locomotive at the head of your train begins the ascent of the heaviest grade on the line. The valley beside you sinks lower and lower, until it becomes a vast gorge, the bottom of which is hidden by impenetrable gloom. Far in the depths cottages appear for a moment, only to disappear in the darkness, and then, just as night is falling, you begin the circuit of the world-famous Horse-shoe Curve, the most stupendous piece of engineering ever accomplished; the wonder and admiration of travelers from the four corners of the globe; the one feature of American railroad construction that you have been told required the utmost courage to attempt, and the most miraculous skill to achieve.

And now, as the enormous bend, sweeping first north, then curving westward, and still curving away to the south again, presents itself to your view, you confess that you did not begin to estimate its grandeur. An eagle soars majestically away from some crag above your head, and floats with extended wings over the gulch that makes your brain reel as you glance downward, so deep is it.

The clouds into which you are climbing bend low and hide the rugged top of the mountain to whose beetling side you are clinging, forming a whitish-gray canopy that extends half-way across the dizzy chasm. It is all so large, so grand, so majestic, that you admit that your imagination has been unequal to the task of picturing it.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend!
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power
 Th' attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer should teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

—*William Shakespeare.*

“‘Honesty is the best policy,’ but he who acts from that principle is not an honest man” (because he acts from policy, and not from the love of right).—*Archbishop Whately.*

Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

—*Robert Burns.*

“Is such a man a Christian?” was asked of Whitfield. “How should I know?” was the impressive answer; “I never lived with him.”

“Wicked men stumble at a straw in the way to heaven; and climb over great mountains in their way to destruction.”

THE VERNAL SEASON.

Thank Providence for spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birthplace—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward, without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring.

Alas for the worn and weary soul, if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness! From such a soul the world must hope no reformation of its evil—no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf. Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future; autumn is a rich conservative; winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings tremulously to the remembrance of what has been; but spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the movement.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north-wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 O life and love, to still live on!
 Ah, brother! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now,—
 The dear home faces whereupon
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.
 Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still;
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
 Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,

No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

—*From Snowbound, by Whittier.*

I burn no incense, hang no wreath
On this, thine early tomb;
Such cannot cheer the place of death,
But only mock its gloom

It is enough, that she whom thou
Didst love in living years,
Sits desolate beside it now
And sheds these silent tears.

I found the above most beautiful sentiment on an old tombstone in the cemetery at Shreveport, La., 1905, on my way to Texas.—
F. L. R.

CLIMBING THE HEIGHT.

I remember, said the old schoolmaster, a summer morning when I stood in the little square of the town of Chamouni, where two parties of travelers were preparing for the ascent of Mt. Blanc. One young Englishman disregarded all the directions of the guides, and loaded himself with things which he declared were absolutely necessary for the journey.

He carried a small case of wine and delicate food to pamper his appetite; a camera, with which he purposed to photograph himself and his companions at different stages of the ascent; notebooks in which to record his impressions, and a picturesque, plumed cap and gay Indian blanket which he wore to win admiration from possible beholders of his triumphs.

The guides, after a protest, whispered together, and allowed him to have his own way.

Six hours after his party started ours followed. At the little chalet where the first night is spent we found his food and wine. The guide laughed.

"Herr Englander has found that he cannot stop to humor his stomach, if he would climb Mt. Blanc," he said.

A few miles farther on we found the notebooks and camera. He had given up the hope of winning fame by recording his progress in the actual hard struggle of the ascent.

Still higher he had thrown off the gay robe and plumed cap.

We found him at the summit in leather jerkin, exhausted and panting for breath. He had encountered heavy storms, and reached the top of the mountain at the risk of his life; but he had reached it. Clothes, food and the comments of people below did not come into his thoughts. He had reached the summit.

When I was a boy, the schoolmaster said, suddenly, leaning over his desk and looking at his pupils, I used to plan out my life just as he planned his climb. Fine, fashionable clothes would be a necessity in it. I felt, and good things to eat, and plenty of notice and applause from the public as I marched along, and a record of my progress to be kept forever by the world.

But at forty I cared only for clothes that kept me warm, and at fifty only for food that kept me strong; and so steep was the height

above me that at sixty I cared little for the opinion of people below if I could only reach it. And if I ever safely do reach that height, looking upward, I shall not care whether the world keeps any record of my climbing or not, for I shall know that God has it.

A LITTLE WORD IN KINDNESS SPOKEN.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

—Colesworthy.

The Japanese have a trick of cultivating oaks in such a way that they are always miniature and insignificant. They take infinite trouble for ten or twenty years to make an oak a dwarf. They put it into a pot with not enough soil. Whenever a bud shows itself they pluck it off. When they have carried on this process for ten or twenty years, they have got at last an oak which looks like a tree seen through the wrong end of an opera glass—perfect in form, but minute and inconsiderable. The tree grew in a pot, which might have cast its branches abroad on every side, and stood for a thousand years. But it is reduced to a dwarf, and planted in a pot.

Is it not a picture of the treatment to which we subject ourselves? What grand consciences we should have, if we only let the Spirit of God illuminate them; what great men we should be, if we would only yield ourselves to divine influence! But we take infinitely more pains to kill the divinity that is in us than we take to cherish it.

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVES.

There are no days like the old days,
 The days when we were youthful!
 When humankind were pure of mind,
 And speech and deeds were truthful;
 Before a love for sordid gold
 Became man's ruling passion,
 And before each dame and maid became
 Slaves to the tyrant fashion!

There are no boys like the good old boys,
 When we were boys together!
 When the grass was sweet to the brown, bare feet
 That dimpled the laughing heather;
 When the pewee sang to the summer dawn
 Of the bee in the billowy clover,
 Or down by the mill the whippoorwill
 Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love,
 The love that mother gave us;
 We are old, old men, yet we pine again
 For that precious grace—God save us!
 So we dream and dream of the good old times,
 And our hearts grow tend'rer, fonder,
 As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
 Of heaven away off yonder.

—*Eugene Field.*

There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure: but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. . . . I listened to the birds and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs or frighten them to another station.—*Robert Burns.*

NATURE'S PROPHETS.

The influence of the weather on trees, plants and flowers is an agricultural belief which has held sway for ages, and it still retains its hold among modern tillers of the soil.

In many instances it is the result of intelligent observation; in other cases, however, the reasons assigned for certain results are not so obvious. Nevertheless, they all possess a quaint flavor and a suggestion of truth which renders them interesting.

Hence I have culled from various sources the following budget of maxims. I preface them by enumerating the plants and flowers that rank, according to the "Shepherd's Calendar," as "faithful and good barometers."

Chickweed, for example, opens its leaves fully in promise of fine weather, but "if it shuts them up tight the traveler must put on his great-coat." This is also true of the convolvulus, pimpernel and clover; while if the marigold does not open its petals by seven o'clock in the morning either rain or thunder may be expected before seven in the evening. Chaff, leaves, thistledown or such light things, whisking about, foreshadow high wind, and if the down flies off dandelions and thistles when there is hardly a breath of air stirring, it is a sign of rain.

Meanwhile, the weather of certain seasons of the year is regarded by farmers as an important factor in the vegetable kingdom. As you doubtless know, it is a generally accepted fact that "a green Christmas brings a heavy harvest," while "if the weather be clear on Candlemas Day, corn and fruit will then be dear." It is also claimed that "rain on Easter Day foretells a good harvest but poor hay crops, and that a thunder storm on April Fool's Day brings good crops of corn and hay."

Midsummer's Day is especially rich in maxims. The falling of even a drop of rain on that day is said to indicate that hazel and walnuts will be scarce, and that corn will be smitten in the ear, but apples, pears and plums will not be injured.

The blossoming of plants, however, the budding of leaves on trees and shrubs, is the most popular and reliable indication of the coming season and its influence on the crops.

Among the maxims that refer to springtime weather and growing things, we find the pretty lines that as

The bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossom the April shower.

We also read that

A peck of March dust and a shower in May
Makes the corn green and the fields gay.

Still other records tell us that "a rainy May bring little barley and no wheat," and that "calm weather in June sets corn in tune"; while

A leafy May and a warm June
Brings on the harvest very soon.

We read, too, that "when the bramble blooms during the first week of June an early harvest may be expected." And the old rhyme declares

If the oak is out before the ash
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;
But if the ash is before the oak
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke.

Winter-time weather, prognosticators attest, is indicated by the fall of the leaves. If in October many leaves wither on the boughs and hang, it betokens, so they say, a frosty winter and much snow, while with

Onion's skin very thin,
Mild winter's coming in;
Onion's skin thick and tough,
Coming winter 'be cold and rough.

A great abundance of leaves also forecast a rough winter.

And now, a truce to agricultural maxims, while we note the place plants and flowers fill as followers of the sun and indicators of the hour of the day. You remember, in the "Winter's Tale," Perdita's allusion to this fact, when she speaks of "the marigold, that goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping." Think, too, of how the poet Thomson, writing about the sunflower, describes

The lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamor'd bosom to his ray.

An other floral index to the time of day is afforded by the endive, which opens its petals at eight o'clock in the morning and closes them at four in the afternoon. And as for the dandelion, almost every country-born child knows that it was nicknamed "the workman's clock" because it opens so early in the morning. Its feathery seed tufts, too, have always been favorite barometers with country children, who delight in repeating the old rhyme,

Dandelion, with globe of down,
 The schoolboy's clock in every town,
 Which the truant puffs in vain
 To conjure lost hours back again.

Wild chicory, purple sandwort, small bindweed and smooth sow-thistle also are recognized "time markers," and the pimpernel, the "poor man's weather glass," as it is commonly called. But of all the blossoms thus famed none can equal Wordsworth's flower, "the small celandine":

There is a flower, the bitter celandine,
 That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;
 And the first moment that the sun may shine,
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

And yet, although Wordsworth so loved all flowers, it was Hood who left, as a parting blessing, the sweetest flower song, when he wrote,

I plucked the primrose at night's dewy noon;
 Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night;—
 'Twas like Endymion watching for the moon!
 And here are sunflowers, amorous of light!
 Here's daisies for the morn
 Pansies and roses for the noontide hour:—
 A night once made a dial of their bloom—
 So may thy life be measured out by flowers.

—*Rose Porter.*

SOMETIMES.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, the while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And, e'en as prudent parents disallow
To much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart.
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We mustn't tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And, if through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

—*May Rilcy Smith.*

THE POWER OF HABIT.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly someone cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail and speed to the land. Then on, boys, don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! the rapids are below you!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! Quick! Quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from your nostrils and the veins stand like whipcords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail!! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go!"

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!"—*John B. Gough.*

A pleasant incident is recorded of General Garibaldi. One evening he met a Sardinian shepherd, who had lost a lamb out of his flock and was in great distress because he could not find it. Garibaldi became deeply interested in the man, and proposed to his staff that they should scour the mountains and help to find the lost lamb. A search was organized, lanterns brought, and these soldiers started off full of earnestness to look for the fugitive. The quest was in vain, however, and by and by all the soldiers returned to their quarters.

Next morning Garibaldi's attendant found the General in bed and fast asleep long after the usual hour for rising. The servant aroused him at length, and the General rubbed his eyes and then took from under his bed coverings the lost lamb, bidding the attendant carry it to the shepherd. Garibaldi had kept up the quest through the night until he had found the lamb. This illustration helps us to understand how Jesus Christ seeks lost souls in this world of sin, continuing the search long after others have given it up, seeking until He finds.

MORAL SUNSHINE.

"The world would look better and brighter," said Sir John Lubbock, "if people were taught the duty of being happy, as well as the happiness of doing our duty. To be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

David Coombe, in his old English cobbler's shop, said dolefully: "It is the darkest hole that I ever saw; never a bit of sun comes in this place, summer or winter." A vision came to the dozing cobbler, in angel form, saying: "I will tell you how to set a trap for a sunbeam. It must be bright and pure, baited with Energy, Perseverance, Industry, Charity, Faith, Hope and Content. Do this, David Coombe, and you will never say again that no sunbeam gilds your dwelling or gladdens your declining days." The first step David took was to clean the dust and dirt of years from the window panes of his cobbler's shop. Then the sunbeams came in, a whole family of them; and they came to stay.

Have you ever read the story of Billy Bray? He was a most remarkable and original character. The dominating characteristic of his religion was its joyousness. Some people did not like his exuberance of spirit; and they told him that if he did not cease to praise God so much in the meetings they would shut him up in a barrel. "Then," said Billy, "I'll praise the Lord through the bung hole."

"The joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah to the throngs of Israel.

Of Lord Holland's sunshiny face, Rogers said: "He always comes to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune has fallen."

"Many years ago," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "in walking among the graves at Mount Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored inscriptions on the surrounding monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' That was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew and asked nothing more. She was

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven had made a summer day."

SCENE FROM BEN HUR.

About noon, a decurion with his command of ten horsemen approached Nazareth from the south—that is, from the direction of Jerusalem. The place was then a straggling village, perched on a hill-side, and so insignificant that its one street was little more than a path well beaten by the coming and going of flocks and herds.

A trumpet, sounded when the cavalcade drew near the village, had a magical effect upon the inhabitants. The gates and front doors cast forth groups eager to be the first to catch the meaning of a visitation so unusual.

A prisoner whom the horsemen were guarding was the object of curiosity. He was afoot, bareheaded, half naked, his hands bound behind him. A thong fixed to his wrists was looped over the neck of a horse. The dust went with the party when in movement, wrapping him in yellow fog, sometimes in a dense cloud. He dropped forward, footsore and faint. The villagers could see he was young.

In the midst of their perplexity, and while the pitchers were passing among the soldiers, a man was described coming down the road from Sepphoris. At sight of him a woman cried out. "Look! Yonder comes the carpenter. Now we will hear something."

The person spoken of was quite venerable in appearance. Thin white locks fell below the edge of his full turban, and a mass of still whiter beard flowed down the front of his coarse gray gown. He came slowly, for, in addition to his age, he carried some tools—an axe, a saw, and a drawing knife, all very rude and heavy—and had evidently traveled some distance without rest. He stopped close to survey the assemblage.

Thereupon a youth who came up with Joseph, but had stood behind him unobserved, laid down an axe he had been carrying, and going to the great stone standing by the well, took from it a pitcher of water. The action was so quiet that before the guard could interfere, had they been disposed to do so, he was stooping over the prisoner, and offering him drink.

The hand laid kindly upon his shoulder awoke the unfortunate Judah, and, looking up, he saw a face he never forgot—the face of a boy about his own age, shaded by locks of yellowish bright chestnut hair; a face lighted by dark blue eyes, at the time so soft, so appealing,

so full of love and holy purpose, that they had all the power of command and will. The spirit of the Jew, hardened though it was by days and nights of suffering, and so embittered by wrong that its dreams of revenge took in all the world, melted under the stranger's look, and became as a child's. He put his lips to the pitcher, and drank long and deep. Not a word was said to him nor did he say a word.

When the draught was finished, the hand that had been resting upon the sufferer's shoulder was placed upon his head, and stayed there in the dusty locks time enough to say a blessing; the stranger then returned the pitcher to its place on the stone, and taking his axe again, went back to Rabbi Joseph. All eyes went with him, the decurion's as well as those of the villagers.

This was the end of the scene at the well. When the men had drunk, and the horses, the march was resumed. But the temper of the decurion was not as it had been; he himself raised the prisoner from the dust, and helped him on a horse behind a soldier. The Nazarenes went to their houses—among them Rabbi Joseph and his apprentice.

And so, for the first time, Judah and the son of Mary met and parted.—*Leto Wallace.*

SELF-RELIANCE.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE OLD VETERAN'S DREAM.

This poem is based on an actual dream of an old soldier, and he trusts that all will have their pass-ports ready. This is no imaginary dream, but a real one. So draw a good lesson from it, for you'll need a pass-port when you come to pass the river.

I dreamed a dream last night, wife;
I thought they'd called the roll;
I saw the vet'rans "fall in line"
As they used to do of old;
It was a solemn sight, wife;
Their locks were white as snow,
While an angel gave them badges
And a shining cross, you know.

These badges were their pass-ports, wife,
Across a sullen stream
That wound around our 'campment
Like a serpent in my dream!
I heard the angel calling, wife,
"Ye vet'rans fall in line!"
And I saw our columns moving
Like they did of olden time!

Far out within the gloaming
Upon the bloody plain,
I could see the whited tombstones
Of the men who had been slain.
The smoke, it seemed, had cleared away,
From the field 'neath cloudless skies,
And I heard the angel calling
To the dead to now arise!

Deep trouble came upon me, wife,
For the angel from on high
In giving out the badges
It seemed had passed me by;
Me eyes were sore with weeping
For I saw death's waters gleam
And I knew I had no pass-port
To bear me o'er the stream!

And others, too, were weeping—
One had a precious wife,
A son, and other children,
He lov'd them more than life!
And some had bags of gold, wife,
All bowed and bending low—
So weightied with their treasures.
They could not cross, you know!

I ran and called the angel, wife:
"Please help me o'er the stream!"
For I heard the waves now lashing
And could see death's waters gleam!
Then flew the angel backward:
"Why laggest thou, I pray?
Thy name is on the roster;
Heardest thou my call today?"

Then gave he me my "pass-port"
And my joy then did seem
So great and so unutterable
That it waked me from my dream;
I've been thinking o'er this dream, wife,
Since the dawning of the day;
Our forms with age are bending
And our locks are thin and gray.

We are going down the valley, wife,
We have crossed the rugged hill,

But the Lord doth journey with us,
With His hand He leads us still!
Our way is not so dreadful
By half, it used to seem,
For the Lord doth travel with us
And will bear us o'er the stream!

—*W. C. Hafley.*

A SCOTCH COLLIE'S SACRIFICE.

Let me now give you an instance of wonderful heroism, rising to meet the demands of a sudden crisis.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting room of the Central Station was full.

The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum came from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie, belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good natured, friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling.

While all this was going on a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn onto the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her little child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd.

Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted toward the child. The baby frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track.

“Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago, and the West. Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond, and the South,” so the cry went on and the surging crowd passed out, never all to meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some.

Dare ye assert that when the little body, sacrificed to save the life of another, lay on the track the heroic spirit that once animated it was quenched into utter nothingness?—*Humane Leaflets*.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulf's enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Titian blew from wreathed horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A LINCOLN MOTTO.

It is not very well known that in the hall of one of the great colleges of England there hangs a frame enclosing a few sentences of which Abraham Lincoln is the author.

Here is a paragraph which he made a rule of his conduct:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

Some feeling are to mortals given
 With less of earth in them than heaven:
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

TEXT OF A FAMOUS ARMENIAN POET PRODUCED BY A DYING PATRIOT.

At a mass meeting in Chicago held to protest against the Armenian massacre, Miss Katherine Knowles recited the famous Armenian poem "Liberty." It was found written on the wall of a prison cell where in Michael Nalbandian, a young Armenian author, patriot and poet, was incarcerated on account of his patriotic poems. He died in prison, and the words were traced with his own blood. The poem translated reads thus:

When God, who is forever free,
Breathed life into my earthly frame,
From that first day, by His free will,
When I a living soul became,
A babe upon my mother's breast,
Ere power of speech was given me—
E'en then I stretched my feeble arms
Forth to embrace thee, Liberty!

Wrapped round with many swaddling bands,
All night I did not cease to weep,
And in the cradle, restless still,
My cries disturbed my mother's sleep.
"Oh, mother," in my heart I pray,
"Unbind my arms and leave me free!"
And even from that hour I vowed
To love thee ever, Liberty!

When first my faltering tongue was freed,
And when my parents' hearts were stirred
With thrilling joy to hear their son
Pronounce his first clear-spoken word—
"Papa, mamma," as children use,
Were not the names first said to me,
The first word on my childish lips
Was thy great name, O Liberty!

“Liberty!” answered from on high
The sovereign voice of Destiny;
“Wilt thou enroll thyself henceforth
A soldier of fair Liberty?
The path is thorny all the way,
And many trials wait for thee;
Too straight and narrow is this world
For him who loveth Liberty.”

“Freedom!” I answered; “on my head
Let fire descend and thunders burst;
Let foes against my life conspire;
Let all who hate thee do their worst—
I will be true to thee till death.
Yea, even upon the gallows-tree,
The last breath of a death of shame
Shall shout thy name, O Liberty!”

Madam Roland cried out: “O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!” Call the roll of the heroes of the human race who have sought liberty in thought, in belief and political life. There is Socrates, in the presence of his judges, holding the cup of hemlock, pointing to the heavens; Kepler, who described the laws of celestial orbits, and died without being able to procure, from the Imperial Assembly, his arrears of 8,000 crowns; Galileo, recanting before the Inquisition, and uttering the famous words, “It does move;” Bernard Palissy, the inventor of the king’s rustic pottery, burning his furniture for lack of fuel; Homer, whom seven cities claimed after he was dead, and who, during his life, poor and blind, wandered about, his lyre suspended about his neck, chanting his immortal poems, to obtain a pittance as charity; Dante, exiled, outlawed, a stranger in the homes of others; Joan of Arc, whom the funeral pyre of Rouen recompensed for having saved France; Christopher Columbus, receiving fetters as the price of discovering a new world. The world can never forget these. Their names are written in the stars.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

Come, listen to my song, it is no silly fable,
'Tis all about the mighty cord they call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field, said he, "I have a pretty notion
That I could run a telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean."

And all the people laughed and said they'd like to see him do it;
He might get "half seas over," but never would go through it.

To carry out his foolish plan he never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself with his Atlantic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man, a fellow of decision,
And heeded not their careless words, their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail, yet his mind was stable;
He wasn't the man to break his heart because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys," said he; "three times,"—you know the
fable.

"I'll make it thirty," muttered he, "but what I'll lay the cable."

Hurrah! hurrah! again hurrah! what means this great commotion?
Hurrah! hurrah! The cable's laid across the Atlantic Ocean.

Loud ring the bells, for flashing through ten thousand leagues of
water,

Old Mother England's benison salutes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings spread, and soon in every nation,
They'll hear about the cable with profoundest admiration.

Long live the gallant souls who helped our noble Cyrus;
And may their courage, faith, and zeal, with emulation fire us.

And may we honor, evermore, the manly, bold and stable,
And tell our sons, to make them brave, how Cyrus laid the cable.

"THE PRAISE OF BOOKS."

"I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies."—PETRARCH.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

This delightful poem was written when the author, a poor printer, resided in Duane Street, New York City. Coming into the house one hot day he poured out a glass of water and eagerly drank it. As he did so he exclaimed, "This is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home." "Selin," said his wife, "would that be a pretty subject for a poem?" Woodworth took his pen, and as the picture of his old home in Plymouth county, Mass., came to his memory, he wrote the familiar words which have touched the universal heart.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell:

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

—*Samuel Woodworth.*

Luther wrote: "At one time I was sorely vexed, and tried by my own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died. 'Do you not know?' she replied, 'God in heaven is dead.' 'How can you talk such nonsense, Katie?' I said. 'How can God die? Why, He is immortal, and will live through all eternity.' 'And yet,' she said, 'though you do not doubt that, yet you are so hopeless and discouraged.' Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness."

THOUGHTS ON BOOKS.

"Prefer knowledge to wealth: for the one is transitory, the other perpetual."—*Socrates*.

"A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies."—*Gibbon*.

"In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools."—*Sir William Walker*.

"Of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy, are the things we call books."—*Carlyle*.

"If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books, and my love of reading, I would spurn them all."—*Fenelon*.

"Mere acquired knowledge belongs to us only like a wooden leg and wax nose. Knowledge attained by means of thinking resembles our natural limbs, and is the only kind that really belongs to us."—*Schopenhauer*.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention."—*Bacon*.

"Only those writers profit us whose understanding is quicker, more lucid than our own, by whose brain we indeed think for a time, who quicken our thoughts, and lead us whither alone we could not find our way."—*Schopenhauer*.

"All who would study with advantage, in any art whatsoever, ought to betake himself to the reading of some sure and certain books oftentimes over; for to read many books produceth confusion, rather than learning, like as those who dwell everywhere are not anywhere at home."—*Luther*.

"For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. He who destroys

a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye."—*Milton*.

"I no sooner come into the library but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all that know not this happiness."—*Heinsius*.

"Old Homer is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity of grace. Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first."—*Frederick Harrison*.

"Give a man this taste (for good books), and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages."—*Sir J. Herschel*.

"We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an enormous audience, and we should devote the ever scant leisure of our circumscribed existence to the master spirits of all ages and nations, those who tower over humanity, and whom the voice of Fame proclaims. Only such writers cultivate and instruct us. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good never too much."—*Schopenhauer*.

"Some readers are like the hour-glass—their reading is as the sand. It runs in and runs out, but leaves not a vestige behind. Some like a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier. Some like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who casting away all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems."—*Coleridge*.

"A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pur-

sues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous, if you turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit."—*H. W. Beecher*.

"Who can overestimate the value of good books? Those ships of thought, as Bacon so finely calls them, voyaging through the sea of time, and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation? Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of lifetimes of patient thought; imaginations open to the beauty of the universe, far beyond what is given us to behold: characters whom we can only vainly hope to imitate, but whom it is one of the highest privileges of life to know. Here they all are; and to learn to know them is the privilege of the educated man."—*W. P. Atkinson*.

"I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies."—*Petrarch*.

"In the best books, great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will

faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof,—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakespeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. . . . Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness, or affliction. The wealth of both continents could not compensate for the good they impart.”—*Channing*.

“Do you want to know how I manage to talk to you in this simple Saxon? I will tell you. I read Bunyan, Crusoe and Goldsmith when I was a boy, morning, noon and night. All the rest was task work; these were my delight, with the stories in the Bible, and with Shakespeare, when at last the mighty master came within our doors. These were like a well of pure water, and this is the first step I seem to have taken of my own free will toward the pulpit. . . . I took to these as I took to milk, and, without the least idea what I was doing, got the taste for simple words in the very fiber of my nature. There was day-school for me until I was eight years old, and then I had to turn in and work thirteen hours a day. . . . From the days when we used to spell out Crusoe and old Bunyan there had grown up in me a devouring hunger to read books. It made small matter what they were, so they were books. Half a volume of an old encyclopædia came along—the first I had ever seen. How many times I went through that I cannot even guess. I remember that I read some old reports of the Missionary Society with the greatest delight. There were chapters in them about China and Labrador. Yet I think it is in reading, as it is in eating, when the first hunger is over you begin to be a little critical, and will by no means take to garbage if you are of a wholesome nature. And I remember this because it touches this beautiful valley of the Hudson. I could not go home for the Christmas of 1839, and was feeling very sad about it all, for I was only a boy; and, sitting by the fire, an old farmer came in and said: ‘I notice thou’s fond o’ reading, so I brought thee summat to

read.' It was Irving's 'Sketch Book.' I had never heard of the work. I went at it, and was 'as them that dream.' No such delight had touched me since the old days of Crusoe. I saw the Hudson and the Catskills, took poor Rip at once into my heart, as everybody has, pitied Ichabod while I laughed at him, thought the old Dutch feast a most admirable thing, and long before I was through, all regret at my lost Christmas had gone down the wind, and I had found out there are books and books. The vast hunger to read never left me. If there was no candle, I poked my head down to the fire; read while I was eating, blowing the bellows, or walking from one place to another. I could read and walk four miles an hour. The world centered in books. There was no thought in my mind of any good to come out of it; the good lay in the reading. I had no more idea of being a minister than you elder men who were boys then, in this town, had that I should be here tonight to tell this story. Now, give a boy a passion like this for anything, books or business, painting or farming, mechanism or music, and you give him thereby a lever to lift his world and a patent to nobility, if the thing he does is noble. There were two or three of my mind about books. We became companions, and gave the roughs a wide berth. The books did their work, too, about that drink, and fought the devil with a finer fire. I remember while I was yet a lad reading Macaulay's great essay on Bacon, and I could grasp its wonderful beauty. There has been no time when I have not felt sad that there should have been no chance for me at a good education and training. I miss it every day, but such chances as were left, lay in that everlasting hunger to still be reading. I was tough as leather, and could do the double stint, and so it was that, all unknown to myself, I was as one that soweth good seed in his field."—*Robert Collyer*.

Moreover, apart from mere coldness, how much we suffer from foolish quarrels about trifles; from hasty words thoughtlessly repeated (sometimes without the context or tone which would have deprived them of any sting); from mere misunderstandings! How much would that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," effect to smooth away the sorrows

of life and add to the happiness of home. Home, indeed, may be a haven of repose from storms and perils of the world. But to secure this we must not be content to pave it with good intentions, but must make it bright and cheerful.

If our life be one of toil and of suffering, if the world outside be cold and dreary, what a pleasure to return to the sunshine of happy faces and the warmth of hearts we love.—*Sir John Lubbock.*



THE BALLOON.

CONVERSATION.

Amongst the arts connected with the *elegances* of social life, in a degree which nobody denies, is the art of Conversation; but in a degree which almost everybody denies, if one may judge by their neglect of its simplest rules, this same art is not less connected with the *uses* of social life. Neither the luxury of conversation, nor the possible benefit of conversation is to be under that rude administration of it which generally prevails. Without an art, without some simple system of rules, gathered from experience of such contingencies as are most likely to mislead the practice, when left to its own guidance, no act of man nor effort accomplishes its purposes in perfection. The sagacious Greek would not so much as drink a glass of wine amongst a few friends without a systematic art to guide him, and a regular form of polity to control him, which art and which polity (begging Plato's pardon) were better than any of more ambitious aim in his Republic. Every *symposium* had its set of rules, and vigorous they were; had its own *symposiarch* to govern it, and a tyrant he was. Elected democratically, he became, when once installed, an autocrat not less despotic than the King of Persia. Purposes still more slight and fugitive have been organized into arts. Taking soup gracefully, under the difficulties opposed to it by a dinner dress at that time fashionable, was reared into an art about forty-five years ago by a Frenchman, who lectured upon it to ladies in London; and the most brilliant duchess of that day was amongst his best pupils. Spitting—if the reader will pardon the mention of so gross a fact—was shown to be a very difficult art, and publicly prelected upon about the same time, in the same great capital. The professors in this faculty were the hackney-coachmen; the pupils were gentlemen who paid a guinea each for three lessons; the chief problem in this system of hydraulics being to throw the salivating column in a parabolic curve from the center of Parliament street, when driving four-in-hand, to the foot pavements, right and left, so as to alarm the consciences of guilty peripatetics on either side. The ultimate problem, which closed the *curriculum* of study, was held to lie in spitting round a corner; when *that* was mastered, the pupil was entitled to his doctor's degree. Endless are the purposes of man, merely festal or merely comic, and aiming but at the momentary life of a cloud, which have earned for

themselves the distinction and apparatus of a separate art. Yet for conversation, the great paramount purpose of social meetings, no art exists or has been attempted.

That seems strange, but is not really so. A limited process submits readily to the limits of a technical system; but a process so unlimited as the interchange of thought, seems to reject them. And even, if an art of conversation were less unlimited, the means of carrying such an art into practical-effect, amongst so vast a variety of minds, seem wanting. Yet again, perhaps, after all, this may rest on a mistake. What we begin by misjudging is the particular phases of conversation which bring it under the control of art and discipline. It is not in its relation to the intellect that conversation ever has been improved or *will* be improved primarily, but in its relation to manners. Has a man ever mixed with what in technical phrase is called "good company," meaning company in the highest degree polished, company which (being or *not* being aristocratic as respects its composition) is aristocratic as respects the standard of its manners and usages? If he really *has*, and does not deceive himself from vanity or from pure inacquaintance with the world, in that case he must have remarked the large effect impressed upon the grace and upon the freedom of conversation by a few simple instincts of real good breeding. Good breeding—what is it? There is no need in this place to answer that question comprehensively; it is sufficient to say, that it is made up chiefly of *negative* elements; that it shows itself far less in what it prescribes, than in what it forbids. Now, even under this limitation of the idea, the truth is, that more will be done for the benefit of conversation by the simple magic of good manners (that is, chiefly by a system of forbearances), applied to the besetting vices of social intercourse, than ever *was* or *can* be done by all varieties of intellectual power assembled upon the same arena. Intellectual graces of the highest order may perish and confound each other when exercised in a spirit of ill temper, or under the license of bad manners; whereas, very humble powers, when allowed to expand themselves colloquially in that genial freedom which is possible only under the most absolute confidence in the self-restraint of your collocutors, accomplish their purpose to a certainty, if it be the ordinary purpose of liberal amusement, and have a chance of accomplishing it even when this purpose is the more ambitious one of communicating knowledge or exchanging new views upon truth.—*Thomas DeQuincey.*

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were Christ's; he knew no more.
'Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.
Meanwhile he must cobble with all his might
Till, the Lord knew when—it would all be right.
For he walked by faith, and not by sight.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame—
“Ben Hazzard, open,” it seemed to say,
“Give shelter and food, I humbly pray.”
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. “’Tis awful cold,” he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
“But the wanderer must be comforted.”
Out from his straw he painfully crept,
And over the frosty floor he stept,
While under the door the snow wreaths swept.
“*Come in, in the name of the Lord,*” he cried,
As he opened the door, and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied,
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter sleet.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
“I thought that somebody called,” he said;
“Some dream or other got into my head;
Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed.”

But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup.
Then out from the storm, the wind and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet:
Truly, it was a terrible storm,
Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise.
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgia pain,
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have dreamed;"
But verily like a voice it seemed.
"Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shall have the whole of my marrow-bone."
He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear:
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!"
Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, full sure, 'twas a voice he heard,
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird,
With weary pinion and beaten crest,

And a red blood-stain on its snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.
The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night,
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben with a wondrous smile,
The three guests sleeping all the while,
*"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor,
The humblest creatures that sought thy door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."*
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
*"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith: 'Giving to them, thou hast given to me.'"*
Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen!
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright;
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told
He had gone up higher to find his gold.

—Anna P. Marshall.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—John Milton.

THE SENIOR PARTNER.

Many years ago, as I was passing company with a friend before the store of one of the heaviest firms of importers in New York City, he said: "You know the reputation of this concern, but do you know its history?" "No," I replied; "can you tell me?" "Yes," he said, "for I am intimately acquainted with one of the partners. Their father came here in early days, and started in business with a very small capital. But he was shrewd, cautious, energetic and conscientious. He succeeded while many failed. As his sons grew up he took them in as partners. When he became sixty-five years old he retired, though as a matter of policy, as well as courtesy, his name was retained. The firm was still John Doe & Sons. The young men did not trouble their father with the details of the business, but they never made an important purchase or investment without consulting him.

"One day there was a great boom in securities. Some of the most cautious and conservative business men believed in it, and hastened to make investments. John Doe's sons had what seemed to them a tempting offer. They thought that there were millions in it. But one of them said: 'Let us consult father before we decide.' At the risk of failure by delay, they postponed their decision until the next morning, and spent the evening with the senior partner. When they explained to him what they considered their golden opportunity he shook his head. He told them of just such rainbow-hued opportunities in years gone by, and how thousands, captivated by them, had been bankrupted. He advised them to sell, and not to buy. The young men very reluctantly yielded to their father's views and wishes. They furled their sails, instead of spreading them to the breeze as others did. Soon that breeze changed to a tempest. Many commercial ships went down on what is known in the history of Wall Street as 'Black Friday.' But John Doe & Sons, thanks to the foresight of the senior partner, and to the younger partners' confidence in him, came out of the crisis richer and stronger than before.

"When the senior partner died, and his sons came together into the office after the funeral, one of them said: 'Brothers, our human father has been taken away from us, but the divine Father, to whom he looked for wisdom, is still ours. He will hear and help us juniors,

as He helped our senior, if we ask Him to. Let us pray.' And then and there they inaugurated a daily partnership prayer-meeting. They took God into the firm, and consulted Him as they had consulted that wise and good old man before he died. And they continued to prosper, and gave the Senior Partner liberal dividends in gifts to missions and to the poor. I think that those who then were junior partners have now passed away. But their descendants still keep up the business and conduct it on Christian principles. It is one of the commercial houses which seems to be founded on a rock."

And now may I not commend this statement, which I believe authentic, to all my readers who are engaged in any business? Take God into partnership with you. Consult Him in all your plans. Ask His advice, not only in a general way, but in regard to all the details—to buying, to selling, to investing, to sowing if you are a farmer, to planting if you are an orchardist. You are often uncertain as to what is best. Then remember what James says: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Some people think that their religion has nothing to do with their business. But God tells us to ask Him for our daily bread, and does such asking recognize Him as a partner in the activities by which we earn our living? When I am working in my orchard I keep saying: "O Lord, this is mine and Thine. Help me to cultivate it aright for Thee and me."

It is not easy for any man to work alone, out of the sight of his fellows, and beyond the recognition of his deeds. However self-sufficient he may be, he is stronger, and he feels stronger, in the approbation of generous and appreciative hearts. We are very much in the habit of thinking that men of great minds and noble deeds and self-reliant natures do not need the approval of other minds and do not care for it; but God never lifted any man so far above his fellows that their voices were not the most delightful sounds that reached him. If this be true of great natures, how much more evidently true is it of smaller natures! We, the people of the world, go leaning on each other; and we totter sometimes, even to falling, when a shoulder drops from underneath our hand. We need encouragement with every step.
—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

MARTIN LUTHER'S LIBERALITY.

Disinterestedness was a leading feature in the character of Luther; superior to those selfish considerations, he left the honors and emoluments of this world to those who delighted in them. The poverty of this great man did not arise from wanting the means of acquiring riches! for few men have had it in their power more easily to obtain them. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Sneberg; but he nobly refused it. "Lest," said he, "I should tempt the devil, who is lord of these subterraneous treasures to tempt me." The enemies of Luther were not strangers to his contempt for gold. When one of the popes asked a certain cardinal why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold, his eminence replied, "That German beast regards not money!" It may easily be supposed that the liberality of such a man would often exceed his means. A poor student once telling him of his poverty, he desired his wife to give him a sum of money; and when she informed him they had none left, he immediately seized a cup of some value, which accidentally stood within his reach, and giving it to the poor man, bade him go and sell it, and keep the money to supply his wants. In one of his epistles, Luther says, "I have received one hundred guilders from Taubereim, and Scharfts has given one-fifty; so that I begin to fear, lest God should reward me in this life; but I will not be satisfied with it. What have I to do with so much money? I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."

WELCOME TO HEAVEN.

The Christian world will never tire of thinking of Spurgeon's *Welcome to Heaven*, where there is no more pain, and where "the inhabitants shall not say I am sick."

In the first volume of his printed sermons may be found the following sublime piece of eloquence, which has probably never been surpassed by anyone. It is no strain on the imagination to think he has realized the meaning of his fervent words, which open the windows and permit us to look into the Jerusalem of the great preacher.

"The vision of God: to see Him face to face; to enter into heaven,

and to see the righteous shining as the stars in the firmament; but, best of all, to catch a glimpse of the eternal throne! . . . Ye who have dived into the Godhead's deepest sea, and have been lost in its immensity, ye can tell little of it. Ye mighty ones who have lived in heaven three thousand years, perhaps ye know but ye cannot tell, what it is to see His face. We must be clothed with immortality; we must go above the blue sky and bathe in the River of Life! We must outsoar the lightning and rise above the stars to know what it is to see God's face!

"Methinks I die and the angels approach. I am on the wings of cherubs. Oh, how they bear me up:—how swiftly and yet how softly: I have left mortality with all its pains. Oh, how rapid is my flight: Just now I passed the morning star. Far behind me now the planets shine. Cherubs! what sweet flight is yours, and what kind arms are these I lean upon? And on my way ye kiss me with the kisses of love. Ye call me brother. Cherubs, am I your brother? I who iust now was captive in a tenement of clay—am I your brother? 'Yes,' they say. Oh, hark, I hear music strangely harmonious: What sweet sounds come to my ear: I am nearing Paradise. 'Tis e'en so. Do not spirits approach with songs of joy? Yes, and ere they can answer, behold they come, a glorious convoy! I catch a sight of them as they are holding a review at the gates of Paradise. And, ah: there is the golden gate. I enter in and see my Blessed Lord! My Lord, I am with Thee, plunged into Thee, lost in Thee, just as a drop is swallowed in the ocean, as one single tint is lost in the glorious rainbow. . . . But with my Lord I will now take my feast of love. Oh, Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Thou art heaven. I want nought else. I am lost in Thee!"

Beware of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence!
 The man who dreams himself so great
 And his importance of such weight
 That all around,—that all that's done,—
 Must move and act for him alone,—
 Will learn in school of tribulation
 The folly of his expectation. —*Cowper.*

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

—*Thomas Jefferson.*

SIMPLICITY.

Krummacher illustrates simplicity in dress by a little fable:

"The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring-day in the shade of a rose-bush. When he awoke, he said: 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it!'"

"'Adorn me, then with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rose bush in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there, in its modest attire, the moss-rose, the most beautiful of its kind."

So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl equal to the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—*William Wordsworth.*



ONE OF THE LARGE TREES OF SOUTH AFRICA.
This photograph taken by John Sheriff, missionary near Rhodesia, S. A.

DANCING.

"Attending places of vain and fashionable amusement tends to stifle all serious reflection, and cherish a vain and airy temper, and to promote an idle and dissolute life. It tends to make young people forget that they are sinners, and that they must die and come to judgment. It tends to make them neglect reading, meditation and secret prayer. It tends to render them deaf to all the calls of the Gospel, the counsels of their ministers, their parents and other spiritual friends."—*Dr. Ballamy.*

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

One of the last dying wishes of this brave and Christian soldier was that this inscription should be placed upon his tomb:

"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

Man stands separated from that life of God, as it were, by a great thick wall, and every effort to put away his sin, to make himself a nobler and a purer man, is simply his beating at the inside of that door which stands between him and the life of God, which he knows that he ought to be living. And the glory and the beauty of it is that while he is beating upon the inside of the wall there is also a noble power praying upon the outside of the wall. The life to which he ought to come is striving in its turn, upon its side, to break away the hindrance that is keeping him from the thing he ought to be, that is keeping him from the life he ought to live. God, with His sunshine and lightning, with the great majestic manifestations of Himself, and with all the peaceful exhibitions of His life, is forever trying, upon His side of the wall, to break away the great barrier that separates the sinner's life from Him.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE WISE MEN.

They were Sages or Magi, originally a class of "priests among the Persians and Medes, who formed the king's privy council, and who cultivated astrology, medicine and occult natural science. They are frequently referred to by ancient authors. Herodotus speaks of them as a priestly caste of Medes, and as interpreters of dreams.



THE WISE MEN.

Afterwards the term was applied to all Eastern philosophers."—*Schaff*. They are men of rank and wealth and learning, representing the best in the old civilizations, the men who are looking and hoping for more light and better times. The priestly caste of the Zoroastrian religion, the religion of Persia, were Magi, and hence were not polytheistic idolaters, but worshipers of the one God under the emblem of fire.

Tradition describes them as three in number, from the number of their gifts, and represents them as kings, "three kings of the Orient," and named them Melchior, Balthazar and Caspar.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.—*Bacon*.

THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more heighth than breadth, more depth than
length.

Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light but not heat—a flash but not a blaze!

Nor mere strength is it that the short word boasts;
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick-beds lie;

For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand;
To Jov's quick step, as well as Grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time;
And though the theme be sad or gay or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

Dr. Alexander Hamilton.

“Love does not behave itself unseemly.” Politeness has been defined as love in trifles. Courtesy is said to be love in little things. And the one secret of politeness is to love.

CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN.

A prominent author of many religious books, who is also the editor of a religious periodical of wide circulation, says that in looking back over the years of his work, he can see more direct results of good through individual efforts with individuals than through all his spoken words to thousands upon thousands of persons in religious



CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN.

assemblies, or all his written words. Reaching one person at a time is the best way to reach all the world in time.

The fisherman attracts the fish. He cannot drive them.

The wise fisherman keeps himself out of sight.

This is an essential rule for the Gospel fisherman. The moment he has selfish motives behind his invitation, the moment he preaches even partially in order that he may be praised for his oration, or from any other motive than to draw his hearers to the Gospel itself, that moment he loses power.

A TRIP UP ASAMA.

By J. M. McCaleb.

Asama is one of Japan's active volcanoes. It is nine thousand feet above sea level and six thousand above the country immediately



MT. ASAMA.

surrounding it. Some ten years ago I ascended this mountain. My two oldest children were anxious to go up also, and look over into the great crater. So after figuring on the cost, papa found that it would be about two dollars and twenty-five cents, and decided, by retrenchment at some other point, this expense might be borne.

We didn't want a large party. There were six little folks ranging from ten to thirteen, and two papas to chaperone the party. From

the village to the foot of the mountain is about twelve miles, too far to walk and climb the mountain, too, so we secured four horses and men to care for them.

All things being ready, off we started at half-past ten. Out across the plains and through Kutsukake village, and we began to ascend the foothills along a well graded road dug out along the hillside. Far up along the way we came to a fountain that burst out from a little recess and rushed off down the hill, quite an infant river from the start. Here we lunched and rested. At the foot of the mountain proper, the horses and men, save the guides, were left behind and with footgear adjusted and staff in hand we began the long, long climb. In mountain climbing the race is not to the swift. Dorothea, Isabell, Lois, Yuell, Harding and Ned were all anxious to get up to the top. Not a cloud intervened, and the top stood out round and clear and seemed so near that it looked as though we could get up there in a few minutes. But somehow, as we continued to climb, the distance seemed to stretch further and further away. On and on we tugged, now and then dropping down for a little rest. At the end of three hours we found ourselves nearing the top. Here was a great valley stretching off to the left, right through the top of the mountain, the result of an eruption in the long-ago, but now extinct. A little further on is the crater. Out of it is pouring the great volume of steam and smoke that rises and floats off across the heavens in a volume of cloud, looking just like the other clouds of the sky. This smoke is filled with sulphur. The wind is blowing it right over our heads, and it now and then rolls down the mountainside, so that we must hurry around to the other side as quickly as possible to avoid suffocation.

Now we have gained the top and are approaching the very edge of the crater. The escaping steam below makes a great roaring noise like that of Niagra Falls. It can also be heard twelve miles away, and sounds like deep thunder. The crater is perhaps three hundred yards across and two hundred feet deep. Burnt rocks stand up in perpendicular walls. It is in the shape of a common tub. The bottom, for we can walk up to the very edge and look over, is filled with ashes. Here and there jets of steam are escaping. Near the center is the greatest place of eruption. A space, say thirty or forty feet across, forms a great furnace. It is in a red glow, and the live coals

are flying upward. Sometimes the giant bellows almost cease their blowing; at other times it becomes so violent that torrents of ashes and sand are thrown up into the air, and fall in showers for miles around.

We walk around the crater, and turn away from the smoking, burning, roaring sight within long enough to see the western sun just before he shuts his eye behind a silver bank of clouds.

In commercial troubles a true Christian may take comfort. There are some things which he can never lose.

A merchant some years ago failed in business. He went home in great agitation. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am ruined! I am beggared! I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead.

"All?" said his wife; "no, I am left." "All, papa?" said his eldest boy; "here am I." "And I, too," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. "I'm not lost, papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your hands to work with," said the eldest. "And I can help you." "And your two feet, papa, to carry you about, and your two eyes to see with, papa," said little Eddie.

"And you have God's promises," said grandmother. "And a good God," said his wife. "And heaven to go to," said his little girl. "And Jesus, who came to fetch us there," said his eldest.

"God forgive me!" said the poor merchant, bursting into tears; "I have not lost my all. What have I lost to what I have left!" And he took comfort, and began the world afresh.

Reader, are there not things more precious than gold and bank stocks? When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck as worthless, as the merest rubbish. "Life! Life" was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, "Water! Water! Bread! Bread" it was worth its weight in gold, if it could have been bought. And oh! above all, far above all, the salvation of your soul is precious. It is not yet lost. Is it saved? —*Christian Treasury.*

JAPANESE CUSTOMS CONCERNING BIRTH, MARRIAGE
AND DEATH.

With but very few exceptions the Japanese Buddhists are intensely superstitious. Some of the young men of Japan, who have come in contact with foreigners, have given up their superstition; but the rest of the people, more especially the peasants, hold a firm faith in a multitude of superstitious customs. These touch upon the most insignificant occupations of every-day life, as well as upon birth, marriage and death.

When a child is thirty days old it is taken to the temple of its parents' gods, and, with the assistance of the priest, a name is chosen. Three names are selected by the parents, and written on slips of paper. These slips are tossed in the air by the priest, while he mumbles incantations, and the first slip that falls to the floor is believed to contain the name chosen by the gods for the little babe. The priest then writes the name on a piece of sacred paper, and it is given to the parents as a talisman.

In a few of the Buddhist sects, the priest assists at the marriage, but in the great majority of cases he has no part to perform there. At the marriage ceremony neither bride nor bridegroom can wear any garment containing purple color.



A STONE IDOL.

*By and bye it will fall from age and neglect,
so will all idols fall and God reign alone
in all the earth.*

The Japanese believe that to do this would be most fatal, for as purple is the color which fades most readily, so the marriage of those who wear purple would come to an end speedily. The Japanese marriage ceremony is a very simple one, and is rather singular, because religion finds no place in it. When the bride and bridegroom and their friends are gathered together, a small cup is

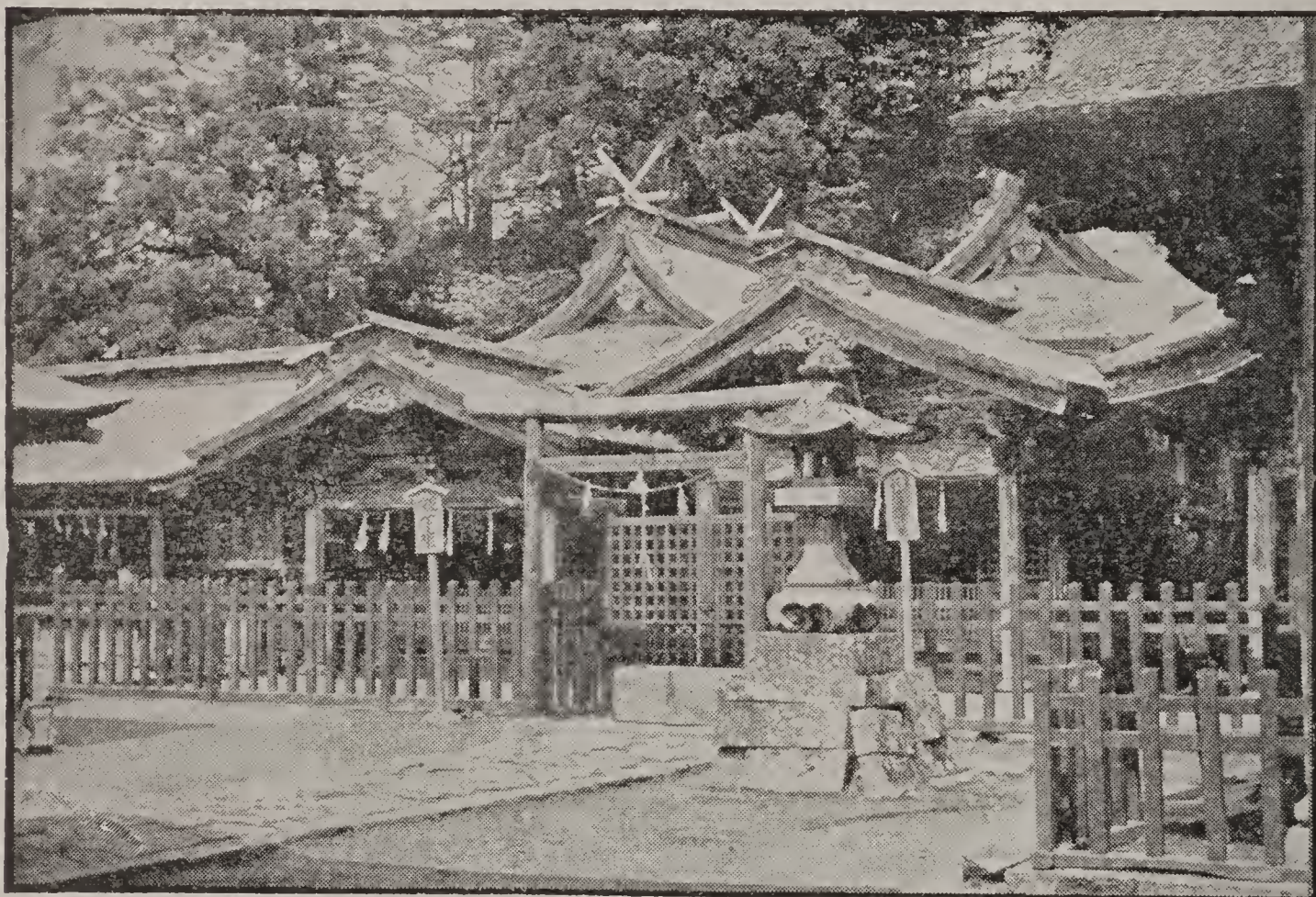


JAPANESE WOMEN WEAVING.

filled with the native wine, which a chosen friend hands to the bride, who drinks it, and then passes it to the bridegroom; he passes it back, after drinking, and thus it passes back and forth between the two a few times until it is emptied, and this constitutes them man and wife. The Japanese say that it is thus, that, as husband and wife, they must drink of the same cup of sorrow or joy.

The writings of Confucius are the basis of many of the laws of Japan. According to these, among the seven causes for divorce, is this one: "If she talk too much." Every heathen religion lowers

women to a position far below that of men. In India, woman's lot is the saddest, and in Japan probably the happiest of all heathen countries. According to Buddhism there is no salvation for a woman unless she is born over again as a man. The nature-worship of Japan gives to woman a much higher place than Buddhism does. Two things tend to cause the degradation of women in Japan. The one is



A SMALL TEMPLE.

Notice decay and disintegration. All temples are not being left to decay yet—but the day will come when all people shall say “let us go up to the house of the Lord God.”

the custom of having many wives; the other is the demands of parental obedience. In Japan, according to Buddhist teaching, a girl must obey her father in everything, and no exception is allowed. The daughter is bound to do as she is bidden, and thus the greatest evil that can come upon a woman is brought upon her under the direction of a heathen system. But, thank God, noble Christian women have gone forth from our own and other Christian lands, and by their teachings

and examples have done much to better the condition of the women of Japan and a brighter day is rapidly dawning upon them.

From the moment when a person dies in Japan, religious ceremonies are performed in the house of the deceased until the body is removed to the grave. Priests are immediately sent for, who light the candles and incense sticks before the household gods, and who recite their prayers. The priests, carrying their rosaries, head the funeral procession as it goes to the temple. The nearest relatives are dressed in white, and carry various objects formerly used by the deceased. The square coffin is set down in the temple before the altar, and religious services are performed, with more or less pomp, according to the wealth of those who fee the priests for the services. Very frequently, the bodies are then burned, and the ashes placed in an urn; at other times, the bodies are buried. After a time, the nearest relative of the dead person buys from the priest a long, narrow board or tablet, containing the new name of the deceased. This is placed on the grave. Fresh flowers and evergreens are kept on the tombstones in bamboo vases for a long time. The relatives resort to the tombs for worship, praying, sometimes, to the deceased, that he may be freed from the pains of purgatory. In either case they are very devout.

I long for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long,
 But God has led my dear ones on,
 And He can do no wrong.

* * * * *

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

—*Alexander Pope.*

The old legend was that the clothes of the Israelites which the Bible said waxed not old upon them in the desert during those forty years, not merely waxed not old those forty years, but grew with their growth, so that the little Hebrew who crossed the Red Sea in his boy's clothes wore the same clothes when he entered into the Promised Land. It is the parable of that which comes to the man who has a true Christian faith, a faith which comes in the personal friendship of Christ, a faith which comes not in the behalf of certain things about Him, not in the doing slavishly of certain things which it seemed as if it had been said by Him that we must do, but in the personal entrance into His nature in a life for Him, in which He is able to send His life down into us.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

—*Thomas Gray.*

Thank God that when a man does a bit of service, however little it may be, of that, too, he can never trace the consequences. Thank God for that which in some better moment, in some nobler inspiration, you did ten years ago to make your brother's faith a little more strong. To establish the purity of a soul instead of staining it and shaking it, thank God, in this quick, electric atmosphere in which we live, that, too, runs forth. Do not say in your terror, "I will do nothing." You must do something. Only let Christ tell you that there is nothing that a man rests upon in the moment, that he thinks of, as he looks back upon it when it has sunk into the past, with any satisfaction, except some service to his fellowmen, some strengthening and helping of a human soul.—*Daily Thoughts.*

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.—*Ruskin*.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies;
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down
And gave it into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

—*J. R. Drake*.

"If, then, you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit; throw nothing on it which will increase it; at first keep quiet, and count the days on which you have not been angry. I used to be in passion every day; now every second day; then every third, then every fourth. But if you have intermitted thirty days, make a sacrifice to God. For the habit at first begins to be weakened, and then is completely destroyed. When you can say, 'I have not been vexed to-day, nor the day before, nor yet on any succeeding day during two or three months; but I took care when some exciting things happened,' be assured that you are in a good way."—*Epictetus*.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining:
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—*H. W. Longfellow*.

A Campanian lady, fond of pomp and show, when visiting Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, displayed her jewels with much ostentation, and asked to see Cornelia's in return. The mother begged her to wait a short time; when, at the usual time, her sons came home from the public schools. Then, presenting them to the lady, she tenderly said, "These are my jewels."

An Italian Bishop, having struggled hard through life without repining, was asked the secret of his being so uniformly happy, and replied that it consisted in "making a right use of his eyes." Being requested to explain, he added: "In whatsoever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it after death. Lastly, I look abroad upon the world, and observe how many there are more happy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and I have no reasons to repine."

"Oh, for a booke and a shadie nooke,
 Eyther in-a-doore or out;
 With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
 Or the streete cryes all about.
 Where I maie reade all at my ease,
 Both of the newe and olde;
 For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
 Is better to me than golde."

—*Old English Song.*

"What is this voice to us?" says Bonar of the early death of M'Cheyne. Ps. lxxvi. 19. "Only this much we can clearly see, that nothing was more fitted to leave his character and example impressed on our remembrance forever than his early death. There might be envy while he lived; there is none now. There might have been some youthful attractiveness of his graces lost had he lived many years; this cannot be impaired now. It seems as if the Lord had struck the flower from the stem ere any of the colors had lost their bright hues, or any leaf its fragrance."

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or, like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white, then melts forever.

—*Robert Burns.*

Mathew Henry used to be in his study at four, and remain there till eight; then, after breakfast and family prayer, he used to be there again till noon; after dinner he resumed his pen or book till four, and spent the rest of the day in visiting his friends.

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred profession of friendship.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;
 A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

—*Holmes.*

At an inn in Savoy, a Christian traveler saw the following inscription, printed upon a folio sheet, and hung upon the wall (the same being placed, he was told, in every house in the parish):

“Understand well the force of the words: a God, a moment, an eternity: a God who sees thee, a moment which flees from thee, an eternity which awaits thee; a God, whom you serve so ill; a moment, which you so little profit; an eternity, which you hazard so rashly.”

“Suppose, after one of our most violent snowstorms, which covers the earth for thousands of miles, one single flake was melted in a thousand years; or if a single beam of the sun's rays stood for a year, and as many years were added as there have been rays flooding the earth since the sun began to shine; or if a single drop of the ocean were exhaled in a million years, till the last drop was taken up;—though we cannot conceive the duration of such apparently almost interminable periods,—yet, though we could, eternity would stretch as far beyond them, as if they had not yet begun.”

I am sometimes driven to my knees by the thought that I have nowhere else to go.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Religion makes men melancholy. So David Hume, the infidel, affirmed. But the good answer was given to him that he was a very unfit person to judge, for two reasons: (1), That most probably he had seen very few true Christians; and (2), if he had, the sight of him was enough to make a true Christian sad.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tone but in the echoes of our hearts.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

O many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam; at the fork of a branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest. The first was only Stagnation; the last was Rest. For in Rest there are always two elements—tranquility and energy; silence and turbulence; creation and destruction; fearlessness and fearfulness. Thus it was in Christ.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Plato said to his servant once, when angry, "I would beat thee, but that I am angry." (See Prov. xix. 11.)

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a bottle, filled with honey that was hanging on a fruit tree, said: "Why you sottish insect, you are mad to go into that vial, when you see so many of your kind there dying in it before you."

"The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men who are so far from taking example from other peoples' follies, that you will not take warning from your own. You see men every day going into the saloon, and drinking, and you know their end will be the drunkard's grave; yet you are foolish enough, to think you can do likewise, without being caught in the meshes and taken captive through the growing and destructive habit. If after falling into that vial several times, and escaping by chance I should fall in again, I should then be resembling you men."

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